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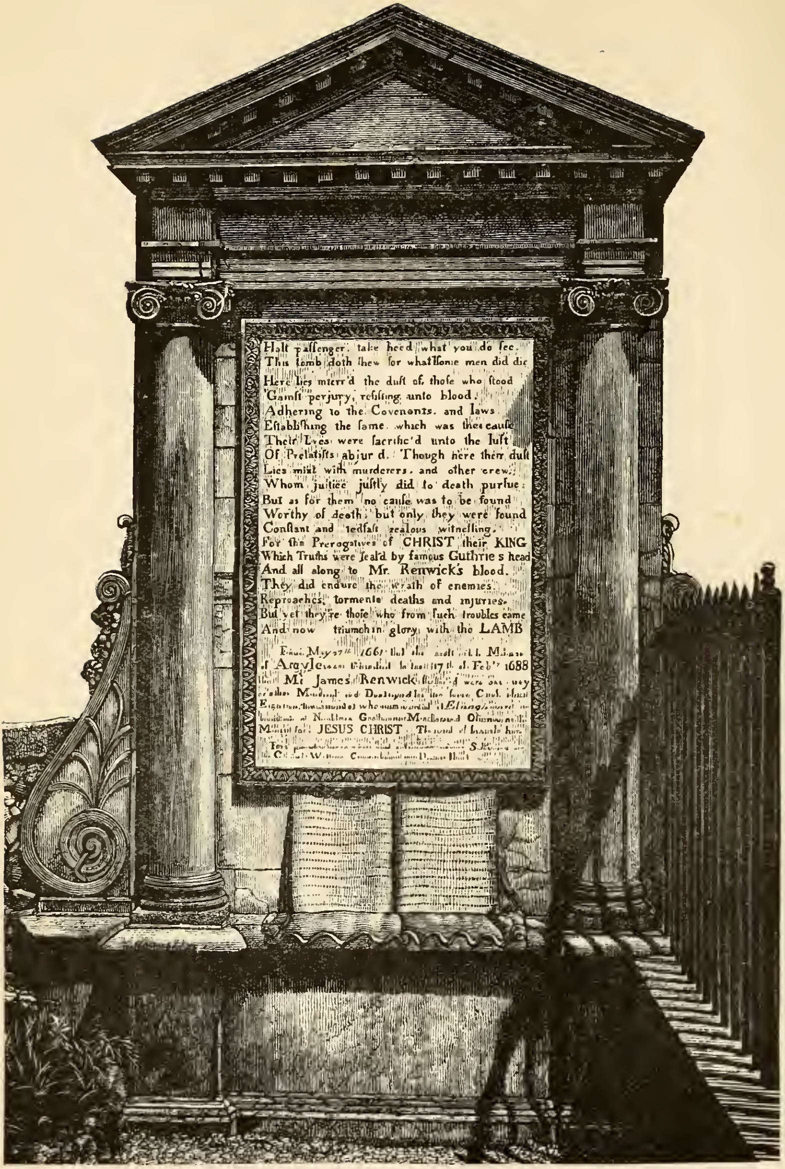
THE
MARTYR GRAVES
OF
SCOTLAND


Halt paſſenger, take heed what you do ſee.
This tomb doth ſhew for what ſome men did die
Here lies interr'd the duſt of thoſe who ſtood
'Gainſt perjury, reſiſting unto blood;
Adhering to the Covenants, and laws
Eſtabliſhing the ſame, which was their cauſe
Their Lives were ſacrific'd unto the luſt
Of Prelatiſts abjur'd. Though here their duſt
Lies mixt with murderers, and other crew,
Whom juſtice juſtly did to death purſue:
But as for them no cauſe was to be found
Worthy of death; but only they were found
Conſtant and ſtedfaſt zealous witneſſing,
For the Prerogatives of CHRIST their KING
Which Truths were ſeal'd by famous Guthrie's head
And all along to Mr. Renwick's blood.
They did endure the wrath of enemies,
Reproaches, torments, deaths and injuries.
But yet they're thoſe who from ſuch troubles came
And now triumph in glory with the LAMB
May 27th 1661
Argyle
17th of Feb'y 1688
Mr James Renwick
JESUS CHRIST

MARTYRS' MONUMENT, EDINBURGH

THE MARTYR GRAVES OF SCOTLAND

BY

J. H. THOMSON

HIGHTAE

EDITED BY

MATTHEW HUTCHISON

PUBLISHED BY
OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER
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EDITOR'S PREFACE

When a reader finds a book to be in any way specially interesting, there is a natural desire to know something about the author. Assuming that this volume will possess this attraction to many readers, the issue of a new and revised edition affords a fit opportunity for gratifying this reasonable wish. It is true that the life of a country minister seldom presents any great variety of incident, or involves such peculiar experiences as may awaken the interest or stir the curiosity of a succeeding generation. It passes on quietly in the unobtrusive discharge of the duties of his office. He goes in and out among the people of his charge as teacher, guide, and comforter,—content to be unknown to the world at large, if only he can secure a place in the hearts of his people, and be helpful in elevating and moulding their lives to highest ends. And thus it was with the author of this volume.

The late Rev. John Henderson Thomson was born in Edinburgh in 1824. His father was connected with the United Secession Church, and his mother was a Reformed Presbyterian. That he was thus linked by earliest associations with two distinct denominations, doubtless tended to produce that wider outlook and more generous sympathy that characterised Mr Thomson. He became a member of the Reformed Presbyterian congregation of Edinburgh, of which the late Rev. Dr Goold was for more than fifty years the honoured pastor. Destined at first for a business career, Mr Thomson's thoughts were ere long directed towards the gospel ministry; and with a view to that office he passed through the ordinary curriculum in Arts in the University of Edinburgh. At the close of his college course he entered the Theological Hall, then presided over by the venerable Dr Andrew Symington of Paisley, and was in due time licensed as a preacher of the gospel. He was an excellent classical scholar, and had considerable aptitude for teaching; and both before and after his licensure he acted as tutor in private families, and as assistant in one of the higher-class academies.

On the death of the Rev. Robert Winning, M.A., Mr Thomson was called to succeed him as minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Congregation of Eaglesham, and was ordained to that office in 1857. In that rural retreat, and with a small but widely-scattered congregation under his charge, he spent the next twenty years of his life. He was an excellent and instructive preacher, and proved himself to be a diligent and faithful pastor. Lively, intelligent, courteous, and kind, he was always an acceptable visitor in the homes of his people. Never did the attraction of other studies, or his interest in the public affairs of his Church, make him remiss in preparation for the pulpit, or neglectful of any part of pastoral duty. But during these years he found opportunity for a more careful study of the Church history of Scotland, and specially of the period of the persecution under Charles II. and James II. The associations of the Church with which he was connected, claiming, as it did, to be more closely linked with that epoch than any other Church in Scotland, and the circumstance that the whole district over which his labours extended, was fragrant with memories of the martyr times, doubtless tended to deepen his interest in that particular period. When to this we add the fact, that within the sphere of his labour was Lochgoin, and that among the members of his congregation were the Howies, so long the tenants of that moorland farm, and one of whom had done so much to embalm the memory of the martyrs—we have another influence stimulating his studies in the same direction. He had free access to the literary treasures of Lochgoin, in books, pamphlets, and documents bearing more or less directly on the period, and was familiar with the cherished relics of the martyr times. Thus was he led into his own special field. He devoted much of his leisure time for years to the examination of the literary and historical remains of the past; he made many a long journey in order to visit the graves of the martyrs, and the scenes most closely associated with the most memorable events in the history of the Covenanters; and in due time he gave the fruits of his labours to the public.

Mr Thomson was ever ready to take his share in the work of the Church with which he was connected, and was prompt to vindicate her position and claims; but he was by no means a narrow sectarian. In the question of the union of the churches he look a lively interest from the first, and did all that was in his power to help forward that of the Reformed Presbyterian with the Free Church, which was consummated in 1876. Not less hearty was he in support of the larger union which took place twenty-four years later, and which he lived to see accomplished.

In 1877 he received a call from the congregation of Hightae, Dumfriesshire (formerly Reformed Presbyterian), which he accepted, and he laboured there for twenty-three years. In his new sphere he set himself to discharge, with his wonted fidelity, the duties of his sacred office. He speedily won the affection of his own people, and secured the esteem and confidence of the ministerial brethren with whom he was associated; while he was ever ready to aid in every movement fitted to promote the well-being of the community and the advancement of religion and godliness. He was still in a region where the memory of the martyrs was fondly cherished, and he continued his investigations of their history, visiting almost all the scenes of their martyrdom throughout Dumfriesshire and the wilder regions of Galloway; and he had well-nigh exhausted this special field ere the infirmities of advancing years laid a restraint on his activities. After a ministry of forty-two years, he sought relief from the burden of his work, and in 1899 he obtained the assistance of the Rev. Charles Davidson, formerly of Strathmiglo. A year later he applied for leave to have a colleague and successor, and Mr Davidson was associated with him in that capacity. Mr Thomson took up his residence in Lochmaben, but did not long survive his retiral. He died on 14th January 1901, and was interred in the cemetery of that town, in the presence of a large gathering of the members of his own congregation, and of friends from different parts of the country.

Mr Thomson was widely known and highly respected throughout the Church of his early ministry, and not less so in the larger Church with which his later life was more closely associated. Well did he serve his own generation, and he has left a memorial of his life-work, on a theme that can never be without interest to all leal-hearted Scotsmen who cherish the memory of the great and good of the past, and value aright the privileges which their labours and sufferings did so much to secure to future generations. While zealously defending the character of the martyrs and the principles for which they suffered, he was at the same time fully alive to the demands and needs of the present day. He was no mere literary "Old Mortality," furbishing up afresh the memorials of the past. He held that the Church in every successive age must adapt its methods, and direct its energies, so as best to fulfil the ends of its institution amid the ever-changing conditions of national life. He realised that a true veneration for the past should be a powerful stimulus to the Church of later times, to do faithfully that form of service which the altered circumstances of society demanded of her. It was thus that she would best approve herself as the genuine successor of the noble men who bore the standard of Zion among the mountains and moors of Scotland, and witnessed even unto death for the rights of conscience and the honour of the Church's only Head.

Mr Thomson's literary labours extended over a very considerable period. For about ten years prior to the Union of 1876 he conducted the *Reformed Presbyterian Magazine*, and was a frequent contributor to its pages. He edited for some time the *Christian Treasury*, in succession to Dr Horatius Bonar; and he took charge of the *Children's Record* of the Free Church for a short period after the Union. But his chief literary work was of a more special and permanent character, and is to be found in the volume which is now afresh issued to the public. Regarding this work, it is proper that a brief statement should be made by way of Introduction.

The volume consists of a series of papers descriptive of the visits made by Mr Thomson to the graves of the martyrs, and to places closely associated with memorable events in Covenanting history. They were written by him at intervals during a period of about twenty-five years preceding 1894, and were all published in one form or other during his lifetime. The first eleven chapters of the present volume appeared in the *Reformed Presbyterian Magazine* under the title, "Travels of a Country Minister in his own Country." In 1875 they were issued in a volume, which was well received by the public. A second volume, including Chapters XII. to XXVI., was published in 1877. These also had appeared in the same magazine. The remaining chapters of this volume were written after a considerable interval, when he was minister in Hightae, and appeared as a series of articles in the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*. These were to a certain extent revised by Mr Thomson, but were never issued in book form. They were finished in September 1894; and in closing the series he says in a brief epilogue:—"I have now brought these chapters to a close. The travels that have led to their composition have been a source of great pleasure to me. The memory of the martyrs who suffered in the twenty-eight years of persecution under the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and the great principles for which they contended, are still dear to multitudes in Scotland. Wherever I have gone I have found my countrymen ready to assist me, as soon as the object of my visit was made known. Indeed, in my inquiries I have made not a few valued friendships. Meanwhile I have to own my obligations to the friends who have in any way aided me in my work; and I have also to thank the many readers who have expressed to me the deep interest they have taken in my travels to the Martyr Graves of Scotland." All the three serieses are now issued in one volume, and thus made more accessible to the public.

A few sentences may be added here regarding the work that has fallen to the Editor in preparing this new edition. Mr Thomson was careful and thorough in his investigations, and accurate in his statements, and comparatively little required to be done in the way of correcting mistakes. Wherever any such were discovered, they have been put right,—though some slight errors may have escaped notice. In a series of papers, written at intervals during a period of twenty-five years, and on closely related subjects, it is not to be wondered at that some repetitions should occur. These have been omitted whenever that could be done without interfering with the continuity of the narrative; but in no case has anything been left out that was fitted to give clearness and force to the Author's statement. The Editor has not felt called on to interfere with the Author's style or mode of statement. All that has been done in this connection is,—the occasional substitution of one word for another, the omission of words or clauses that seemed superfluous, the transposition of words or clauses, and the breaking up of long and obscure sentences. Such alterations are not of very frequent occurrence.

Throughout the book there is a frequent recurrence of certain time-phrases, such as "last century," "this century," "fifty years ago," and such like. These have been allowed to stand; but the reader can be in no difficulty as to the meaning if he remembers that the papers were written between 1868 and 1894; so that "last century" means the 18th, and so on. Then as to the spelling of some proper names. Every one knows that two or three hundred years ago, names were spelled differently at different times, even by the person to whom they belonged. With respect to such names as Welch, Rutherfurd, Macmillan, and Lauchlison, which frequently occur in this volume, the Editor has followed the mode, as given above, which seems to have been finally adopted by the Author, though it is not the common form. As to the additional matter scattered throughout the volume, and for which the Editor alone is responsible (with the exception of what is noted at the close of Dr Hay Fleming's Introduction, and his interesting Appendix on the "Prisoners at Dunnottar"), a word may be enough. The Author had indeed pretty well accomplished his task; yet there were a few places that he had not visited; and it was deemed desirable that something should be said regarding these, so as to give greater completeness to the work. Reference is specially made to New Cumnock, Barr, and Kirkmichael. In other instances additions are made with the view of completing the statements in the text by fuller or more correct information. In all cases additional matter is marked by brackets [ ].

Two Indexes have been added. The one is general, and includes all the more important matters referred to in the book. There are certain authors and works that are very frequently mentioned,—

Howie, Wodrow, and the "Cloud of Witnesses." It appeared to the Editor that no good purpose was to be served by including a complete list of the references to these in the Index. He has accordingly simply given the references to what is personal to the Author, and to what relates to the origin and character of the work. The second Index is more special, and includes only the names of the sufferers mentioned in the book, whether they were executed on the scaffold, shot in the fields, banished to the plantations, drowned on the way to America, or in other ways were sufferers for the truth.

Of this work itself, as now re-issued in this complete form, it is not needful to say much. While occupied with one general subject, every reader will recognise that it is somewhat composite in character. It is *descriptive*, so far as the Author in his own lively way sketches the districts through which he passed in his travels, and the scenes which he visited; it is *historical*, in the frequent references to the public events of the period with which it deals; and it is *biographical*, in the notices introduced regarding the lives and characters of the martyrs, and of others whom he has occasion to mention. This variety contributes not a little to sustain the interest of the reader, while never withdrawing his attention from the tragic subject with which the work mainly deals. The Editor need not withhold an expression of his own high appreciation of the interest and value of Mr Thomson's work. The books that are ever and anon issuing from the press, dealing with some aspect of the same epoch, testify that the interest in Scottish Martyrology does not seem to grow less, despite the engrossing character of many subjects of present day moment, that are ever pressing on public attention. It is well that it is so. The subject is not one of mere antiquarian interest, for the essence of the Martyr Testimony is something of perennial value. Among such works, this of Mr Thomson is well entitled to have its own place, alike for its subject and the manner in which it has been treated. The preparation of the work involved no small amount of toil; but the Author's sympathy with the cause for which the martyrs suffered, his reverence for their character, and his admiration of their faithfulness and self-denying zeal, made the work a labour of love to him. Doubtless there were expressions uttered, and deeds done by some of the persecuted, which he could not approve; and for ourselves we could have wished that he had given a more emphatic condemnation of the murder of Archbishop Sharp. That unjustifiable deed was the act of individuals, for which the body of the Covenanters could not be held responsible. And surely it is quite competent to object to some expressions in the martyrs' testimonies, or to some isolated acts done by some of them, and at the same time to give a hearty approval of the essential matters for which they were called to suffer. We can truly speak of them as witnesses for liberty of conscience, even while we grant that they had not attained, what very few in that age had attained, a full conception of what that phrase involves. Very slowly indeed have Christian men come to realise its full import; and indications appear now and again, showing that some have not yet reached it in our own day. The battle may have to be fought over again, though it may not involve the same form or fierceness of persecution and suffering.

The men and women of whom this volume speaks, despite all their imperfections, did their work nobly in their own day. They were, first of all, Christians, inspired by a personal faith in Christ Jesus; they knew the value of religion, for they had felt its blessed power, and that sustained them under all their tribulations. They recognised, moreover, how closely genuine godliness and religious freedom are bound up with civil liberty and the true welfare of a nation; and they were willing to suffer rather than be unfaithful to their cherished convictions. The testimonies that were given forth from scaffold or from prison show how clear was their apprehension, and how firm their grasp of vital truths; and we wonder at the manner in which even simple peasants could give expression to them. It seems manifest that their spiritual experience had been to them, as it has been to others, a quickening intellectual force.

That the martyrs loved their country, and were ardently desirous of its welfare, cannot reasonably be questioned. They were in the line of succession to the patriots who, in days long gone by, struggled so successfully for national freedom; and they were the genuine successors of the noble Christian leaders of an earlier age of the Scottish Church—Knox and Welch, Melville and Henderson. Standing forth as witnesses for the same glorious truths in their own dark day, they had an unwavering conviction that a brighter era was approaching, when these truths would receive a full recognition and disclose their beneficent influence. They kept alive the fire of patriotism and of genuine religion in a degenerate age; they bore aloft the banner of freedom when the great mass of the nation cowered under the tyrant's sway; and they are worthy of being held in everlasting remembrance. We do not envy the man—least of all, the Scotsman—who can speak lightly of these martyr heroes, or hold them up to ridicule for some incidental extravagance of speech, or some unhappy expression of zeal. More reasonable it is to give due consideration to the great truths for which they witnessed, to recognise how much succeeding generations owe to them; to admire their courage, zeal, endurance, and triumphant faith; ay, and to covet such a possession of these qualities as will enable us to be as faithful to the claims of truth, righteousness, and liberty in our days as they were in theirs.

It may be said that to some the subject of this book is not attractive; that its very title is suggestive only of what is painful and depressing; and it need not be denied that in some aspects there is in it not a little that is sad and humiliating. On the other hand, if there be anything interesting and stimulating in heroic self-denial for truth and freedom, anything in the spectacle of youths and maidens, aged women and grey-haired men, ploughmen and artisans, the simple and the learned, enduring hardships, sufferings, and death for conscience' sake, for Christ's sake, anything in all this that discloses the power of genuine religion and the dignity and worth of Christian manhood,—then there is much in these pages that should prove attractive and cheering. Nay, should not such a record stir the question; Do I, dwelling in peace and safety, know religion as they knew it who, driven to mountains and moors, to dens and caves of the earth, rejoiced in fellowship with Christ, faced sudden death with unwavering courage, and on the scaffold gloried in the hope of immediate and eternal blessedness? This volume will accomplish a good purpose if it helps to keep alive and extend the interest of Scotsmen in the memorable epoch with which it deals, to deepen their sense of the noble character of the men who maintained the long struggle against tyranny, of the value of the truth for which they contended, and of the privileges they have bequeathed to succeeding generations.

The Editor desires, in conclusion, to express his obligations to M. S. Tait, Esq., Edinburgh, for the interest he has taken in the work and the help he has given; to Dr Hay Fleming, for his revisal and additions to Chapter XII.; to Mr Tait and the Rev. T. H. Lang, Ayr, for their kindness in going over the proofs; and to other friends who have so promptly responded to the Editor's inquiries.

By the kindness of Messrs J. & R. Parlane, Paisley, several illustrations from the "Covenanters of Ayrshire," by the Rev. R. Lawson, Maybole, appear in this volume.

THE

MARTYR GRAVES OF SCOTLAND

CHAPTER I

PENTLAND—RULLION GREEN

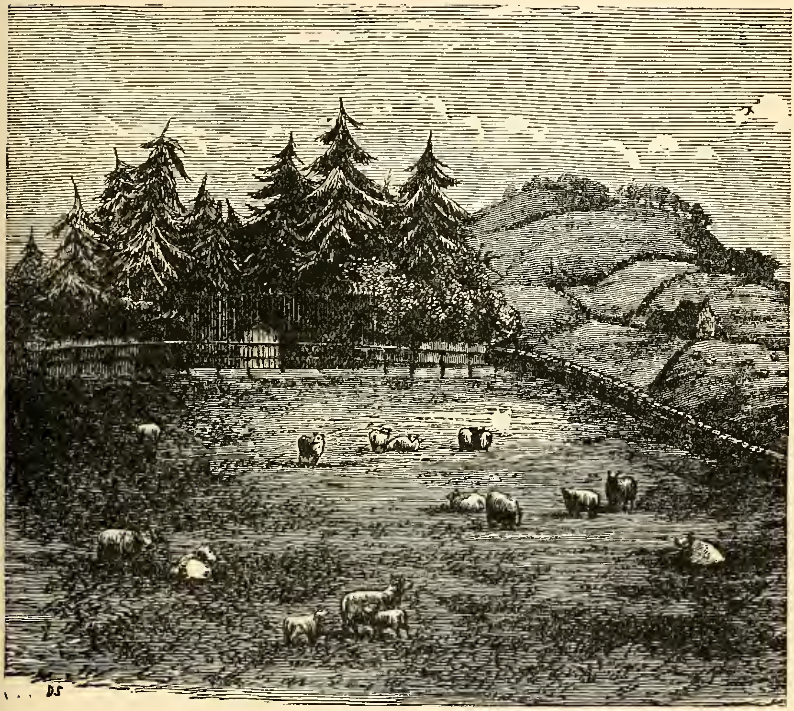
Leave the martyrs to their rest,
Within the mountain's frozen breast!
An hour still comes for all oppressed,
A crown for all who suffer.—DODDS.

ON the first Tuesday in June the writer of these pages set out from Edinburgh to visit Rullion Green, the scene of the battle ot Pentland. Rullion Green lies nearly eight miles to the south of Edinburgh, and the readiest way of access to it would have been by the Penicuik coach to the cross road at the military prison of Greenlaw. But we preferred to approach it by a somewhat unusual road — by way of Currie, and took the Caledonian Railway to Currie Station.

The day was all that could be desired. The sky was somewhat cloud-covered, so that the sun seldom shone in the fulness of his strength, yet the air had the genial warmth of June. A fall of rain the previous day had laid the dust, and brought out the grass, the hedgerows, and the corn-fields in their loveliest and most winning attire. The village of Currie is picturesquely situated on the Water of Leith, about half a mile south-east from the railway station. Its houses, put down at random, on no particular plan or principle, give it at least the charm of variety. After the Water of Leith, liker a river than usual from the recent rain, and the neatly kept cottage gardens on its sloping banks, the parish church and manse and churchyard caught our eye. The churchyard was of the usual country type—grass-grown, with a watch-house, gone out of use, in one ot the corners. The church is a plain structure. Shelter from the storm, rather than beauty, has manifestly been the aim of its builders. The tombstones were all modern and uninteresting. A sun-dial, to which a respected minister of another parish, whom we met in the churchyard, directed us, made up for their shortcomings. It had been fashioned by a former schoolmaster of Currie, and is a work of no small ingenuity and labour.

From the churchyard we walked along the road that went straight up before us, and still in a south-easterly course. At first it was smooth, but as we got on, signs of disuse, of few travellers, began to appear in its increased ruts and holes. For a mile and a half it ran as unbending as a yard measure, and we met no one all the way. But it was lined here and there with trees, and the view behind us and on either side was over the richly cultivated district of Mid and West Lothian. As we rose, however, the soil got poorer, and the view circumscribed by a strip of plantation on the left. At last the road ended with a gate upon a wide expanse of moor, the heather of which had been but recently burned down, and a mile beyond was the justly named Black Hill, one of the heights of the north-western range of the Pentlands. On looking over the moor we could see that a road had once led across it, but it was all grass-grown. We walked on for half a mile or so. The young heather, which cropped up all about us, the perfect solitude, broken only by the song of the lark and the bleating of the sheep and lambs, not a house in view, made up a scene such as we could scarcely have believed to be possible within eight miles of Edinburgh. We could have fancied ourselves rather on the lonely moors of Renfrew or Ayrshire, than to be almost within sight of the metropolis. As we advanced onwards, a shepherd appeared in the distance, and not far from what seemed to be the shepherd's house and garden. We made for where he was, and asked him if we were on the way to Rullion Green. He kindly told us we were, but it was a good three miles' walk yet. "Was there any trodden path through the glen?" we next asked. "Yes," he said, "there's a road to them that *ken* it. But your best plan is to keep near the bottom of the glen until you come to the bridge at the Compensation Pond, and it may be you may meet somebody on the way that will tell you where to go."

We followed the shepherd's advice, and in about ten minutes after parting from him we had left the flat moor behind us, and were into the glen that was to take us through to the other side of the Pentlands. We kept down in its lowest part, where a small burn ran onwards. On the east side of the glen, rising above us, was the Bell's Hill, 1330 feet high, while opposite was the Black Hill, higher than it by 300 feet. As we went along we repeatedly came upon traces of a road something like an old mill-course in breadth, and in its occasional cutting into the uneven ground—in all probability the road the royal forces took when they struck through from Currie, in order, if possible, to intercept the Covenanters in their retreat on the east side of the hills. The glen, as we passed through it, was at first bleak enough—ferns, and heather, and rough grass, and scars here and there, were all that covered its sides,—but after a mile's walk it increased in beauty. Trees began to appear; and in another mile we reached the west end of the Glencorse Reservoir —an artificial loch, connected with the Edinburgh Waterworks, of nearly a mile in length. With it we came to a carriage road that runs along its eastern edge, which, in a mile farther through a well-planted valley, brought us to the main road from Edinburgh. We now turned westward, with the fertile country that stretches away to the romantic valley of the Esk on our left, and on our right, fields sloping upwards to the hills behind them. Soon after entering on the main road we passed the seven mile stone, and a quarter of a



AMONG THE PENTLANDS

mile farther, at a gate at the end of a strip of plantation, was the path that led up to Rullion Green. Two hundred yards along the path, we came to a shepherd's house, where we were pointed out, on the hill face, the Covenanters' gravestone, about three or four hundred yards from us. It was soon reached. The stone is somewhat small in size—about three feet in height by two in breadth—and is carefully enclosed with a substantial iron railing, some five or six feet high; and the railing has been placed at such a distance that the stone cannot well be poked at, or pieces broken off it by those tourists who would fain carry away a chip of every monument they visit. On each side of the stone, within the enclosure, a fine specimen of the fir tribe (*Abies Deodara*) has been planted. The lettering on each side is quite distinct, and had been recently cleaned. We were delighted to learn from the shepherd that the railing had been put up, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, at the expense of the proprietor, the Lord President of the Court of Session, the Right Honourable John Inglis. The inscriptions are, in front:

Here
And near to
this place lyes the
Reverend M^{r} John crookshank
and m^{r} Andrew m^{c}cormick
ministers of the Gospel and
About fifty other true coven-
anted Presbyterians who were
killed in this place in their own
Inocent self defence and de-
fence of the covenanted
work of Reformation By
Thomas Dalzeel of Bins
upon The 28 of november
1666. Rev. 12-11. Erected
Sept. 28 1738.

Behind—

A Cloud of Witnesses lyes here,
Who for Christ's Interest did appear,
For to Restore true Liberty
Overturned then by tyrrany.
And by proud Prelats who did Rage
Against the Lord's own heritage.
They sacrificed were for the laws
Of Christ their king, his noble cause.
These heroes fought with great renown
By falling got the martyrs crown.

After comparing the inscription on the stone with that given in the "Cloud of Witnesses," we turned round to look at the scene of the battle; and the moment we looked down on the country that stretched away before us, it was impossible to resist the conclusion, that here, for the defenders, was the very place for a battle. Behind us, the ground rose first gently, and then precipitously, until it became the summit of Carnethy, the highest of the Pentland range. Before us, the fields gradually sloped downwards by a gentle descent into the plain. On this sloping descent the battle was fought. Admirably chosen as the ground had been, it was not intended by those who led the Covenanters to have been the scene of conflict. It was selected simply as a place of encampment, and selected to prevent sudden attack, and to furnish, it matters came to the worst, a safe retreat among the hills behind. The rising had proved a failure, and the one thing left was to break up, and for each man to go home as best he could. Nowhere could this have been better done than where they had now encamped, by dispersing among the Pentlands that lay behind them. But the sight of the royal army coming out of the glen we have just travelled through, compelled them to think of another course. The story of the battle of Pentland, however, had better be told from the beginning, and it will be seen that the rising, of which it was the unhappy close, was the natural result of the tyrannical and oppressive measures of those in authority, since the restoration of Charles II., in 1660. Presbyterianism, dear to the people from its Scriptural nature and the liberty it secured to them, had been abolished by little else than a stroke of the pen,—the country had not been consulted in the matter,—and Episcopacy put in its place. The external government of the Church was declared to be an inherent right of the Crown. Patronage was restored, and all ministers ordained since 1649 were required to come and receive a presentation from the bishop or patron. In the south and west of Scotland almost no minister came. The Privy Council immediately passed an Act, which, no doubt, was in their intention when they restored patronage. On October 1, 1662, it was enjoined that all ministers who had not come in, must remove themselves and their families out of their parishes before the first of the following month of November, and not reside within their Presbyteries, and be deprived of their stipend for the past year. No less than four hundred ministers refused to submit to the terms of this proclamation, and braved all the consequences of non-compliance. The people deeply sympathised with them. A series of proclamations was successively issued by Government to nullify this sympathy. It was declared disorderly to give the ministers any assistance, or show them any hospitality. The parishioners were enjoined to attend their own parish churches. So-called "unwarrantable preaching, praying, and hearing" were forbidden. To frequent religious meetings not allowed by authority was styled sedition, to be punished by pecuniary and corporal pains. Masters were to cause their servants, and landlords their tenants, to go to the services of the curates.

These proclamations were not empty threats. The fines that followed non-observance of their requirements were, in the case of proprietors, one-fourth of their year's rental; of tenants, a fourth of their moveables. Burgesses were treated in the same manner, and, in addition, they were deprived of the privilege of trading. To overawe the people, and to collect the fines, Sir James Turner was sent in 1664 and in 1665 to the south and west of Scotland. In the spring of 1666 he was again sent with the same object to Dumfriesshire and Galloway. Appended to "Naphtali" is a paper entitled "Some Instances of the Sufferings of Galloway and Nithsdale," which vividly depicts the extortion and cruelties Sir James Turner and his soldiers had exercised. A sum of 41,282 pounds Scots was levied in Galloway, and 9577 in Nithsdale; and this immense sum, for the time and the country, was the least part of the suffering endured. In every respect the troops acted as if in an enemy's country. They lived at free quarters, consumed the produce of the fields and cattle, and plundered and wasted with little distinction between what belonged to those who had conformed and those who had not.

The country groaned under these oppressions, and rapidly got into a state of readiness to enter into any scheme, however daring, to cast aside the oppressor's yoke. The opportunity for rising in rebellion soon came.

On Tuesday, November 13, 1666, John M'Lellan of Barscobe and three other countrymen, "after great hardships and long fasting in their wanderings," came to Dalry, a small village three miles to the north of New Galloway, to get some refreshment. As they entered the village they passed four soldiers driving before them a company of people, to thrash the corn of an old man who had fled rather than pay the fines incurred for non-attendance at the parish church. The sight troubled the countrymen, but hunger led them on to the place of refreshment. Here they rested, and were at breakfast when they were told the soldiers had caught the old man, had brought him to his house, were stripping him naked, and threatening to set him on a hot girdle—the well-known circular plate of iron used in Scotland for baking oatmeal cakes. The tidings roused their wrath into action, and they set off to the old man's house to see what could be done for him. Here they found him lying bound on the floor. The soldiers were asked why it was so. Their right to ask was challenged, when they proceeded to release the old man. The soldiers drew their swords, but one of the countrymen fired his pistol, loaded only with a tobacco pipe, and a soldier was wounded and fell. The other three, who seem to have been armed merely with swords, were speedily disarmed and made prisoners, while the old man was set free. A few minutes' consideration persuaded the four countrymen, that what they had done out of compassion or in self-defence, would be branded by the civil authorities as rebellion; and, as they would now be regarded as rebels, do what they may, they resolved to go further. Next morning, with seven or eight friends, they surprised about a dozen of soldiers in another part of the parish. All laid down their arms except one, who resisted and was shot dead. During the day Barscobe told their success to John Neilson of Corsock, who for his non-conformity had been fined and soldiers quartered on him, himself and tenants plundered to ruin, and his wife and children turned to the door. From Corsock he went to some other gentlemen who had been similarly treated. With little persuasion they all joined him, and they gathered together fifty horse and two hundred foot. The following morning they set out for Dumfries, and took Sir James Turner and his soldiers prisoners almost without resistance. They then went to the market cross and drank the king's health, and prosperity to his government—a manifestation of loyalty that shows that their object was similar to that of more than one insurrection in early Scottish history—to compel the advisers of the Crown, by their success in arms, to redress their grievances. Mr Dodds has shown, from the letter of Mein, the postmaster of Edinburgh, to the authorities in London, that this was understood to be their aim by Government. "They offered violence to none, but declared that they were only to be revenged upon the person of that tyrant (Sir James Turner) who had laid their families waste."

Immediately after their success at Dumfries, messengers were sent to the metropolis to see what assistance might be expected. Here two days were spent by their friends in discussion, whether or not they should join in the rising. At last it was agreed, with one or two exceptions, to give them their aid in the effort to recover their liberties. One of these friends was Colonel James Wallace, a brave and skilful officer, who had been a soldier by profession for the preceding thirty years. He set off to join them the very evening of the day it had been resolved to espouse their cause. Along with him went three divines, each of whom was yet to endure much suffering in the coming years of persecution—John Welch, William Veitch, and Hugh M'Kail—and he was speedily joined by Major Learmont, Captain Arnot—

who, like himself, had served in the civil war,—and the veteran Captain John Paton of Meadowhead. He met the main body on Wednesday, November 21, at the Bridge of Doon, near Ayr, where they had halted, after they had marched through the upper part of Galloway, and entered Ayrshire by Dalmellington. Wallace was immediately chosen commander, and a hard task he had before him. They were ill armed—Mein writes to London—"Scythes made straight, and put upon long staves, are the most of their arms," and sadly disappointed at the scanty reinforcements as yet received, and much the worse of November weather, "great rains and coldness." With Wallace's arrival came tidings that Dalziel and his army were in Glasgow.

On the night of the day Turner was taken, one Steven Irvine, bailie of Dumfries, hastened to Edinburgh, where he arrived next day, and reported "an insurrection by a considerable number of armed men." The Council sent an express to London, ordered General Thomas Dalziel of Binns, a rough soldier, who had seen much barbarous and cruel work in Poland and Russia, in expeditions against Turks or Tartars, to march to Glasgow; and on the 21st issued a "proclamation against the rebels in arms," in which they command all in arms to present their persons to the Lieutenant-General, or some other officer or magistrate, without, however, offering an indemnity or encouragement to surrender; and in a second proclamation they charged all the king's subjects to render every assistance to Dalziel. On Thursday, November 22, Wallace and the army he now commanded came to Ochiltree, a village about eleven miles east of Ayr, where they expected to meet with a reinforcement. Here, says Wallace, in his "Narrative of the Rising at Pentland," "after prayer to God for direction what to do next," they determined to march eastward. They had got next to no assistance in Ayrshire, but there was an earnest invitation from Clydesdale. Next day, Friday the 23rd, they marched to Cumnock, where they learned from one John Millar that the detachment under the command of John Ross, sent towards Mauchline to reconnoitre, had been taken prisoners, and that the royal forces were at Kilmarnock, not twenty miles distant. From Cumnock they marched to Muirkirk—a march of ten or eleven miles—"in a most violent rainy night," and over "a piece of miserable way." They arrived at Muirkirk between seven and eight o'clock in a November night, "the foot drenched in water." Here they found no other shelter than the kirk, in which they lay all night "without victuals or much fire." About ten o'clock Andrew M'Cormick, a pious Irish non-conforming minister, who had fled from Ireland to Scotland under the false charge of being concerned in

Blood's plot to surprise the Castle of Dublin and seize the Lord-Lieutenant, came to Wallace with tidings that Robertson, in whose house in Edinburgh it had been determined to come west, had been urging him to follow the business no further; that there was no ground to expect help from any quarter, and that the best course was to dismiss the people, and "let every one see to himself until the Lord gave some better opportunity." "This was the comfort," says Wallace, "we had from him and Robert Lockhart, under that sad condition of a foul night and ill quarter we were in."

In the morning, Saturday, November 24, it was discussed what was to be done, but intelligence of a coming reinforcement of three hundred men put fresh courage into their hearts, and the discussion was adjourned, and they resolved to march to Douglas, twelve miles farther on the road to Edinburgh. When they reached Douglas the discussion was resumed, and after "a long time's speaking to the full upon the business, it was resolved, without one contrary voice," "that the coming forth to own that people in Galloway they were clear was of the Lord." On the Sabbath morning they went from Douglas to Lesmahagow, a march of seven or eight miles, where the expected reinforcements came in, but turned out to be no more than fifty men. When they were at Lesmahagow they spent some time in military exercise. Sir James Turner was brought to see them, and he has recorded what he thought of them, and it must be remembered Sir James was no mere drawing-room soldier. He had gone through much rough and serious work in the Thirty Years' War. He says—"I was taken into a country house under pretence to refresh, but it was that I should not look upon their army (for so they were pleased to call it) till they had marshalled it rightly. At length I was mounted and led along the rear of both horse and foot, and thereafter I was brought to the front of the battle, where I did not let the opportunity slip to reckon them. I found their horse did consist of four hundred and forty, and the foot of five hundred and upwards, besides the party of horse which was at Lanark, and some other small parties which they had sent abroad to plunder horses. . . . The horsemen were armed for most part with sword and pistol, some only with swords. The foot with musket, pike, scythe, fork, and sword; and some with staves great and long. There I saw two of their troops skirmish against other two (for in four troops their cavalry was divided), which, I confess, they did handsomely, to my great admiration. I wondered at the agility of both horse and rider, and to see them keep troop so well, and how they had come to that perfection in so short a time."—*Memoirs*, pp. 166, 167. In the evening they marched to Lanark, about six miles farther, and crossed the

Clyde near the town, a blunder that William Veitch, in his *Memoirs*, deplores, as in the month of November, and from the heavy rains, so long as the royal forces were on its north side and they on the south, it was a barrier between them that prevented a sudden surprise. Next day, Monday, November 26, they renewed the Covenants. The foot were drawn up about the stairs of the Lanark tolbooth, where John Guthrie of Tarbolton, brother of William Guthrie of Fenwick, "did stand; the horse at the head of the town," where Gabriel Semple and John Crookshanks, an Irish non-conforming minister, preached. Semple in his sermon cited and applied much to the stirring up of his hearers the words, Prov. xxiv. 11, 12—"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth He not know it? and shall He not render to every man according to his works?" The same day they issued a Public Declaration, in which they stated the object of their rising in arms. It was still as at Dumfries—the redress of grievances.

Their numbers were now about 1500, and all in good spirits. Their wisdom would have been to have remained in the neighbourhood of Lanark, a district known to them, and not far from the moors, and to have waited the advance of the royal troops and given them battle; but diversity of opinion, so often hurtful to the cause of Presbyterianism in Scotland, had sprung up among them, and deceived by the hope of gaining additions to their numbers in the Lothians, and led away by the representations of friends in Edinburgh, especially by James Stewart, one of the authors of "Naphtali," and Lord Advocate after 1688, it was carried that they march eastward. That day they gained a considerable addition to their number, but it was the last reinforcement they received. As they marched onwards their numbers lessened and lessened. Towards nightfall they met for the first time with the royal troops, a strong body of whom appeared on their rear, but as it grew dark they fell back. They reached Bathgate, a march of nearly twenty miles, about seven or eight at night, but here they found no shelter; and the weather was that of November in its roughest mood, rain and sleet and snow in turns; and the roads were what those of several generations before Macadam must have been at such a season of the year—long pools of mud, rather than the hard surfaces known to us. The leaders got into a house, and, after prayer, deliberated what was to be done, when it was resolved to proceed early in the morning towards Edinburgh. Their deliberations had scarcely come to a close, when an alarm was given of the near approach of the enemy; and it was immediately resolved to resume their march at midnight, which they actually did, though wearied with the toils of the day; and the night itself, says Wallace, was "one of the darkest nights, I am persuaded, ever any in that company saw. Except we had been tied together, it was impossible to keep together; and every little burn was a river." In this terrible night they marched eleven to twelve miles, until they came to Newbridge, a mile to the south of Kirkliston, as the daylight began to appear. "But oh, what a sad sight," exclaims Wallace, "it was to see the condition we were in—sc scattered and utterly undone." They had scarcely reached Newbridge, when an alarm was raised that the enemy was hurrying to secure the bridge before them. The alarm turned out false, but they resolved to push on to Colinton, a march of seven to eight miles, where they would be within sight of Edinburgh, and have the Pentlands close behind them for defence and safety. They reached Colinton in course of the day, November 27. Here they rested, and at the entreaty of Lawrie of Blackwood, a letter representing their grievances was sent to Dalziel.

By this time Wallace had evidently arrived at the conclusion that their cause was hopeless. No relief had come from Edinburgh. The march of the last two days had lessened their numbers from 1500 to 800 or 900 men, mostly without arms, discouraged in mind and wearied in body. He seems, therefore, to have resolved that the best course was to go round the north-east end of the Pentlands, so as to put them between his worn-out followers and the enemy, and under their cover leisurely and quietly to disperse.

The night was "a sore night of frost and snow," but next day, November 28, was "a fair frosty day," and favoured by its absence of storm, Wallace succeeded so far in his resolution that he had turned the Pentlands, got as far as Rullion Green, had for greater safety brought the whole body together, and encamped on the higher grounds. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the report came that the royal forces were near, and that, instead of taking the road that Wallace had taken, they were coming through the glen from Currie, in order to intercept their flight if they took to the hills. On going two or three paces farther up the snow-clad hill, the royal cavalry were seen advancing on the other side of the glen through which we had just passed. They tried to cross, but the glen was too deep. A detachment of about fifty now retraced their steps, in order to cross over where the glen was less steep. Preparations were immediately made to receive their attack. The ministers exhorted them to be of good courage, and they prayed and sang the psalm that the pious Hebrew had sung as he saw Mount Zion laid waste by the enemies of God—

"O God, why hast Thou cast us off?
Is it for evermore?
Against Thy pasture-sheep why doth
Thine anger smoke so sore?
O call to Thy rememberance
Thy congregation,
Which Thou hast purchased of old;
Still think the same upon:

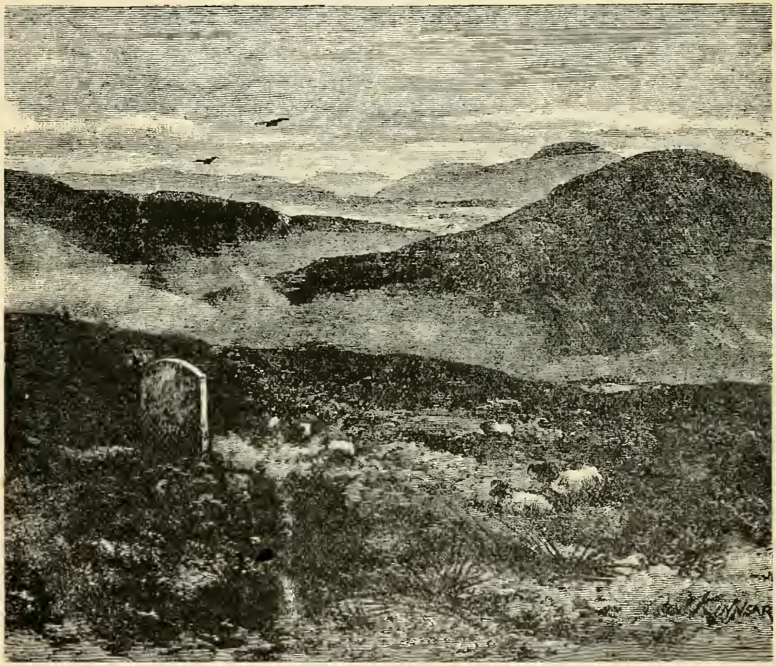
"The rod of Thine inheritance,
Which Thou redeemed hast.
This Sion hill, wherein Thou hadst
Thy dwelling in times past.
To these long desolations
Thy feet lift, do not tarry;
For all the ills Thy foes have done
Within Thy sanctuary.

"Do Thou, O God, arise and plead
The cause that is Thine own:
Remember how Thou art reproach'd
Still by the foolish one.
Do not forget the voice of those
That are Thine enemies:
Of those the tumult ever grows
That do against Thee rise."

At the same time Wallace ordered about an equal number of horse, mostly from Galloway, under the command of Captain Arnot, to follow them, and prevent their crossing. They had not far to go when both advanced on each other, and fired and closed, and "for a considerable time stood dealing with swords. At last the enemy runs; and if they had not retired by a way that there was no dealing with them—alongst the side of a steep hill—it is like there had not many of them gone home." Cheered by this victory, Wallace sent a party of foot to where they had retreated, on the west side of the glen, but they retired, and crossed over to the east side, where they remained until their infantry came up, each unable conveniently to come at the other. When the infantry arrived, the whole army, amounting to more than three thousand well-equipped men, drew up in battle array, "thinking," says Wallace, "to provoke us to quit our ground, and to fight them on even ground." But Wallace was too good a soldier to give them such an advantage, and he remained where he was. Dalziel now attempted to dislodge them. He sent a party of horse, flanked with infantry, to attack them on the left wing, as they were posted on the higher ridges of the glen. Wallace had so stationed the Covenanters that they might have declined battle till nightfall, and escaped under cover of darkness; but, after prayer, it was resolved that, as they were put to it, they should put themselves in the Lord's hand, and quit themselves of their duty. Major Learmont now met Dalziel's advance, and fired, and the two closed with each other in hand-to-hand combat. The issue was as it had been—"Our foot party makes theirs run; immediately their horse runs likewise." Dalziel now sent a second body of horse and foot, but it too, after a similar contest, had to retire. A larger squadron of horse next coming up, Learmont drew back to his post on the hill.

In these three contests several hours had been spent, and in all the Covenanters had been successful. Dalziel's object had evidently been to turn their left wing, get in between their main body and the hills, and then fall upon the right wing, posted on the lower ground. In the first part of his aim he had ingloriously failed. He now tried the second. The sun had set when he advanced his whole left wing upon the right of the Covenanters, situated on the lower ridges of Rullion Green, and commanded by Barscobe. Here Wallace had only thirty horse, and they were soon driven back by the royal cavalry. Encouraged by this success, Dalziel now advanced on the left wing, "where," says Wallace, "we had no more but a matter of fourscore horse." They made a spirited resistance, "but being oppressed with multitude we were beaten back; and the enemy coming in so full a body, and so fresh a charge, that having us once running, they carried it so strongly home that they put us in such confusion that there was no rallying, but every man runs for his own safety. If the Lord had not in providence so ordered that we had greatly the advantage of the ground, being at a pretty height above them, and that it was growing dark, and close upon the edge of Pentland Hills, whither we fled, in all probability there had been a greater destruction than there was."

[Little has come down to us regarding the experience of the Covenanters in their flight after the battle. Regarding one of them, named Ferguson, it is said that he was the only person who made any profit from the unfortunate expedition. He had been unhorsed during the conflict, and his pony had run off; but having caught a strong dragoon horse that was running loose, he rode away to the west. When he reached the Clyde at Carnwath, his lost pony came up to him, and he who had left his home with one horse returned with two. The experience of other fugitives was very different. Two of them, it is said, were decoyed into a moss at Carnwath, and were cruelly murdered there by some retainers of the Earl of that name and buried in the moss. Tradition has not identified the graves of these men. At Medwynhead in the moorland parish of Dunsyre, but close to the borders of Peeblesshire, there is a monument to an unknown sufferer, and regarding him the tradition is as follows: He had joined the Covenanters as they passed through Ayrshire, and was present at the battle of Pentland. Having been wounded, he naturally fled in the direction of his home. About midnight he reached the house of Adam Sanderson, shepherd, at Blackhill; and feeling faint from loss of blood, he sought rest and shelter. Owing to the risk incurred in harbouring one in his circumstances, he was refused admittance. He then asked the favour that, if they found him dead in the morning, they would bury him within sight of the Ayrshire hills. In the morning his lifeless body was found under a bush of oak saplings, and he was buried in a lonely spot near the top of the hill, in view of the distant mountains of his native county.



COVENANTER'S GRAVE, MEDWYNHEAD

About the beginning of last century some doubt seems to have risen as to the truth of the tradition. That, however, was set at rest when the reputed grave was opened, and the remains of the hapless Covenanter were found in a wonderful state of preservation. It is even said that the shepherd's son brought the skull of the martyr to the house, but his father ordered it to be taken back and put where it was found, which was done, and the grave filled up. The body was found wrapped in a red cloak or mantle, and in the collar were found two silver Dutch coins, each about the size of a crown piece.

About the time of the Disruption, the late Rev. Drs Hanna then of Skirling, and Walker of Carnwath held meetings at the place, which were attended by immense crowds from the surrounding parishes; the result was the erection of the monument, and since that time similar meetings have been repeatedly held. The following is the inscription on the stone:

Erected
In memory of a Covenanter
who fought and was wounded
at the battle of Rullion Green
29th Nov. 1666,
and died at an oaken bush
near this spot, and was buried
by Adam Sanderson, Blackhill.—Ed.]

About fifty of the Covenanters were slain, as many more were taken prisoners by the soldiers, and about thirty more were brought in by the country people, who showed little mercy to them in their retreat. Indeed, several are said to have been shot in their flight, and were buried in Penicuik and Glencorse churchyards. The Session minutes of Penicuik contains the following entry:—"Dec. 9th 1666 Disbursed to John Brown belman for making Westlandman's graves 3s. 4d."

The prisoners were taken to Edinburgh and put into Haddow's Hole, a part of St Giles, afterwards used as a church, but which the alterations of a much later date removed away. The great body of them had surrendered on promise of quarter, and if the advice of the law officers had been taken, they would have been treated accordingly; but the influence of the bloodthirsty recreant, Archbishop Sharp, prevailed at the Council, and very speedily they were proceeded against as criminals.

The loss of the royal troops was never stated, but it must have been considerable. The bodies of the Covenanters that were killed lay for a night and day unburied, and were stript of their clothes, says Wallace, "by the soldiers and the barbarians of Lothian, as if the victory had been gotten over Turks; but the godly women of Edinburgh came out the morrow with winding sheets, and buried them." Most of the bodies are said to have been buried near where the monument now stands. Dr Simpson of Sanquhar, in his "Voice from the Desert," says that an ancestor of his, a John Gill or M'Gill, possessed after the Revolution the farm of which Rullion Green is a part. He was the first that ploughed the scene of the battle. The bones that were turned up were all carefully collected and buried together.

It is not now known by whom the monument was first erected. As might be expected from its date, 1738, it is not mentioned in the first edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," issued in 1714; but the fourth edition of 1741 gives, as one of its enlargements, "The Epitaph upon the gravestone of the noble patriots who fell at Pentland Hills."

Wodrow has a full account of the battle, and of the sufferings and execution of the prisoners. Dr M'Crie published a deeply interesting volume in 1825, "Memoirs of Mr William Veitch," etc. Veitch joined the rising at Galston. He was sent from Colinton to Edinburgh to see what assistance could be given by their friends. He made several hairbreadth escapes from capture both in going and returning. He lived to be minister at Peebles, and then at Dumfries, after the Revolution. Dr M'Crie has given in the same volume Colonel Wallace's "Narrative of the Rising at Pentland." It is an unpretending but well-written paper. Mr Dodds, in his "Fifty Years' Struggle of the Scottish Covenanters," has gone to the State-Paper Office in London, and added to formerly published materials, extracts from the letters of Mein, the postmaster of Edinburgh, to the authorities in London. These extracts bring out very plainly the Royalist estimate of the military skill of Wallace, and the endurance and bravery of the Covenanters. On November 30th, Mein writes:—"All the army affirm they never saw men fight more gallantly and abide better than they did, the General being forced to use stratagems to break them." And again, on December 4th, "I have spoke to most of the officers in the army, and all of them agree that they never saw men fight more courageously than they did for three several charges." Sir James Turner, in his "Memoirs," published in 1829, occupies about fifty pages with a somewhat minute account of how he was treated during the march, for he was carried prisoner from Dumfries to Rullion Green, and was only free when the defeat left him without his guards. Upon the whole he was well looked after. His account of the Covenanters is creditable both to him and them, and his opinion of them quite agrees with that reported by Mein.

In Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and in Aytoun and Maidment's "Scottish Ballads," there is a ballad of forty-four lines, entitled "Rullion Green." It is obviously the production of a Royalist, and is of indifferent merit, by no means equal to the ballads in the same collection on "Loudon Hill" and "The Battle of Bothwell Bridge." We give its latter verses, which, Royalist as they are in their sympathies, yet give a correct view of the aim of the Covenanters:

"General Dalyell, as I hear tell,
Was our lieutenant-general;
And captain Welsh, wi' his wit and skill,
Was to guide them on to the Pentland Hill.

"General Dalyell held to the hill,
Asking at them what was their will,
And who gave them this protestation,
To rise in arms against the nation?

"'Although we all in armour be,
It's not against his majesty:
Nor yet to spill our neighbour's blude,
But wi' the country we'll conclude.'

"'Lay down your arms in the king's name,
And ye shall all gae safely hame;'
But they a' cried out wi' ae consent,
'We'll fight a broken covenant.'

"'O well' says he, 'since it is so,
A wilfu' man never wanted woe;'
He then gave a sign unto his lads,
And they drew up in their brigades.

"The trumpets blew, and the colours flew,
And every man to his armour drew;
The whigs were never so much aghast,
As to see their saddles toom sae fast.

"The cleverest men stood in the van,
The whigs they took their heels and ran;
But such a raking was never seen,
As the raking o' the Rullion Green."

In Maidment's note on the ballad it is said, "the 28th of November is observed by the Cameronians, who annually enjoy the luxury of a field-preaching on that eventful day." Maidment's volumes were issued in 1867, and he writes as if it were a present practice. But Maidment is not original, save in his sneer at field-preaching. He merely borrows from Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," in the note to the ballad on the battle: "The battle was fought on the 28th November 1666; a day still observed by the scattered remnant of the Cameronian sect, who regularly hear a field-preaching upon the field of battle." Sir Walter Scott gives no authority for this statement. No such practice now exists, or has existed within living memory. We have spoken with intelligent members of the Edinburgh congregation, whose memory goes back for fifty years, and they never heard of such a thing, and they have no recollection of ever hearing their fathers make the slightest reference to any such practice.

[The above statement by the author requires to be modified to some extent. We are not aware that the anniversary of the battle ever was observed by the Cameronians, or that there ever was regular field-preaching on that day. But it is the case, that for a considerable number of years a religious service, conducted by members of different churches, has been held on the field of battle with a measure of regularity once a year during summer.—Ed.]

CHAPTER II

DRUMCLOG

A deep resolve unflinching to remain,—
Oppression's shock undaunted to sustain,—
For all their sacred rights bold to contend,
And those best gifts to future times to send;
To teach their sons that Freedom to revere,
For which their fathers paid a price so dear.—SMALL.

THERE are two roads to Drumclog from Glasgow—one by Strathaven, and another by Galston and Darvel. We chose the latter. It was on the last Thursday of May, two days before the anniversary of the battle, that we set out to visit the scene where it was fought. We entered into the vale of the Irvine by the road from the north that skirts, on the west, the policies of Loudon Castle, and then, as it reaches the level ground, turns due east, keeping always a full half-mile from the castle, whose stately form is every now and then seen through its diverging rows of magnificent trees. One of the Earls of Loudon, in the middle of last century, had seen much in other lands, and brought home with him much knowledge of the trees that abound in foreign parts. The result of his travels is the noble avenues and the quantities of trees of many different kinds, a full century old, that now adorn the grounds around the Castle, and make it, to a passer-by, one of the most beautiful baronial residences in the south-west of Scotland. For two miles or so the road, more or less shadowed over by tall trees, runs nearly east. To the south, two hundred yards or so away, and on the opposite side of the Irvine, is the Newmilns branch of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway. The occasional tall chimney, and the noise of the coals as they fall into the waggons, tell we are still in the coal district. The trees that have so long lined the road at last clear away. The Irvine nears the road, and as it turns in we come at once upon the houses of Newmilns. Many of them are newly built, and as we look in through their unusually large windows for a Scotch town, we see the Jacquard looms, and learn that Newmilns and Darvel are seats of the prosperous window curtain manufacture. The Newmilns weavers have the air of people thirsting for novelty and desirous to add to their knowledge, whatever it may be, for when a stranger drives through, numbers of them will always be found coming to their doors to see what passes by. We had on a former occasion visited the graves of the martyrs whose remains rest in Newmilns, so that we speedily passed over its roughly-paved streets. As we left, the road, by a gentle ascent, rises about a hundred feet, and at its height gives a fine view of the town and the wooded ground beyond. As we get out of the cutting, Loudon Hill becomes the chief object before us that arrests the eye, while to the south, rising up on the brae face, are the woods in which Lanfine is embowered. A mile and a half from Newmilns and we are entering the long village of Darvel, a village formed, like the "lang touns" of Kirkcaldy and Prestonpans, of a single street. This street has been so laid down that the tree-clad and rocky height of Loudon Hill is the central object eastward, as we go onward between its two rows of houses.

Darvel is the name it gets from strangers, but its inhabitants call it Derval, a pronunciation which would connect it with the French town of Derville. In Pont's map of Cunningham, engraved in Amsterdam in 1654, it is spelt "Dornvail." In its present form the village dates from the latter half of last (18th) century. A hundred years ago it contained four houses only. The land on which it is built belonged to the order of Knights Templars, the grand order of Christian soldiers which sprung up in the first crusade, and for the two centuries of its existence never ceased in its efforts to rescue the Holy Land from the hand of the infidel. Poverty was one of the vows of the order when first instituted. The name they took, and a name long given to them, was *Pauperes Commilitones*, Poor Soldiers of the Temple of Solomon. But they were soon led to cast their poverty aside, for the order rapidly rose in public esteem. Members of the leading families in Christendom sought admission into its ranks, and speedily it acquired possessions in almost every country in Europe. A considerable part of the sixth volume of the splendidly illustrated re-issue of the "Monasticon Anglicanum" of Dugdale, is occupied with a long list of their possessions at the close of the twelfth century in this country and in England. Every visitor to London is familiar with the Temple, where they first settled when they crossed the English Channel, and the Temple Church, one of the finest specimens of the architecture of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries that England possesses. The story of their suppression by Pope Clement V., who was urged on by the determined and revengeful Philip IV. of France, is one that may still be read with interest. They were charged with immorality and heresy, but modern investigators—and the question has been largely discussed in modern times—are all but unanimous in pronouncing the particular charges on which they were condemned to the flames, as for the most part unfounded. Though it is more than five centuries since the order was suppressed, the people of Darvel retain the memory of their connection with the brave red cross Knights of the Temple, in the name "Temple Street," which they have given to a small offshoot from the main street.

At Dr Easton's manse, situated in the very centre of the village, we were reinforced by the company of that excellent minister, and soon proceeded through its long street. Near its end it slightly bends northward, and thus, to a large extent, prevents its being swept by the east wind as it courses through the valley. About a quarter of a mile from the village, the Irvine water, that flows down the valley and forms the dividing line between Cunningham and Kyle, comes close in upon the road, and then crosses under it for the north side. For two miles it kept near the road, but always getting smaller and smaller, until it was lost to us in the glen, down which it comes little larger than a burn from Loudon Hill. At the glen the road trends to the south-east, and enters, always rising higher, a narrow pass, that goes by the names of Windy Hass and Windy Wizen. The day was everything that could be desired in the end of May. The sun shone unclouded, and there was a breath of wind stirring now and then, just enough to keep the heat from reaching sultriness, but as we entered the pass a breeze played about us, justifying its name as the Windy Hass. The Windy Hass is the water-shed, and as soon as it is gone through—and it is of no great extent—we enter on the dale of the Avon, a tributary of the Clyde. At the end of the Hass, on the north side of the road, where it runs again eastward, and on the hill face, is Wallace's Cairn—a mound about thirty yards in length and two or three in breadth at the base. Its form and name, and place at the entrance to a pass, confirm the popular tradition that it is the resting-place of the dead. Very likely it was at this spot that William Wallace successfully attacked a detachment of English, under the command of Sir John Fenwick, on the way from Carlisle to Ayr. Sir John was slain, and according to Blind Harry,

> "A hundred dead in field were leaved there,"—

and a large amount of booty fell into the hands of the victors.

> "Ten score of horse they wan that carriage bare,
> With flour and wine as meikle as they might fare."

Blind Harry's account of the encounter occupies the whole of the opening chapter of his Third Book, and is one of the best parts of his fine old poem. Barbour, the contemporary of Blind Harry, in his "Life and Acts of King Robert Bruce," records another battle to have been fought in this neighbourhood—the battle of Loudon Hill. He says the English under Sir Aymer were three thousand strong, and the Scotch under King Robert Bruce were seven hundred. The Scotch were again successful.

> "They dang on them so hardily,
> That in short time men might see by
> At erd an hundred and well mare;
> The remanand so flayed were
> That they began them to withdraw."

Sir Aymer did his utmost to stay their retreat, but it was of no avail. None

> "For him would turn again;
> And when he saw he tint his pain,
> He turned his bridle for to go,
> For the good king them pressed so
> That some were dead and some were tane,
> And all the lave their gate are gane."

About a quarter of a mile from Wallace's Cairn, Ayrshire ends, and we passed into Lanarkshire; and in another quarter of a mile, near the mile stone, three miles from Darvel, we turned off the main road to Strathaven, and struck due north for Drumclog. A mile and a half's drive brought us to Stoboside. We passed Loudon Hill about half a mile or more to the west. As seen from the Darvel side, Loudon Hill looks like a grassy hill covered with trees, but from the east it is a bare trap-rock with a solitary tree here and there. Although at least two hundred feet above the surrounding country, a spring of delightful water rises near its summit. At Stoboside we left our conveyance and walked about two hundred yards to Drumclog schoolhouse. We had several times, since we left the Strathaven road, passed the heather growing on the moor, and seen the peats lying newly cast, but the ground round the schoolhouse has all been under the plough. The tall chimney of a coal-pit about half a mile to the south, the broken limestone with which the road was macadamised, and the limestone rock itself cropping up through the road, told very plainly that the aspect of the country was likely to be still further changed from what it had been in the reign of Charles II.

Drumclog school is a two-storey house. From its door were heard sounds as if instruction in at least the art of reading was going on within, and soon the schoolmaster himself appeared.

Over the door there is the following somewhat bombastic inscription:

1839.
On the battle field of Drumclog,
This seminary of education was
Erected in memory of those
Christian heroes, who on
Sabbath, the 1st of June, 1679,
Nobly fought in defence of
Civil and religious liberty.
Dieu et mon droit.

Eight names, the names of the Committee who built the schoolhouse, are appended to the inscription. A few yards to the east of the schoolhouse, railed in from the surrounding pasture, so as to keep the sheep or cattle at a respectful distance, is a granite obelisk, with the following inscription on its south face:

IN COMMEMORATION
OF THE
VICTORY
OBTAINED ON THIS
BATTLE FIELD
ON SABBATH THE 1ST OF JUNE 1679
BY OUR
COVENANTING FOREFATHERS
OVER GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE
AND HIS DRAGOONS.

On the north face:

ERECTED IN 1839.
REBUILT IN 1867.

The monument erected in 1839 was struck by lightning a few years after it was put up, and split nearly in twain. The inscription occupied its four sides, and was remarkable for the manner in which it celebrated all who had been concerned in its erection. One worthy farmer told us, when it was put up his advice was that the inscription should be short—"the maist sense in the fewest words,"—and that no names of contributors to its erection should find a place in it, but he was outvoted; the minister who preached the sermon when a collection was made to erect it, and a contributor to the extent of £25, had their names on the west face; the proprietor, who gave the stones lordship free, had the north face devoted to a celebration of his liberality; and on the east face were the twelve names of the committee concerned in its building. Altogether there were 370 words upon the stone, and the whole had very much the appearance of a monument to the memory of the fifteen worthies who had contributed for, or had taken charge of its erection, rather than a memorial of the brave men who fought the battle of Drumclog. It was, therefore, with general satisfaction that a movement was made in 1866 for the building of a new monument with a more becoming and suitable inscription, and the result was the chaste obelisk before which we now stood.

DRUMCLOG

The monument stands two hundred yards to the north-west of a small burn, from which the ground gently rises on either side. The monument side is that which was occupied by the Covenanters. The opposite side was under grass, but evidently well drained, while from where we stood down to the burn had the appearance also of drainage; the one-half of its surface had borne oats last year, and was now pasture, and the other half was preparing for turnips. It was very different when the battle was fought. Drainage was then unknown in Scotland, and agriculture was of the rudest description; the well-tilled fields that lay before us would then be souring under stagnant water, and the burn would flow through what was little else than a morass in wet weather, next to impassable for horses. In such an undrained state it was not difficult to see that the men who had selected Drumclog as the spot on which to resist the royal troops must have had the discerning eye of soldiers, who had seen more than one well-fought campaign, for it is on a rising ground that commands a view of the country for miles. On the north it is protected by the moor, and is only approachable by crossing the burn and climbing up its somewhat steep face. Its distance of two hundred yards from the burn, and four hundred yards to the height on the side occupied by the Royalists, would be nothing in these days of Martini rifles and Armstrong guns, but was more than enough for a stiff encounter when rude flint guns and swords, and, it may be, scythes and pitchforks, were the chief weapons.

But the story of Drumclog will be better understood, if we remember what the Government had for some years past been doing to the Presbyterians. Since 1670, conventicles—as meetings for Divine worship by preachers other than the indulged ministers were called—had been forbidden by law, and in 1678, in a Convention of Estates, an Act was passed to take steps for the raising of sufficient forces to put them down, and a national assessment, known as the Cess, was levied for the maintenance of the troops. Nevertheless conventicles were held, and the people flocked to them in great numbers. Garrisons were placed in the chief towns in the west and south-west of Scotland, and the soldiers had power to scour the country in search of field meetings, and summarily to put to death all that offered resistance. The consequence was, that the men who came to the conventicles came armed. Mr Dodds has ferretted out of the State Paper Office a letter of August 6, 1678, to some one in Carlisle, in which the writer says, that at a conventicle held the previous Lord's Day in Carrick, there were above six hundred well-appointed men in arms, and adds—"I am informed that there is many a man in Galloway, if he hath but two cows, he will sell one cow for a pair of pistols." It is not difficult to account for the attractions of these conventicles. The Cess had been levied by a Convention of Estates, a body that had no right to levy taxes—a right that alone belonged to Parliament; but the advisers of the Crown were afraid to summon Parliament, lest it should first proceed to seek redress of grievances before it voted away money. To frequent the conventicles was, therefore, to the friends of liberty, a practical way of protesting against an unlawful act on the part of Government. Moreover, the services were of a deeply interesting nature. The preachers, stirred by the large audiences that hung upon their lips, and by the circumstances of danger in which they met together, and often, it may be, by the wild aspect of Nature around them in the upland solitudes in which they had been compelled to assemble, spoke with a power, and a freshness, and a freedom not to be enjoyed under the ministrations of the indulged. The conventicles were held occasionally in various parts throughout the moorland that, in the seventeenth century, formed so much of the south of Scotland; but it was in the large stretches of moor that lie in the higher districts of Renfrewshire, Lanarkshire, and Ayrshire, that these gatherings mainly took place. Drainage and the plough are rapidly bringing these stretches under cultivation, but they are yet large enough and undrained enough to show how well-fitted they were for these meetings. There is none of them but is within an easily-walked distance from some village or main road; they are all more or less unfitted for horsemen riding over them; and in most of them there are glens or hollows in which a large number of people might assemble, and yet be unnoticed on the moor itself. On the wild district between Lanark and Ayr a series of meetings had been held, from the beginning of February 1679, for no less than twenty Sabbaths in succession. Oftener than once they were approached by the soldiers, but the numbers present and their armed condition kept them at bay. As the season advanced the attendance increased, and the people came more and more provided with arms. At last it was resolved to take steps to vindicate their conduct, under the hope that this might put courage into their own hearts, and, it may be, cause the enemies of their liberties to pause in their arbitrary and persecuting courses.

On Sabbath, May 25, 1679, a conventicle was held on a moor in Avondale. The sermon was preached by Thomas Douglas. Douglas had studied at Edinburgh, and had taken the degree of A.M. in 1655. He was ordained to a charge in London, which he seems to have left some time after the Restoration. In an Act of Council, August 3, 1676, he and fourteen others are denounced for not appearing, in July 1674, to answer to the charge of being present at field conventicles, and a letter of intercommuning is issued against them —a letter charging the lieges not to presume to reset, supply, or intercommune with them. After Bothwell Bridge he again returned to England. When the Revolution brought back security he came home, and in 1690 was appointed minister of Wamphray, where he died in 1695. Patrick Walker characterises him and M'Ward as singular worthies.

After sermon, it seems to have been resolved that something further should be done as a testimony against the iniquity of the times. Next day Hackstoun of Rathillet; Robert Hamilton, afterwards Sir Robert; John Balfour of Kinloch, better known as Balfour of Burley, went to consult with Donald Cargill. The result was, that it was agreed to issue a public Declaration. On the following Thursday, May 29,—a day then kept as a holiday, and kept down to our own time, to commemorate the restoration of the tyrant and debauchee, Charles II.,—a conventicle was held not far from where that of the previous Sabbath had taken place. Douglas again preached, and a conference was held regarding the proposed testimony. At the close of the meeting Robert Hamilton, with eighty horsemen, set off to publish the document in the most public manner; for, as Dr Hill Burton, in his admirable "History of Scotland," has pointed out, "there was no taint of conspiracy in their doings." Their first intention was to issue it in Glasgow, but it was too strongly guarded, and so they rested at the market cross of the royal burgh of Rutherglen, then a place of more importance than it is now. The Declaration they issued styles it "the chief burgh of the Nether Ward of Clydesdale." A psalm was sung, and prayer offered by Douglas, who next gave an address, and was followed by Hamilton. The document was then read. Rutherglen, in its exuberant loyalty, was that afternoon blazing with bonfires. Into these fires they cast the Act Rescissory, that had annulled the Acts of Parliament from 1640 to the Restoration; the Act of Supremacy, asserting the king to be supreme in all causes, civil and ecclesiastical; the Declaration condemning the Covenants; the Act for overturning Presbyterian Church government, and establishing Prelacy; the Act that cast out of their charges three hundred ministers; and the Act for appointing that day, the 29th of May, as a commemoration of the Restoration, "giving thanks for the setting up of an usurped power destroying the interest of Christ in the land."

When these Acts were reduced to ashes by the flames, in retribution for having "burnt our holy covenants through several cities of these covenanted kingdoms," a copy of the Declaration was affixed to the market cross, a psalm was sung, and prayer offered, and the party left Rutherglen as they had entered, and returned back to Avondale, where Douglas was to preach next Lord's Day.

The Declaration thus issued chiefly consists of a testimony, in by no means strong language, against the Acts that had been cast into the flames. It occupies little more than a page in the appendix to the "Informatory Vindication" which was written mostly by James Renwick, and was issued under the authority of the United Societies in 1687, and is by far the fullest and ablest statement and defence of the position of the persecuted Presbyterians.

But comparatively mild as is the language of the Declaration, it alarmed the Government. Two days after it was published, John Grahame of Claverhouse, armed with full powers, set out in search of its authors. Claverhouse was now in the thirtieth year of his age. He is said to have studied at the University of St Andrews, and to have made some proficiency in mathematics, but in his after-life he gave no evidence of a college education. His letters —very different from those of his contemporary, the youthful martyr, James Renwick—are destitute of literary grace; and their spelling, says Sir Walter Scott, is like that of a chambermaid. He served first in the French, and then in the Dutch army. Refused the command of a regiment, he left the Dutch service and returned to Scotland, and in 1678 had been given the command of a troop of the Life Guards, under his kinsman, the Marquis of Montrose. The pencil of Sir Peter Lely has preserved his portrait to our time. It is that of a man of fashion, with but little of the air of a soldier. The countenance is not unpleasing; but unless Lely be to blame in giving him the cast of feature that so characterises his pictures in Hampton Court of the frail beauties of that degenerate age, it is that of a sensualist of the school of Charles II., and just the man who would evince the fierceness and the cruelty tradition assigns to him, when purity and holiness, in the person of a Covenanter, fell into his hands.

His first service in Scotland was to surprise a conventicle in Galashiels, chiefly attended by the ladies of the district, with a few of their dependants; and he had the uncavalier-like distinction to report to the Council their names, and that of the minister, Thomas Wilkie, soon sent to the Bass for thus preaching the Gospel. His next exploit was that of Drumclog. He arrived at Hamilton on the evening—Saturday, May 31st—of the day of his appointment. He and his soldiers commenced to plunder through the town, and in the course of his plundering he surprised John King while in bed. Seventeen country people who had come with the minister, or were going to the meeting next day, were also taken prisoners. John King may be supposed to be the prototype of the Rev. Gabriel Kettledrummle in the fiction of Scott. John Howie, in the appendix to the "Faithful Contendings," has given the notes of a sermon by King, and "Naphtali" contains his last speech before execution. The sermon is from the notes of a hearer, and so likely to be an imperfect rendering of what he said. It is, however, very far from being in the manner of Kettledrummle, and still less is this the case with his last speech, which is really worthy of the occasion, and says a great deal both for his tact, his ability, his piety, and his appreciative acquaintance with evangelical truth. The novelist, therefore, when he drew the portrait of the fanatic Covenanting preacher, drew from his powerful imagination, and certainly not from the facts known of the martyred John King.

With the capture of King, Claverhouse seems to have heard of the conventicle to be held in the neighbourhood of Loudon Hill. Some of his friends tried to persuade him not to go near it, as it would be attended by a good many resolute men-in-arms; but he fancied he had soldiers enough to overmatch them. With his own troop of Life Guards, and two others of dragoons, and a few foot soldiers, he started early on the Sabbath morning from Hamilton for Strathaven, a distance of about seven miles to the south. His eighteen prisoners, happily for them, were taken with him, and, bound two and two, were driven on before by the soldiers. At Strathaven, Claverhouse got tidings that Thomas Douglas was preaching in the neighbourhood of Loudon Hill. The conventicle had assembled at Glaister Law, about two miles to the east of Darvel and eight from Strathaven. The ground slopes gently down from Glaister Law, and is just the very spot for an out-door sermon; while from the Law a view is commanded of the surrounding country. Whether Claverhouse and his soldiers were seen in the distance from the Law, or some one had run on before to warn the congregation, is not recorded, but Douglas had begun his sermon, when the firing of a gun by a watchman on the height behind gave the alarm. Douglas at once stopped his discourse and said to his audience, "You have got the theory, now for the practice." A consultation was held. The result was, that it was resolved that, "for the relief of the prisoners, their own defence, and the defence of the Gospel, they would put their lives in venture, and, through the Lord's assistance, go and meet the cruel raging enemy." The men who had weapons and were willing to fight were drawn out, and they were found to be about fifty horsemen, indifferently armed, fifty footmen with guns, and an hundred and fifty with halberts and pitchforks,—two hundred and fifty in all. Robert Hamilton was called to take the command. Hamilton was the younger son of Sir Thomas Hamilton by his first marriage. The second wife of Sir Thomas was the sister of Bishop Burnet, the historian, under whose training Hamilton was brought up. "He was then," according to Burnet, "a lively hopeful young man." About his twenty-fifth year, four years before Drumclog, he was led to attend the preaching in the fields, and was so attracted by what he heard that he cast in his lot with the persecuted Presbyterians. His character has been described in the most opposite terms. According to his enemies he was "a blood-thirsty ruffian," while according to his friends he was of a loving, gentle nature, extremely averse to the shedding of blood. His friends had certainly the best opportunity of knowing him. We may be ready to think the result of Bothwell Bridge did not say much in his favour, but they who were best acquainted with the difficulties he had there to contend with, had ever afterwards full confidence in him. He was the dear friend of James Renwick, to whom Renwick's most affectionate letters are written; and the Societies, without misgiving or qualification, appointed him as their representative to the Reformed Churches on the Continent. And he was ever ready to undertake duty whatever might be the danger or expense. His letters and papers still extant show that he was a well-educated man. The disinterestedness of his character, his zeal in the good cause, his education and his social position as the heir to a baronetcy—all, doubtless, induced the Covenanters to invite him to be their commander. Under him were associated as his officers David Hackstoun of Rathillet, Henry Hall of Haughhead, John Balfour of Kinloch, William Cleland, Robert Flemming, and John Brown. Henry Hall of Haughhead had long borne a good name for piety and valour; Hackstoun of Rathillet had been a spectator, and Balfour had taken a chief part, at the death of Sharp at Magus Moor; William Cleland was then in his eighteenth year, and a student at the University of St Andrews; but in all probability he had already attracted notice by his poetry, and had given evidence of the ability that ten years afterwards was so signally displayed at Dunkeld, when, under his command, the Cameronian regiment defeated five thousand Highlanders. Of Flemming and Brown nothing is known but their names.

With these two hundred and fifty horse and foot, Hamilton and his associates in command set out to meet Claverhouse. Hamilton gave orders that no quarter should be given. In his letter to the Societies, Dec. 7, 1685, "Faithful Contendings," p. 201, he says—"I being called to command that day, gave out the word that no quarter should be given." Sir Walter Scott, in his note upon "The Skirmish at Drumclog," in "Old Mortality," says that the principle upon which Hamilton and his friends acted in giving this command was, "that they conceived themselves a chosen people sent forth to extirpate the heathen, like the Jews of old, and under a similar charge to show no quarter." But the novelist had forgotten that his favourite hero, Claverhouse, was empowered to kill and destroy all found in arms at any field meeting, and that before setting out for Drumclog he had given out as the watchword, "No quarters." When we remember what Hamilton and others had suffered, for simply trying to abide by principles that the king himself had sworn to maintain, we can see why they may have been provoked to give forth such an order, for "oppression maketh a wise man mad;" but that Government should have anticipated them by a similar command, cannot be defended or apologised for in any manner whatsoever.

Drumclog is fully three miles to the north-east ot where Douglas had been preaching. Hamilton and his little army must have reached it before the arrival of Claverhouse, and taken up their position, for when he came in sight of them he found them drawn up and prepared to resist his advance. Sir Walter Scott's description of what must have met his eye cannot well be surpassed, and he visited the district when it was in its primeval wildness, untouched by the hand of agricultural science, just as it must have been when the battle was fought. He says:

"The brow of the hill, on which the royal Life Guards were now drawn up, sloped downwards (on the side opposite to that which they had ascended) with a gentle declivity, for more than a quarter of a mile, and presented ground which, though unequal in some places, was not altogether unfavourable for the manœuvres of cavalry, until near the bottom, when the slope terminated in a marshy level traversed through its whole length by what seemed either a natural gully or a deep artificial drain, the sides of which were broken by springs, trenches filled with water, out of which peats and turf had been dug, and here and there by some straggling thickets of alders, which loved the moistness so well that they continued to live as bushes, although too much dwarfed by the sour soil and the stagnant bog-water to ascend into trees. Beyond this ditch or gully the ground arose into a second heathy swell, or rather hill, near to the foot of which, and as if with the object of defending the broken ground and ditch that covered their front, the body of insurgents appeared to be drawn up with the purpose of abiding battle."

The novelist next gives a description of their army, but it is obviously overdrawn. With a view to cover the defeat his hero sustained, he describes them as better armed, more scientifically drawn up, and four times more numerous than they really were. He says, "The total number of the insurgents might amount to about a thousand men."

"Their infantry was divided into three lines. The first, tolerably provided with fire-arms, were advanced almost close to the verge of the bog, so that their fire must necessarily annoy the royal cavalry, as they descended the opposite hill (the whole front of which was exposed), and would probably be yet more fatal if they attempted to cross the morass. Behind this first line was a body of pikemen, designed for their support in case the dragoons should force the passage of the marsh. In their rear was their third line, consisting of countrymen armed with scythes set straight on poles, hay-forks, spits, clubs, goads, fish-spears, and such other rustic implements as hasty resentment had converted into instruments of war. On each flank of the infantry, but a little backward from the bog, as if to allow themselves dry and sound ground whereon to act, in case their enemies should force the pass, there was drawn up a small body of cavalry, who were in general but indifferently armed and worse mounted, but full of zeal for the cause, being chiefly either landholders of small property, or farmers of the better class, whose means enabled them to serve on horseback."

The tradition is, that as the Covenanters took up their position on the brow of the hill, with Claverhouse and his soldiers in view, they sung, to the tune of "Martyrs," in the Scotch Version, the grand lyric of Asaph over the destruction of the Assyrian host, contained in the seventy-sixth psalm:

"In Judah's land God is well known,
His name's in Isr'el great:
In Salem is His tabernacle,
In Sion is His seat.

"There arrows of the bow He brake,
The shield, the sword, the war.
More glorious Thou than hills of prey,
More excellent art far.

"Those that were stout of heart are spoil'd,
They slept their sleep outright;
And none of those their hands did find,
That were the men of might.

"When Thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Had forth against them past,
Their horses and their chariots both
Were in a dead sleep cast.

. . . .

"By Him the sp'rits shall be cut off
Of those that princes are:
Unto the kings that are on earth
He fearful doth appear."

The commencement of the battle was made by Claverhouse. After he had viewed the ground, and seen the "stank" that lay between him and the Covenanters barring his advance, he ordered twelve "well-mounted troopers or dragoons" to advance, and to fire. The Covenanters did the same. Both sides fired, but without results, and both detachments retired to their respective main bodies. Claverhouse now ordered other twelve to advance and fire. At their approach the twelve of the Covenanters returned, and both again fired, but, as before, neither fire took effect. A third time Claverhouse ordered twelve to fire. The twelve mounted Covenanters again returned reinforced by Balfour and six on foot. Both sides fired, and one of Claverhouse's men fell wounded from his horse. Claverhouse now ordered some thirty dragoons to alight on foot and fire. Cleland advanced and returned fire, when the first of the dragoons was killed, it is said, by a shot from Cleland himself. A second detachment of dragoons next advanced and fired on Cleland's foot, who at Cleland's command, on seeing preparations for firing, fell flat on the ground behind a peat dyke. No one was struck, save one John Morton who would raise his head to see what was going on, when a ball pierced his windpipe, came out at the back of his neck, and left him dead. Claverhouse now advanced with his horse as near to the "stank" as he could safely come, and "fired desperately." His fire threw the Covenanters into some confusion, when their leaders, noticing the inability of the royal soldiers to get over the "stank," and the floundering of some of their horses, cheered up their followers by ordering an advance on the left flank. Cleland, with the foot armed with guns, led the way, and Balfour with horse followed, while those who had only pikes and swords came close behind. The advance was successful. Their fire brought down two officers—a Cornet Crawford and a Captain Blyth. Claverhouse's horse was disembowelled by a pitchfork, the whole body of the Royalists got into disorder, and turned and fled as fast as they could run, pursued by Balfour's horse for two miles; indeed they never seem to have thought of rallying till they reached Strathaven, five miles away.

John Morton was the only man the Covenanters lost on the field of battle—a monument marks his grave in Newmilns Churchyard; but five others died afterwards of their wounds—Thomas Flemming, buried in Loudon Churchyard; John Gebbie, in Newmilns Churchyard; William Dingwall, in Strathaven; James Thomson, in Stonehouse; and Thomas Weir, in Lesmahagow. Gravestones mark the spots in the different churchyards where their remains rest.

The Royalists' loss was five or six times greater. The tradition is that it was about forty; and Claverhouse's despatch implies that it could not have been much less. The worthy farmer at Meadowfoot, a farm adjoining Drumclog, told us that about fifty years ago a mound on the battlefield was levelled, and in it the bones of about twenty-eight horses were found. A number of prisoners were taken, but, after being disarmed, they were dismissed without further injury. John King, and the seventeen taken by Claverhouse at Hamilton, were relieved Claverhouse had commanded the soldiers on guard to shoot them in the event of defeat, but when it came they had their own lives to look after, and so the prisoners escaped.

Claverhouse's despatch to the commander-in-chief is in existence. Its poverty and vulgarity of expression, and its lawless spelling, make it quite a curiosity in its way. Professor Aytoun, in his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," styles Claverhouse "one of the most accomplished men and gallant soldiers of his age." We suspect this age of School Boards will entertain a very different opinion of a man who could write a despatch no better than the following:

FOR THE EARLE OF LINLITHGOW.

[*Commander-in-Chief of King Charles II.'s Forces in Scotland.*]

GLASKOW, *Jun. the* 1, 1679.

MY LORD,—Upon Saturday's night, when my Lord Rosse came into this place, I marched out, and because of the insolency that had been done tue nights before at Ruglen, I went thither and inquyred for the names. So soon as I got them, I sent our partys to sease on them, and found not only three of those rogues, but also ane intercomend minister called King. We had them at Strevan about six in the morning yesterday, and resolving to convey them to this, I thought that we might make a little tour to see if we could fall upon a conventicle; which we did, little to our advantage; for when we came in sight of them, we found them drawn up in batell, upon a most advantageous ground, to which there was no coming but through mosses and lakes. They wer not preaching, and had got away all there women and shildring. They consisted of four battaillons of foot, and all well armed with fusils and pitchforks, and three squadrons of horse. We sent both partys to skirmish, they of foot and we of dragoons; they run for it, and sent down a battaillon of foot against them; we sent threescore of dragoons, who made them run again shamfully; but in end they percaiving that we had the better of them in skirmish, they resolved a generall engadgment, and imediatly advanced with there foot, the horse folowing; they came throght the lotche; the greatest body of all made up against my troupe; we keeped our fyre till they wer within ten pace of us: they recaived our fyr, and advanced to shok; the first they gave us broght down the Coronet Mr Crafford and Captain Bleith, besides that with a pitchfork they made such an openeing in my rone horse's belly, that his guts hung out half an elle, and yet he caryed me aff an myl; which so discoraged our men, that they sustained not the shok, but fell into disorder. There horse took the occasion of this, and purseued us so hotly that we had no tym to rayly. I saved the standarts, but lost on the place about aight or ten men, besides wounded; but the dragoons lost many mor. They ar not com easily af on the other side, for I sawe severall of them fall befor we cam to the shok. I mad the best retraite the confusion of our people would suffer, and I am now laying with my Lord Rosse. The toun of Streven drew up as we was making our retrait, and thoght of a pass to cut us off, but we took courage and fell to them, made them run, leaving a dousain on the place. What these rogues will dou yet I know not, but the country was flocking to them from all hands. This may be counted the beginning of the rebellion, in my opinion.

I am, my Lord,

Your lordship's most humble servant,

J. GRAHAME.

My lord, I am so wearied, and so sleapy, that I have wryton this very confusedly.

In Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" there is a ballad, not without merit, entitled, "The Battle of Loudon Hill." Sir Walter does not mention from what source he had derived the ballad. It is obviously from a Covenanting pen. We give its first sixteen lines. They are a fair specimen of the whole, which extends to fifty-six lines.

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"You'll marvel when I tell ye o'
  Our noble Burly, and his train,
When last he march'd up thro' the land
  Wi' sax-and-twenty westland men.

"Than they I ne'er o' braver heard,
  For they had a' baith wit and skill
They proved right well, as I heard tell
  As they cam' up o'er Loudon Hill.

"Weel prosper a' the Gospel lads,
  That are into the west countrie
Ay wicked Claver'se to demean,
  And ay an ill dead may he die!

"For he's drawn up i' battle rank
  An that baith soon an' hastilie;
But they wha live till summer come,
  Some bludie days for this will see."

CHAPTER III

BOTHWELL BRIDGE

Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Tho' baffled oft, is ever won.—BYRON.

BOTHWELL lies about eight miles to the south-east of Glasgow. It may be reached in summer by an omnibus that plies on the road, and at all seasons by the Hamilton or the Motherwell branches of the Caledonian Railway. We took the Hamilton branch of the railway, and came out at Blantyre station, from which Bothwell is a mile's walk. In five minutes after leaving the station we came upon the vale of the Clyde. We then descended some eighty or a hundred feet, passed the Blantyre Works, and crossed the river by a suspension bridge. From the bridge the banks are still steep. The path leads up from them to Bothwell through a field, and then into a road lined with the trees of the villas that here bestud the country. Bothwell itself is a small village, but the villas and palatial residences of the Glasgow merchants make it little short of a town. Its most prominent object is the parish church, a modern building, erected in 1834, with a square tower of no particular beauty—defaced, indeed, by buttresses that buttress nothing. At its east end is what remains of the old church, now used as a burying-place. Its ancient-looking doors and windows, of a Norman type, carry its date back far before Reformation times. It is said to have been founded in 1398. The churchyard is dotted over with tombstones, apparently all of this (19th) century. The inscription over the mortal remains of a Robert Stobo, a blacksmith, though not exactly poetry, has the merit of appropriateness. It is—

My sledge and hammer lies declined,
My bellows pipe has lost its wind;
My forge's extinct, my fire's decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid,
My coals is spent, my irons gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.

From the church the road runs to the south-east. In a quarter of a mile or so, an older road is seen diverging to the right. Along this road the excellent young friend who was acting as our guide now led us, for it is the old road to Bothwell Bridge. In about two hundred yards walk the vale of the Clyde comes into view, and as we advance the river itself is seen flowing peacefully along. The road descends some thirty feet in the next hundred yards, and, as it descends, turns nearly half round, and runs parallel for some fifty yards to the Clyde below. At the end of the fifty yards it joins the new road, which at once leads on to the bridge. Bothwell Bridge has experienced more than one change since the battle. At that period it was a bridge of the old type, rising high in the middle, and narrow, for it was only twelve feet in breadth. About the centre of the bridge was an arched gate, which rose some ten or twelve feet above the parapet. At its south end were about half-a-dozen houses, surrounded by a few trees, and a wall ran between them and the river. Away south from the bridge was the treeless waste of Hamilton Moor. All this, which made the bridge, with the modes of fighting practised in the seventeenth century, a position that in the hands of a few resolute men, well armed, might have kept an army at bay, has passed away. Since this (19th) century began the bridge has been widened by an addition

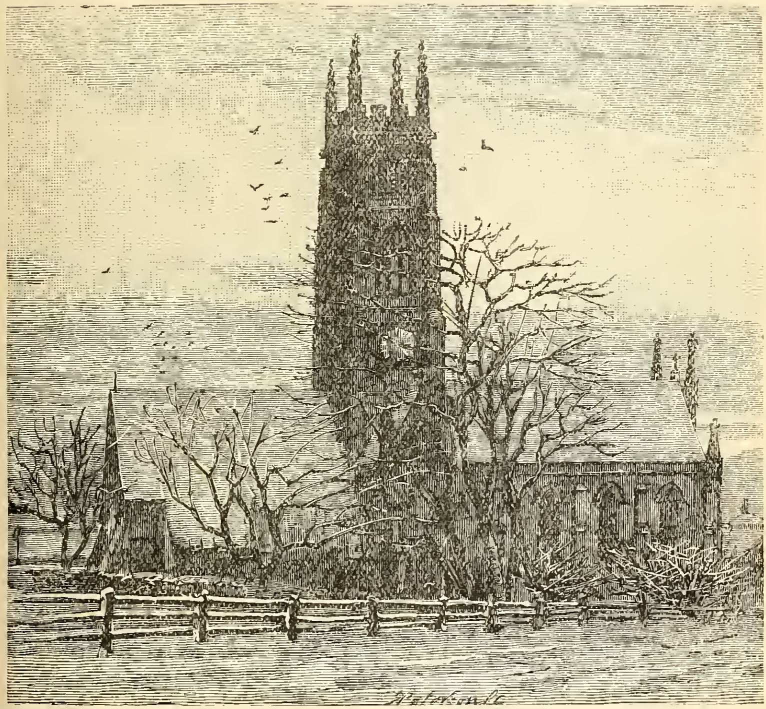
BOTHWELL BRIDGE

of twenty feet to its east side, the declivities at the ends have been filled up, and the road so raised that it is now gone along on a level. Four years ago the roadway was further widened to the full width of the bridge, and an outer overhanging pavement of iron run along each of its sides.

We passed along the bridge, and from its centre looked down on the water fully twenty feet below. It was the first week of July. There had been showers the previous day, but June had been nearly rainless, so that there was nothing to raise the water from what it usually is in midsummer. From the swimming of a large setter dog that a butcher's boy had sent into the water, it was evident the river was at least about four feet deep, and the current of strength sufficient almost to carry the dog down with it. Once across the bridge we turned into a road to the right, which speedily brought us down to the water's edge, and we could look up to the four arches and see, from the seams that run along between the old bridge and the new additions made to it, how narrow it had been, and what a position of defence it must have been to those who held its straitened passage.

The country on either side, although in one sense the same, yet in another, is as much altered as the bridge itself. The spade and the plough have changed its aspect. The moor on which the Covenanting army encamped is moor no more, but is now well-drained fields, with villas here and there, embowered in gardens. The five or six houses at the end of the bridge have disappeared, and a plantation of trees, running down to the water's edge, now occupies their place. The north side, from which the royal troops approached, is still more bestudded with villas. Indeed, from the water's edge to the village of Bothwell, there is a succession of abodes occupied by the prosperous merchants of Glasgow.

We visited Bothwell Bridge again in a later part of the year—on a delightful day in the close of October,—under the guidance of an esteemed elder of the Church from Glasgow, and with the pleasantest of company in addition. On our way to the bridge we again looked in at the parish churchyard. The church doors were open, and the beadle at hand, and we readily got our way into the old church, and found it well worth the visit. Hugh Macdonald, in his interesting "Rambles Round Glasgow," gives a sad account of the "shamefully neglected condition" in which he found the old church. We were delighted to see that this account was now entirely a thing of the past. The church has been made scrupulously clean, the walls and stone roof carefully pointed, the windows glazed, and the whole put into such a state that the venerable building is likely to have a new lease of existence. The stone groined roof is perfect, and the beautiful arches in the small crypt-like room, where possibly the vestments and sacred vessels were kept, is in like preservation. Several monuments of early date line the walls. A stone, said to be brought from the base of the old spire, bears written in mediæval letters the name "Magister Thomas Dron," who, according to tradition, was the builder of the church. Another is to the memory of Archibald, Earl of Forfar, born in 1653, died in 1712, and a third is to the successor to this title, now extinct. Leaving the old church we mounted to the top of the tower of the new church, which rises to the height of a hundred and twenty feet. The magnificent view all around amply rewarded our toil. The distant horizon was somewhat indistinct, but the country, for ten or twelve miles round, from the smoke of Glasgow to the heights of Tinto, lay stretched about us. Here and there the white trail the steam-engine was leaving as it ran along,



BOTHWELL CHURCH

marked out the network of railways that so characterises the Motherwell and Bothwell district, and the chimneys up and down all over the country, as we looked with our backs to the sun, indicated the stores of iron and coal that have so enriched the west of Scotland. From the tower we walked to the bridge, and after carefully looking at it and the height of the rising ground on each side of the river, we were more persuaded than ever of how easily a few resolute men could have defended it against a multitude, considering the weapons that were in use in the seventeenth century.

From the bridge we retraced our steps to Bothwell. On the way we turned aside to Woodhead, a residence delightfully situated on the banks of the Clyde. The banks here rise still higher than at the bridge. By a descending winding walk, thickly strewed with the leaves, and here and there an acorn, of the common British oak—*Quercus pedunculata*,—we got down near to the river's edge. There had been a frost of some five degrees below the freezing point for the preceding three or four nights, and it had well-nigh stripped the oak bare. The hazel—*Corylus Avellana*,—however, still largely retained its foliage, and the wood-sorrel—*Oxalis Acetosella*—still showed its fresh green among the withered and shrivelled leaves around it. The object of our descent was to see what was said to us to be Burley's grave. It was a large flagstone, rising almost perpendicularly out of the ground. No inscription could be seen upon it. Indeed, its sides still retained their original roughness, unsmoothed by the hand of man. Whatever the stone may mark, it does not mark the spot where rest the mortal remains of Burley, for he, some time after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, went to Holland, where he remained until the Prince of Orange came over in the expedition that ended in the happy Revolution of 1688. Burley was in the train of the Prince, but he died on the voyage, and his body was committed to the deep.

But it is time to tell the story of the battle. Claverhouse, when he reached Strathaven with the scattered remains of his troops, after his rout at Drumclog, met with rather a cold reception from its people, who plainly sympathised with the victors; and so, in bodily fear, he set off for Glasgow, which he reached that night, and wrote the despatch giving an account of his defeat during the day. His defeat was disgraceful to him in a high degree, for he was not surprised by a sudden attack. The battle was one of his own choosing. The Covenanters would have been too happy to have been let alone to finish their religious services on the Lord's Day in peace. Nevertheless his despatch betrays no feeling of shame.

Hence it has been thought to confirm the charge that Burnet brings against Lauderdale and his associates in the government of Scotland at that time, that they were by no means displeased at the defeat, as it furnished them with a reason for organising measures entirely to crush Presbyterianism in the west—an object they had been long eager to secure.

Be this as it may, the Council in Edinburgh met two days after the battle, and at once issued a "Proclamation against rebels in arms in the west," in which their rising is branded as "an open, manifest, and horrid rebellion, and high treason," and they are commanded within twenty-four hours after its publication, to deliver themselves up to the Commander-in-Chief, otherwise they would be "proceeded against as incorrigible and desperate traitors," "incapable of mercy and pardon." On the 5th of June a second proclamation ordered the militia to be in readiness. On the 7th, a third proclamation called the heritors and freeholders, in nineteen of the thirty-three counties, to meet "with their best horses and arms," and "as many of their servants and followers as they can bring out upon horseback," for the "suppressing of the rebels." At the first meeting of the Council a letter was also sent to Lauderdale, who was then in London, which brought back a reply by "a flying packet," in which the King approves of what had been done, and promises to assist them with forces from England and Ireland, and recommends them to avoid an engagement till supplies came. The King's reply to the councillors, of date June 11, is couched in much milder language than the proclamation from Edinburgh; and so is a letter, ostensibly from Lauderdale, but evidently the production of one of wider sympathies, in which mention is made of the troops to be sent from England—three regiments of foot, with three regiments of horse, eight hundred dragoons (in the seventeenth century an arm of the service that was regarded rather as belonging to the infantry than to the cavalry, for the dragoon was at first a soldier who made his way to the field of battle on a horse, and then alighted to use his weapons), and three troops of grenadiers; of the appointment of the Duke of Monmouth as Commander of the Forces, and of the expenses to which the King would be put by this expedition—£500 sterling a day.

The comparatively mild language of the letters from London, and the appointment of the Duke of Monmouth, were due to the Whigs, who for a short period, after having turned out Lord Danby, were then in power, under the leadership of Lords Essex and Halifax. Monmouth was reputed to be of a mild and gentle nature, and he had gained a reputation for bravery and skill in his command of the contingent furnished to Louis XIV., when Charles and he united their armies against the Dutch. The Council in Edinburgh would have preferred Dalziel, of battle-of-Pentland memory, persuaded that, from his antecedents, he would have made short work with the Presbyterians; but the milder Whig counsels in London prevailed, and Monmouth was sent.

The Duke reached Edinburgh, from London, on the 18th of June, and was admitted a Privy Councillor on the day of his arrival, and intimated his determination to go westward to the army next morning. While in Edinburgh he seems to have taken care to let it be known that he was of a different spirit from the Council, and was ready to hear what the Presbyterians had to say in their behalf. Monmouth overtook the army on the 19th, near the Kirk of Shotts, a moorland parish about twelve miles to the east of Glasgow. He found the army to consist of about ten thousand men, but sadly in want of provisions. On the following day—Friday, the 20th—provisions came in, and the Duke made preparations to march. Early on Sabbath morning, June 22, with his forces increased by militia until they were fifteen thousand men, he arrived at Bothwell Moor, and the advanced guard appeared before Bothwell village.

After the victory at Drumclog the Covenanters pursued Claverhouse to Strathaven, when he fled for Hamilton, and they, with Sir Robert Hamilton at their head, in hot pursuit. Here they were joined by friends, who persuaded them to wait until their numbers were increased by the expected arrival of Thomas Weir of Greenridge, with a considerable body of horse and foot. Claverhouse, meanwhile, never rested until he arrived that night in Glasgow. He at once told Lord Ross of his defeat, and of the advance of the victors; and when the Covenanters, reinforced to nearly double what they had been when they came to Hamilton, reached Glasgow between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon of next day, they found the soldiers ready for them. A barricade, formed of carts and boards and whatever was suitable for the purpose, had been thrown up at the Cross to bar their progress. They came in two detachments—one under Sir Robert Hamilton, along the Gallowgate, and the other by the College—and, flushed with the victory of the preceding day, boldly made for the barricade. The soldiers fired from the windows and from behind the barricade. The fire was returned by the Covenanters, but at great disadvantage, for they were without shelter, and many of them were on horseback, which only made them a better mark to the soldiers. Still they pressed on, while the soldiers wavered, and had there been officers to lead them they might have carried the day, but nothing is said of anyone leading them on, and so they found themselves compelled to retire, but not until seven of their number had been killed and several wounded; while, according to Russell, the loss of the soldiers was three times as great. They retired in good order, and formed upon Tollcross Moor, about a mile or so to the south-east of Glasgow. Two hundred cavalry came out after them; but Hackstoun of Rathillet and Balfour of Burley headed a few horsemen, and dashed upon them, when they fled in haste to Glasgow.

That night the Covenanters, disheartened by the fruitlessness of the day's work, and somewhat lessened in numbers through desertion, retreated southwards, crossed the Clyde at Bothwell Bridge, and encamped upon Hamilton Moor.

Next day—Tuesday, June 3—they held "a council of war," at which a paper was given in for the regulation of the army. In substance it desired that all who were guilty of any of the sins of the time be neither made officers nor received even as soldiers. The paper was agreed to, and inquiry was made into the failure of the preceding day, and it was concluded that one chief cause of the Divine displeasure was the presence of Thomas Weir of Greenridge, who had been a trooper under Dalziel at the battle of Pentland. A minister and several elders were sent to speak to him and to require him publicly to confess his sin in serving under Dalziel. Whether it was the tone in which the request was made, or that Weir felt that it was idle to go back to an offence inquiry into which was proscribed, because committed thirteen years before, and for which his regret was self-evident by his then taking part against the Government, the result was that, "after some high words," "he desired to be excused giving his mind" in the matter. The council rejected him, and he and his followers went away and set up a party of their own, "whereupon," as might have been expected, "there was a great confusion in the army." No account is given of measures taken by the council for drilling their untrained followers, or gathering arms or ammunition, or selecting a general or officers. Their strength seems to have been spent in discussing the case of Weir. While yet engaged in these discussions, an alarm was given that the enemy was approaching Bothwell Bridge. Hackstoun was sent, with twenty-four horsemen, to reconnoitre. He discovered that a detachment of soldiers was in ambush behind some bushes, ready to fall upon him should he advance. He sent back to the army for further assistance; but all was in disorder consequent on Weir's withdrawal, and the only reinforcement he could get was Balfour, with twelve horsemen. But the thirty-six were sufficient. Their bold front prevented farther advance, and the soldiers fell back on the main body in Glasgow, and must have given an exaggerated report of the resistance they had met with, for Lord Ross and the troops under him marched that very day out of Glasgow to Kilsyth, and next day came near to Falkirk, where they were ordered to remain until they were joined by the forces from the north, when they were to march westward in a body.

The night after their first council was spent in marching six or seven miles to Strathaven, and next day to the wild moor of Kype-ridge, three miles farther south. They returned in the evening, and encamped between Strathaven and Kilbride.

Thursday, June 5th, was spent in Kilbride, and a second "council of war" was held, in which some officers were chosen and a Declaration drawn up.

Next day—Friday, June 6th—as tidings had come that the royal troops had withdrawn from Glasgow, it was resolved to despatch three hundred foot under Cleland, and eighty horsemen under Balfour, with a Captain Brown, an old soldier, in command of the whole, to search for arms, of which many of their number were sadly in need. When within a mile of Glasgow, it was reported that the royal troops were entering the town from the east end, and Brown grew alarmed, and would advance no farther. But there were seven less afraid, who went into the town, with Balfour at their head, and meeting with no resistance, sent word back to the main body, who all entered, and drew up before the Tolbooth. The town was searched, and a few arms found. The Declaration of the preceding day was read and affixed to the Tolbooth. It affirmed their purpose and endeavour to be in vindication and defence of the true reformed religion in its profession and doctrine, as they stood bound thereto by the National and Solemn League and Covenant, and the acknowledgment of sins and engagement to duties made and taken in the year 1648,—"declaring against Popery, Prelacy, Erastianism, *and all things depending thereupon*." After the Declaration had been proclaimed, the whole body withdrew, and marched some three or four miles to the south.

On Saturday, June 7th, they returned to within a mile of Glasgow, and held a third "council of war," in which it was agreed afresh to abide by the resolution of Tuesday, that no one be admitted into their number guilty of "the public sins and defections of the time," such as accepting the Indulgence, or paying the cess for the maintenance of the royal troops to suppress the free preaching of the Gospel, and that nothing be done regarding the whole army until agreed upon by the entire council. They had now been a week in arms, and their numbers had multiplied more than tenfold from what they had been at Drumclog. Accessions had come in from all parts of the south of Scotland, and more were promised. Ure of Shargarton, not a very warm admirer of the rising, says, "Our forces about this time were about two thousand foot and seven troops of horse;" but Sir Robert Hamilton, who should have known well, corrects this computation, and adds, "We were betwixt five thousand and six thousand, horse and foot." All were full of confidence in the goodness of their cause, and seemed to be of one mind, and resolved after the coming Sabbath's rest, at all hazards, to prosecute it to a successful issue. Had they done so, and pushed on and met the royal troops while they were yet disorganised, and somewhat afraid of them, they might have carried all before them, as at Drumclog. But that night discord appeared in their camp, on the arrival of John Welch with about one hundred and forty horsemen and three hundred foot from the south of Ayrshire, and Thomas Weir of Greenridge, the rejected of the preceding Tuesday, with a troop of horse. Welch had been minister at Irongray; he had been outed by the Act of Council in 1662; he was at Pentland, and was declared a rebel, and his estate forfeited to the Crown. He continued to hold conventicles throughout the country, but when persecution waxed hot he used to retire into Northumberland. Howie has printed, from the notes of a hearer, a preface, a sermon, and two table addresses by him at a communion at Maybole in August 1678. They give a favourable idea of his ability, and of his power as a preacher. For some time previous to Drumclog there had sprung up among the persecuted Presbyterians a good deal of discussion as to whether or not they might hear the indulged ministers, or accept of preachers licensed by them. This discussion was, after the manner of the time, keen and hot. Welch, although no admirer of the Indulgence, took the affirmative. Hamilton, and those associated with him, held the opposite opinion, and had given it expression in the Declaration affixed to the Tolbooth. A good deal could be said for the part taken by Hamilton and his friends. The Indulgence, in both its forms of 1669 and 1672, was Erastian, and was designed by its framers to divide and weaken the Presbyterian interest; and its acceptors helped to strengthen, although in many cases unwillingly, the hands of the Government in their endeavours to crush the cause of freedom. Nevertheless, as in a contest such as they now embarked upon, numbers were all important, and as its success would take away the Indulgence itself, and restore matters as they ought to be, it would have been wisdom to have waived all discussion, and accepted assistance from any quarter, provided that it were offered in good faith. This was not done. Hence, when Welch and his friends arrived, and were shown the Declaration, exception was at once taken to its closing words, "Erastianism, and all things depending thereupon," and they wished that they should be struck out; but to this Hamilton and his friends objected.

Next day—Sabbath, June 8th—many of those who thought with Hamilton met in the morning, and resolved not to receive Welch and his associates into the army until they owned the Declaration. But Sabbath morning as it was, Welch's friends had also been busy. They contrived to send Hackstoun and Henry Hall of Haughhead, and the clerk of the council, Walter Smith, and one or two others, acting as officers, to Glasgow, with orders for John King, the rescued after Drumclog, and Captain John Paton, who were there with a body of men. When the orders were opened it was found that they were to go to Campsie to disperse a gathering of militia. When they arrived at Campsie nobody was to be found. King, however, had been kept out of the way, while Welch, at Rutherglen, where the main body were encamped, preached in his stead a sermon of a very different nature from what he would have done, and in direct opposition (according to Sir Robert Hamilton) to the terms of the Declaration.

On Monday, June 9th, a council of war was held in Glasgow, at which Welch and his friends were present, when the resolution of the preceding meetings was again discussed. After long debate, both agreed to state the case in a new Declaration, when a draft of one was proposed by Cargill, and another by Welch; but neither party would agree to the other, and the discussion was adjourned to next day.

On Tuesday, June 10th, the council again met in Glasgow, when the merits of the Indulgence were fully discussed. On the one side it was urged, that the acceptance of the Indulgence to preach in such places and with such limitations as pleased the civil power, was a direct homologation of the ecclesiastical supremacy usurped by the Crown—was submitting to the Erastianism that had been abjured, along with Popery and Prelacy, by the Church of Scotland; while on the other it was maintained, that as the Indulgence had not been declared sinful nor Erastian by a General Assembly, it might be accepted—a plea that would have justified the first stages of any departure from law. Out of the discussions on the Indulgence arose another more serious theme. The Declaration proclaimed at the Tolbooth had cautiously avoided saying anything of the reigning monarch, as evidently the advanced party of the Presbyterians were beginning to entertain the views to which Cargill gave expression in the Torwood Excommunication, and which the nation adopted at the Revolution of 1688. With much wisdom the drawers up of the Declaration had abstained from any reference that might call forth dissatisfaction from those who saw in Charles a tyrant, who had broken every pledge that he had given before his restoration. But this silence did not satisfy Welch and his friends, who were deeply imbued with the respect for kings, be their personal character or tyranny what it may, so characteristic of Presbyterians in the seventeenth century. They would have the King's authority owned as it had been done by the previous generation in 1643 in the Solemn League and Covenant. It was pleaded that the King had acted, for the last nineteen years, in opposition to the terms of the Solemn League. He had claimed and exercised an Erastian supremacy over the church; he had overturned the Presbyterian polity; he had set up Prelacy in its stead; he had put himself above the Parliament, and levied taxes by other means than those sanctioned by the Parliament; and he had persecuted to the death all who sought to act in accordance with the constitution of the country when he was called to the throne. In deference to the opinions of Welch and his friends, nothing had been said either for or against the King; but to put in a clause in his favour would have been in opposition to the convictions of the very best of their number, who had proved their valour by the victory at Drumclog. Such were some of the arguments that were urged on either side. The whole day was spent in the discussion, evidently to the exclusion of every other matter, and at nightfall they were no further on than when they began—each party firm in its convictions, and resolved not to yield to the other. While the council was thus engaged in hot debate, the army came into Glasgow, took down the heads of those who had been executed for being at Pentland, and gave them honourable burial. After the burial they returned again to Tollcross.

On Wednesday, June 11th, the tidings of the fruitless discussions came to the army, and, in fear that Welch's views might prevail, not a few withdrew, and the first lessening of their number began. That night the army went back to Hamilton.

On Thursday, June 12th, a fifth "council" was held, when the discussion upon the Declaration was again very warm and protracted. Welch proposed a Declaration embodying his views. It was put to the vote and rejected, and Cargill appointed to state the opinions of the majority, when Welch and David Hume, intercommuned minister of Coldingham, went out of the council in "great fury," declaiming against what had been done.

Next day—Friday, the 13th—while they were encamped on Hamilton Moor, an alarm was given that a detachment of the enemy had attacked the advanced guard stationed at Bothwell

Bridge. The alarm turned out to be false; but ere this was known, a party was sent to defend the bridge, commanded by officers who sympathised with the views of Sir Robert Hamilton. No sooner were these officers out of the way than Hume and Welch took steps to proclaim the Declaration outvoted in the council the preceding day, and would have succeeded had not a Major Carmichael, acting under Sir Robert Hamilton, prevented them at the point of the sword. When Hamilton returned from Bothwell Bridge, Welch and Hume, and some others, besought him to allow their Declaration to be published, as, until this were done, they affirmed some friends would not join their ranks. They promised, if it were published, that they would faithfully preach against the Indulgence; and if once their friends joined them they would be quite content to have it afterwards altered so as to express Sir Robert Hamilton's views. Hamilton, overcome by their entreaties and promises, consented, and the paper was published at Hamilton Cross, and shortly after in Glasgow, Lanark, Ayr, and Irvine, and was henceforward known as "The Hamilton Declaration." At its publication, however, by Welch, the condition was not observed that public notice be given of what had been promised, and, in addition, Welch and Hume each made speeches owning the King. This assertion of the views of the minority, as if those of the whole army, was in the highest degree offensive to Hamilton and his friends, and a council of war was immediately called, in which the new Declaration was disowned, and Cargill and Hall of Haughhead, with Walter Smith as clerk, were appointed to draw up a new Declaration, as well as a statement of the causes of God's wrath against the land; an appointment, however, they were unable to fulfil. That night the army marched four or five miles to the north, and encamped in the parish of Old Monkland.

On Saturday, June 14th, a council of war was held, at which it was agreed that Welch and Hume be asked to preach against the sins of the time, a request which brought back an ill-humoured reply to leave the ministers to choose their own subjects, and that, in seeking to control them, Hamilton and his friends, while contending against one supremacy, were setting up another.

Next day—Sabbath, June 15—the army met at Shawhead Moor, Old Monkland, for public worship and hearing sermon. More than any of the previous days it was one of debate and consequent confusion. Hamilton, and those who thought with him, wished to prevent Welch and Hume, and the ministers who favoured the Indulgence, from preaching, unless they would come under a pledge to declare the whole counsel of God. This pledge Welch refused to give. A good part of the day was spent in wrangling, and in the ministers of the one party trying to prevent those of the other from preaching; and it was far gone ere the proper work of the Sabbath was begun. In the evening a "council of war" was called, at which a proposal was made to hold a day of humiliation and fasting for the sins of the time. The officers were unanimous in accepting the proposal, but the ministers were divided, and keenly discussed its propriety. Ultimately, the consideration of the matter was postponed till the following Tuesday. With the Lord's Day spent in such a manner, little good could be expected to be done during the week. On Monday and Tuesday "councils of war" were held, at the latter of which six general officers were chosen for the army, among whom were Captains Paton and Cleland; but as the ministers had all stayed away, nothing was done about the day of fasting.

On Wednesday, June 18th, the "council of war" met along with Cargill, Douglas, King, and George Barclay, and it was agreed that next day be held as a day of fasting, and the ministers and four elders were appointed to draw up a Statement of the Causes of Fasting; the eight retired to a neighbouring barn to fulfil their appointment. Meanwhile Welch came to the council and protested against the proposed fast, and affirmed, since he had not been consulted, he and his friends would withdraw. From the council he went to the barn, and the result was that the begun draft of the Causes, which will be found in Wodrow, was laid aside, and nothing was done. These dissensions in the council had spread to the army, and caused great confusion, and seem to have broken it up very much into a congeries of fierce debating societies. That night, after three days' encampment at Shawhead, they marched "in great disorder," about two miles to the north-east, to Airdrie. But here the place of encampment was found not suitable, and they retraced their steps and marched by Bothwell Bridge to Hamilton Moor, where they remained until the battle began.

On Thursday, June 19th, wearied with the preceding day's march, they rested in the forenoon. In the afternoon the Declaration was again discussed by the officers, when tidings came of the approach of the royal army, and Balfour and three troops of horse were sent out to reconnoitre, and at nightfall came upon the soldiers of the advanced guard and put them to flight.

The tidings of the approach of the royal army seem to have had no effect in healing their divisions, for next day—Friday, June 20th—on the arrival of a large number of friends from Galloway that Welch had written for, the discussion on the Declaration was again resumed, and a draft was proposed by Welch, but rejected by the majority, as owning, says Wilson, "the malignant interest of that perjured tyrant, Charles II." That night the advanced guard of the enemy was again encountered at a ford east from Hamilton, and a James Cleland killed on the side of the Covenanters.

On Saturday, June 21st, a "council of war" was held on Hamilton Moor, when the proposed Declaration was discussed with such warmth, that Sir Robert Hamilton, Hackstoun, Hall, Captain Paton, Balfour, Cleland, Donald Cargill, and nearly all those who had been at Drumclog, rose in a body and left. Welch and his friends immediately chose another president and clerk, and a Supplication was drawn up to be sent to the Duke of Monmouth. After Hamilton and his friends had left, it was resolved to send for them, and to assure them they should have all the satisfaction they desired. They returned, but it was not long until they parted again. A second time they were sent for, but hot discussion arose, and for a third time they parted in anger. The whole day was spent in these worse than useless discussions, and it was late before the officers were back at their posts in the army.

Three weeks had now elapsed since the battle of Drumclog. These three weeks the Royalists had improved to the best advantage. They had moved away out of sight of the Covenanters until their forces were recruited to fifteen thousand men with four pieces of artillery; they were under the charge of officers who allowed no discussion; and the Duke of Monmouth, a general of fame, known to be disposed to milder measures than the Council in Edinburgh, had arrived from London to take the chief command. More than two-thirds of their number were militia, and perhaps not much better armed than the Covenanters, and altogether destitute of enthusiasm in the cause for which they fought; but they had not been distracted by hot discussions, led by their officers, as to the propriety of the course they had taken; and they had alongside of them four or five thousand of regular soldiers to keep them in countenance as they advanced against their countrymen. The whole army seems to have been well supplied with provisions and ammunition.

With the Covenanters the three weeks had been spent in the worst possible manner. Both of the sections into which they had divided were full of enthusiastic belief in the goodness of their cause. They must have known, however, that the confidence of right was not sufficient in itself to gain a victory over their foes; that training, arms, ammunition, and stores of provisions, not to speak of unity of counsel among their leaders, were indispensably necessary, if ultimate success were to be achieved; yet in these three weeks not one of these requisites had been secured, and they had argued and discussed matters that might have been safely left to the future, until their spirits were wearied and chafed, and they were become nearly as bitter against each other as they were against the common foe. They had no leading mind, of military skill, to rule over them; and they do not seem ever to have realised the need an army has for a general to give commands that none in its ranks can oppose. Their officers appear to have spent their days in discussion, and their nights in useless marches from place to place. Nothing more strikingly shows their deep conviction of the misrule and the tyranny Charles and his counsellors had exercised for the last nineteen years than that, after three weeks so fruitlessly spent, there should yet have been four or five thousand men, many of them with little respect for the others, encamped on Hamilton Moor, resolved to venture their lives rather than submit any longer to what they had endured in the past.

It is doubtful if on Saturday night the Covenanters expected a general engagement next day, but Bothwell Bridge was held by Hackstoun and Hall, and one Andrew Turnbull, in command of three troops of men.

On Sabbath, June 22, at the break of day, some of the outlying scouts came to the bridge with the report, that they had encountered a considerable body of the enemy. At these tidings the three troops, with their captains, advanced as far as Bothwell village, when they discovered the enemy lighting their matches—for the matchlock had not yet been altogether supplanted by the musket—and they retired upon the bridge, and an express was sent to Sir R. Hamilton to send down relief from Hamilton Moor. The bridge they had barricaded, and on the garden wall or fence which ran along the river's edge in front of the houses, a single brass cannon was in position, and near it the rest of their band, amounting to about three hundred men. Meanwhile, in the grey of the morning, another movement had been going on. Welch and his friends had resolved to present their Supplication to the Duke of Monmouth, and sent John Blackader (formerly minister at Troqueer) with it to Sir R. Hamilton to obtain his signature, and to state at the same time that Cargill begged him to subscribe it. Without reading the paper, and believing that Cargill had really desired him,—which, it turned out afterwards, was not the case, and that he had never heard of it,—he signed it, and gave orders to the officers at the bridge to endeavour to have the Supplication conveyed to the Duke of Monmouth. They succeeded, and a Laird Murdoch, a gentleman from Galloway, and Hume, were admitted, and presented their Supplication, in which they asked to be allowed the free exercise of religion, to attend religious services conducted by their Presbyterian ministers, a free Parliament, and a free Assembly, and that all those in arms be indemnified. The Duke heard them patiently, then told them that the King had given him no express instructions on such matters, but, on his honour, he would do his utmost to get their desires granted; that meanwhile he could do nothing until they laid down their arms, and trusted to his mercy; and that they must go and tell their friends the terms he proposed, and within half an hour they must be back, otherwise his army must advance. Whilst this negotiation was going on, the brave three hundred at the bridge suspended fighting, but the royal forces were gradually taking up their position, and examining the force with which they had to deal. Away on the moor there appears to have been the same cessation of preparation as at the bridge, save that their internal discussions seem still to have been going on. The Supplication ended in nothing. Ure of Shargarton reports that when Sir Robert heard the terms proposed by the Duke of Monmouth, he laughed at them and said, "And hang next."

At the close of the half-hour, or, as some reports say, before it, the royal troops opened fire upon the bridge. They had planted three cannon behind a parapet that had been thrown up during the cessation from fighting, but their firing was too high, and went over the heads of the Covenanters, who, with their one piece, replied so effectively that they killed several of the Royalists and drove them from their guns. One David Leslie, Russell records, shouted after them as they fled, "Would they fleg for country fellows?" but still they ran; and the cannon would have been taken had not the barricade on the bridge barred the way for bringing them over. New troops were brought up and renewed the attack, but still without success—the three hundred bravely defended the bridge. For three hours they stood unflinchingly. The reinforcements they sent for to Hamilton Moor never arrived; their ammunition ran short, and messengers were despatched for more, when the answer came that there was none to spare, and that they must retire to the main body on the moor. "With sore hearts" they withdrew, for they felt that the bridge was everything, although Hamilton believed it was wasting time to defend it, and that the best course would be to let the enemy form on its south side, and then drive them into the Clyde. They fell back in good order, and the royal troops at once crossed the bridge and formed upon the moor. When Rathillet and his brave companions retired to the main body he found them, he says, well drawn up, and very hearty, and all ready to march down upon the enemy. For the moment their divisions had ceased, "and every one seemed to encourage the other." Wyck's picture of the battle presents them as drawn up in eleven different squares, with six standards, two detachments of horse, one cannon, and a body of skirmishers in front. All appeared in a measure prepared, as they assured Hackstoun, for a battle "with hand strokes," when, just as they had begun to advance, a cry got up, which ran from company to company, that their leaders, who seem largely to have been friends of Welch, had disappeared. To some extent the report was true, for Paton and Cleland were then doing their best to find officers to take their place. But there was no time to reason, for while the cry was running through the army, the horse, under Weir of Greenridge, made a movement of their own from the centre to the front of the left wing. The officer in command ordered them out of the way, but they cried out that they would not, as they had been placed where they had been to be cut off, and then, as if struck with some sudden madness of fear, they wheeled about, one hundred and forty horse, dashed through the left wing, broke it in pieces, and carried it away in their flight. At that moment the cannon of the Royalists began to play, and their line made an advance, but there was no fighting; only fifteen men were slain on the field of battle. The panic on the left wing spread to the right, and it speedily fled in like manner, Sir Robert Hamilton among the foremost, "leaving the world to debate," says one who was there, "whether he acted most like a traitor, coward, or fool." The royal troops, that stood in awe so long as there was any opposition, at once advanced when they saw their opponents flee without fighting, and eagerly gave chase, and slew nearly four hundred of the fugitives as they fled before them. No quarter seems to have been given save to twelve hundred who surrendered in a body; the story of whose sufferings in Greyfriars' Churchyard, where they were confined for many weeks, will be told in the next chapter. Tradition points out Whistlebury Burn, a small stream that flows into the Clyde from the south near the bridge, as the place where the chief slaughter of the fugitives took place. Two miles up the burn, and not far from its banks, is a well that goes by the name of "Mary Rae's Well." Her betrothed was among the Covenanters, and was sorely wounded. She sought, and found him half dead, and parched with burning thirst. The well was at some distance, he could not move, and she had nothing in which to carry water so far, so she lifted him up and carried him on her back to the well, laid him down, washed his wounds, quenched his thirst, and lived to see him strong and well—her husband—ever grateful for the life she had saved.

Ure of Shargarton's "Narrative of the Rising at Bothwell Bridge" was published by Dr M'Crie in 1825, in the volume that contains the memoirs of Veitch and Bryson. Ure was one of the brave men that took a chief part in the defence of the bridge. His narrative vividly shows the fatal effect of the divisions that rent the Covenanters. Dr M'Crie has annotated the narrative with great care. In his Notes he has incorporated those of Sir Robert Hamilton. On pp. 459-460, he shows the groundlessness of the charge that Sir Walter Scott reproduces in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and in "Old Mortality," that the Covenanters set up a gallows in the middle of their camp to hang the royal soldiers. The gallows was one that usually stood on Hamilton Moor, the ordinary place where criminals were executed by order of the Sheriff-Court of the Lower Ward of Lanarkshire. It seems to have been then the practice in Scotland, as it is still in Ireland—as for instance in Drogheda and Armagh—to keep the gallows standing at the place of execution; but the Covenanters never used it in any form. One of their number was condemned to death, but he was shot, not hanged.

Russell's Narrative, transcribed from the Wodrow MS. Collections, has been printed by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in the same volume with Kirkton's History. Sharpe has characteristically entitled it, "Account of the Murder of Archbishop Sharp," although the narrative of the death of the traitor occupies less than a third of the whole. Sharpe's notes are of a very different character from those of M'Crie. They are not merely worthless, but profane or obscene wherever he can make them so.

Sir Walter Scott has printed in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" a ballad, entitled, "The Battle of Bothwell Bridge"; and extracts from another, much inferior in quality, will be found in the Notes to "Old Mortality." Maidment has one in his Scottish Pasquils, "The Whigs' Welcome." Its first line will suffice as a specimen of its doggerel:

"Ye're welcome Whiggs from Bothwell Briggs."

The ballad preserved by Sir Walter Scott is not without its pathos:

"As e'er you saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow frae the bow—
Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,
An' they lay slain on every knowe.

. . . . . .

"Alang the brae, beyond the brig,
Mony brave man lies cauld and still,
But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill."

CHAPTER IV

GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD, EDINBURGH

O brave, leal-hearted martyrs,
  When near your graves I stand,
And see you in your age of storm,
  A fearless, faithful band,—
Methinks I hear your honest voice,
  In the quaint old tombstone rhymes,
Exhorting us—O lesson meet!—
  To prize our peaceful times.—Rev. J. MURRAY.

THE name Greyfriars at once takes us back to pre-Reformation times, when the Churchyard formed part of the gardens of the Monastery of the Franciscans or Greyfriars, founded about the year 1436 by James I. The monastery itself stood on the south side of the Grassmarket, and its entrance was nearly opposite the foot of the West Bow. At the Reformation it was suppressed, and its property reverted to the Crown. About this period it seems to have been felt that the churchyard round St Giles was too small, and that it was desirable, for sanitary reasons, that "a burial place be made farther from the midst of the town." In 1562, the Town Council petitioned Queen Mary to grant "the yards of the Greyfriars and the situation thereof, to be used in all time coming as a public burying-ground." The petition was readily granted. The first occasion on which the churchyard seems to have been used was in the close of 1568, when the epidemic that so often desolated the towns of Scotland in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries—the plague—visited Edinburgh, and committed such ravages that the eighteenth meeting of the General Assembly had to be adjourned almost as soon as it had met. But the first person of note that was buried within its precincts was GEORGE BUCHANAN, the scholar who, since the invention of printing, has perhaps been the most successful in reviving the language of ancient Rome.

Like many scholars of that age, facilitated by the possession of a common language, George Buchanan spent much of his life in wandering from one foreign land to another. He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts at St Andrews, and that of Master of Arts at the Scots College in Paris, where he struggled with poverty for two years, until he obtained the office of Regent in the College of St Barbe, and taught grammar for nearly three years. For five more years he remained abroad as tutor to the Earl of Cassillis. In May 1537 he returned home, but the publication of some of his minor poems, in which he reflected on the ecclesiastics of that time, then rapidly filling up the measure of their iniquity, moved their wrath, and he was seized as a heretic. He managed to escape to England, where he had again to battle with poverty. After a short stay in England he went to Paris, but Cardinal Beaton had arrived there before him, and so he readily accepted the place of Regent in the College at Bordeaux. In three years he had again to remove, for Beaton had succeeded in stirring up the ecclesiastics of the place against him. He sought refuge in the University of Coimbra, in Portugal; but after a year's stay, on the death of his friend the Principal, the Inquisition assailed him, and shut him up in the cell of a monastery. Excluded from the outer world, he beguiled the tedium of his imprisonment by writing the first portion of his version of the Psalms. After a time he regained his liberty and set sail for England, but only to find it, on his arrival, advisable again to return to France, which he did in the beginning of 1553, and for seven years he was Professor in a French College, and then tutor to the son of Marshal Brissac. During all this period his pen seems never to have been idle. He laboured at his translation of the Psalms, and wrote several of his minor poems. The overthrow of Romanism, and the establishment of a purer faith in 1560, recalled him to his native country. In 1562 he became classical tutor to the young Queen Mary; and the "Epigramma" prefixed to his version of the Psalms, addressed to his royal pupil, is one of the most beautiful Latin poems of that century. At the same time, it strikingly shows how often the fondest hopes of a teacher may be blasted; for no monarch that has sat on the throne of Scotland ever so belied the fair promise that Buchanan believed he saw in her when he addressed her thus:

> "Nympha, Caledoniae quae nunc feliciter orae
> Missa per innumeros sceptra tueris avos
> Quae sortem antevenis meritis, virtutibus annos
> Sexum animis, morum nobilitate genus."

Honours now flowed upon him. He was chosen Principal of St Leonard's College, St Andrews, and in 1567 Moderator of the General Assembly, the first and the only layman, it has often been said, that ever filled this office—but erroneously—as there is good reason to believe that Buchanan, as Principal of the University, is to be regarded as an ecclesiastic.

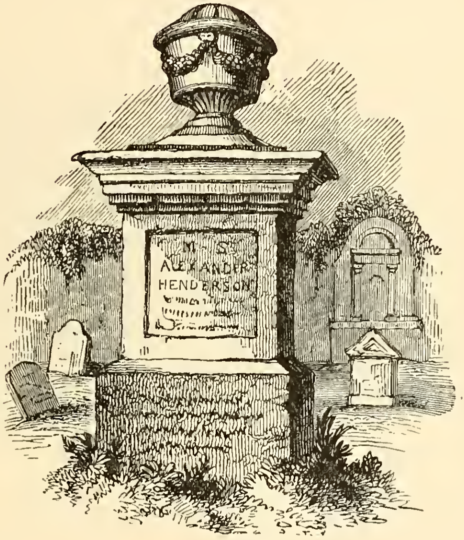
He died at Edinburgh, September 28, 1582, while his history was passing through the press, rich in fame and reputation for learning, piety, indefatigable industry, and transcendent ability in every field in which he chose to labour, but poor in purse, through his many acts of charity and kindness to others; so poor, indeed, that he was buried at the public expense.

George Buchanan is a remarkable instance of the learning and ability so characteristic of the Reformers in every country into which the Reformation penetrated; and what a power for good, learning and ability possess when on the side of truth, and in alliance with faith in God. With all his scholarship he had yet that simplicity of character and readiness to do good to others, even to the humblest, that add attraction to the noblest powers. James Melville, in his autobiography, lovingly tells, that when his uncle, Mr Andrew Melville, heard he was ill, they went over to Edinburgh to see him. They found him sitting in his chair, teaching his young man that served him in his chamber to spell a, b, ab; e, b, eb; etc. After salutation, Mr Andrew said, "I see you are not idle." "Better this," replied Buchanan, "than stealing sheep, or sitting idle, which is as ill."

Buchanan's "History of Scotland" was issued shortly after his death. He regarded it as his greatest work, but his memory is most likely to live in his version of the Psalms, which, up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, was largely used as a school book in many parts of Scotland, and still merits study as the happiest reproduction, in the language and metres of Catullus and Horace, of a poet more than their equal in genius, and infinitely surpassing them in loftiness of aim and purity of thought.

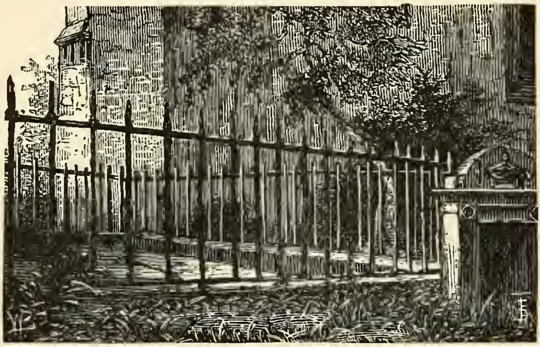
George Buchanan is said to have been interred somewhere on the eastern boundary of the churchyard, but the precise spot is not now known. As in the case of two mightier men,—Calvin and Knox,—his contemporaries seem to have thought that no monument was needed to perpetuate his fame. Of comparatively recent years a memorial in stone, with a bronze profile, has been placed near the west end of the church, which at least commemorates the fact that this eminent scholar found here a nameless grave.

Right opposite the grave of Buchanan, on the other side of the churchyard, rest the remains of ALEXANDER HENDERSON. He was born in 1583, the year after Buchanan died. He studied at St Andrews, and to such purpose, that when he had taken his degree he was chosen Regent, or, as we should now phrase it, Professor of Philosophy and Rhetoric, and taught for several years with great success. About the year 1613 he was settled at Leuchars, a quiet country parish in the east of Fife. Very different from George Buchanan, he had no sympathy in his early days with evangelical truth or popular rights. He allied himself to the party that were seeking to undo the work of Knox in the preceding century, and to bring the Church of Scotland under the yoke of Prelacy. He was thus—like Paul, and Luther, and Calvin, and even Knox—unwittingly to himself, made thoroughly acquainted with the system he was yet so effectively to checkmate and destroy. But he was not permitted to remain long in the ranks of the enemies of freedom. At an unexpected time, when he had gone in disguise, and placed himself in a dark corner of the church in a neighbouring parish, to hear Robert Bruce, then banished from Edinburgh, a man with whose principles he did not in any way agree, but an able minister of the New Testament, the truth reached his heart by the simple reading of the text of the sermon. The change that had come over him speedily appeared in his espousing the cause he once sought to overturn. Little is known of him during the twenty years of his life that followed. He was at the Assembly held at Perth in 1618, which sought in its Five Articles to authorise some superstitious observances that have ever been hateful to evangelical Presbyterianism; and in



HENDERSON'S MONUMENT

the following year, before the Court of High Commission, he vindicated his opposition to the innovations with such ability that the bishops found it their wisdom to let him alone; but, except these public appearances, he seems quietly to have done his duty as a Christian pastor in his own parish—studied, read, and preached the Gospel, and resisted every attempt made to transfer him to other and more important fields of labour. At last the events of 1637 drew him from his retirement. The Archbishop of St Andrews charged him to purchase two copies of the New Liturgy for the use of his parish. He immediately came to Edinburgh, stated his objections before the Privy Council, and sought that the charge be suspended. To this petition, and several of a similar nature from other parts of the country, the Council gave a favourable answer, and sent to London reports of the general opposition to the proposed measures.



STONE ON WHICH THE COVENANT WAS SIGNED

The skill and tact with which Henderson advocated his case before the Council attracted notice, and henceforward he took, or was called to take, a leading part in all that was done in Church and State till the near approach of his death. The remodelling of the National Covenant was his work, the subscription of which, in March 1638, by thousands gathered from all parts of Scotland (said to have taken place upon a stone, one of six within an iron railing, to the south-east of the church in this very churchyard), did so much to encourage the friends of freedom. He was called to preside over the Assembly in Glasgow in November 1638—an Assembly summoned at one of the most critical periods in the history of the Church of Scotland; and he presided in such a way as to win the admiration of his friends, and call forth fear, if not respect, from his enemies. This Assembly sent to the winds all the innovations that the bishops and their supporters had laboured to introduce, and laid the foundation for the events that ended in the execution of Charles, and the Lord Protectorship of one who, in spite of his destruction of much of the machinery of liberty, was in his time one of the noblest and most energetic spirits that has ever ruled over Great Britain. In the negotiations made necessary, by the perverseness of Charles I., for common action between the English Parliament and Scotland, he took a leading part, and he so acted that the Solemn League and Covenant, originally drawn up by him, was entered into, and the Westminster Assembly called in 1643 for ecclesiastical reformation and union. In this Assembly Henderson was a commissioner, and was nearly as prominent in its deliberations as he had been in his own, ot which he had been chosen moderator each year since 1638.

His last days were largely occupied—much against his own will, but his countrymen left him no option in the matter—in negotiations with the King for the abolition of the Prelacy that had been the source of so much tyranny in the Church, and for the ratification of Presbyterian government. The negotiations were fruitless. Charles seems actually to have believed in the divine right of kings to rule as they chose, and no amount of argument could persuade him that the nation had rights and liberties as well as the ruler, and must have no mean voice in the administration of affairs.

The strain on his mind, uninterrupted for the last nine years, during one of the stormiest periods in British history since the Reformation, and the prominent place he had been called to occupy in the business of Church and State, at last became too much for him, and in August 1646, when he left Newcastle, after a farewell interview with the King, the hand of death was upon him. He arrived in Edinburgh worn out in body. What little he was able to say was comforting to his friends. In his confession, written in his own hand, as the expression of his dying thoughts, and found among his papers after death, he declares himself indebted to Divine grace, that had called him to believe the promises of the Gospel, and to be a preacher of these promises, and an instrument in the great and wonderful work of reformation, which he besought the Lord to bring to a happy conclusion.

He died on 19th August 1646, in the sixty-third year of his age, and was buried where the monument, erected by his nephew, now stands. The inscriptions tell how his loss was felt. One of them runs:

Reader, bedew thine eyes
Not for the dust here lyes—
It quicken shall again,
And aye in joy remain
But for thyself, the Church and States
Whose woes this dust prognosticates.

These woes soon came. In 1649 Charles I. was executed; and the battle of Dunbar, September 3, in the following year, brought Scotland under the iron, and yet, as contrasted with that which followed, the not unkindly rule of Cromwell.

COVENANTERS' PRISON

Henderson's monument bears marks of the troublous times that succeeded his death. Shortly after the Restoration the inscriptions on its sides were effaced by order of the Earl of Middleton, and traces of the bullets fired by the soldiers sent to execute this command are still to be seen in the indents on the stone. After the Revolution the effaced inscriptions were restored, and have continued to the present day, although the whole stand much in need of renewal.

To the south of Henderson's monument, in the corner of the churchyard, is an enclosure within an iron gate—the gate put up when it was formed. The enclosure was made in 1636, and is still known as the COVENANTERS' PRISON. Here the prisoners taken at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, June 22nd, 1679, were confined when brought to Edinburgh. Upwards of twelve hundred were brought in from the field of battle, and about two hundred from Stirling, who were taken as they were coming south to assist their friends. All were put within this enclosure, now somewhat narrowed by the tombs that have been erected in it, but then open from end to end. Here they had to sleep in the open air, on the cold ground, let the weather be what it might,—many of them scantily clothed, for they had been all but stripped naked when taken prisoners. Their provision was no better than their accommodation—four ounces of bread daily to each person, and this sometimes deficient in weight. The people of Edinburgh were not wanting in effort to supplement this miserable allowance, but the soldiers often put obstacles in their way, and would not suffer the women who came with provisions—for men were not permitted to come near them—until near nightfall.

After some weeks the greater number were set free, on subscribing a bond not to take up arms against the Government. About four hundred either refused to subscribe, or an opportunity for subscription was not afforded them, because regarded as ringleaders. Of these, ultimately about a hundred managed one way or another to escape, either by climbing the walls, or by getting out disguised in women's clothes. The rest remained, with no shelter but a few rough huts which they were allowed to erect as the winter set in, until the 15th November, when, early in the morning, without previous intimation either to themselves or to their friends, two hundred and fifty-seven—apparently all that survived, for many had died—were hurried down to Leith, and put on board a vessel lying in the Roads. The vessel was so small that they endured dreadful horrors before they sailed, which was twelve days after they left the shore of Leith.

During this interval, friends in Edinburgh collected upwards of £1000 sterling for their use when they reached America, but the greater part never needed it, for after being tossed about for a fortnight, they got no farther than the Orkneys; and on the 10th December they cast anchor off the island of Mainland. During the night a storm sprung up, the ship drifted, and was driven on a wild headland, familiar to the voyager to Kirkwall—the Moul Head of Deerness. The seamen got ashore, but the captain had battened down the hatches, and was deaf to all the entreaties of the prisoners to open them, so that of the two hundred and fifty-seven, only forty-eight managed to get ashore on boards of the ship as it broke up, and two hundred and nine perished, as certainly martyrs for the cause of truth and liberty as if they had suffered at the stake.

Right opposite the Covenanters' Prison, in the north-east corner of the churchyard, is the spot where rests the dust of those who suffered at Edinburgh as "Witnesses for the Crown Rights and Royal Prerogatives of Jesus Christ" during the twenty-eight years' persecution. The place where they lie, dear as it is now to every pious visitant, was once the place of infamy—the corner of the churchyard where the bodies of criminals were interred. But the tradition is, that while the orders of Government were that the martyrs be buried in this place of shame, the gravediggers, who secretly favoured the cause for which they had suffered, took care that it should be in a corner of the churchyard that had hitherto been undisturbed by any criminal that had died at the hands of justice; where, indeed, no corpse had yet been laid. The two have thus never in any way intermingled.

The monument where they lie, like many of those throughout the country that mark where the bodies of the martyrs rest, is not the first one erected. Shortly after the Revolution, steps were taken to erect monuments over the graves of the martyrs. At a General Meeting of the Societies, held at Crawfordjohn, October 29th, 1701, it was resolved, that "all the Correspondences provide and make ready stones, as signs of honour to be set upon the graves of our late martyrs as soon as possible." The Records of the Town Council of Edinburgh, under date August 28th, 1706, mention the granting ot a memorial for the erection of the monument. The memorial states that in Glasgow, and other places of the nation, monuments had already been erected. James Currie, a merchant in Loanhead, was the person chiefly concerned in its erection. He himself had suffered much during the persecution, and oftener than once had narrowly escaped capture, as he has detailed in a short account of his trials, written with much simplicity, entitled, "Passages in the Life of James Currie." In one of these passages he says—"In this year, 1685, I renewed my covenant with the Lord, wherein I dedicated the tenth of all that the Lord had given me to His people—His use and service." Quite in accordance with this resolution was his erection of the Martyrs' Monument, which was a slab of freestone, three feet three inches by two feet ten inches, half the size of the present one. Its inscription is:

Halt passenger take heed Q^{t} thou dost see
This tomb doth show for Q^{t} some men did die,
Here lyes interr'd y^{e} dust of these who stood
'Gainst perjury resisting unto blood
Adhering to the Covenants and Laws
Establishing the same which was the Cause

Their lives were sacrific'd unto the Lust
of Prelatists abjurd though here their dust
Lys mixt with murderers and other crew
Whom justice justly did to death pursue.
But as for thir in them no cause was found
Worthy of death but only they were found
Constant and stedfast, zealous, wittnessing
For the prerogatives of CHRIST their King
Which truths were seal'd by famous Guthri's
head
And all along to Master Ranwick's blood
They did endure the wrath of enemies
Reproaches torments, deaths, and injuries
But yet they're these who from such trobles came
And now triumph in glory with the LAMB

From may 27 1661 that the noble Marquis of
Argyle suffered to the 17 february 1688 that M^r
James Ranwick sufferd were execut at Edin
burg about ain hundered of Noblemen Gent
lemen Ministers & others noble martyres for
JESUS CHRIST—the most part of them lys
here

This tomb was erected anno 1706 *

Who penned this inscription is not certainly known. There was a Hugh Clark, a poet of some merit, at that time connected with the Societies. Along with Alexander Marshall, the first probationer licensed by the Reformed Presbytery, he was concerned in the editing of the "Cloud of Witnesses." He died in 1724, in his thirty-sixth year—which would make him eighteen at the erection of the monument, an age not too young to have written the rugged yet vigorous lines of its inscription. That he had the ability to write them will not be doubted by the reader of his "Meditations upon the Love of Christ in the Redemption of Elect Sinners." A few verses taken at random from his poem will show at once his capabilities.

"Oh Saints, who share this love, in Him be glad
Who loved you, ere you a being had!
Why should you doubt His love to you, because
You cannot in yourselves perceive the cause?
'Twas not your worth of goodness could deserve
That He at first from death should you preserve;
Nor will your worthlessness nor vileness make
Your loving Lord your souls again forsake.
It was the goodness of His sovereign will,
Engag'd Him first, and will engage Him still,
And since He lov'd you from eternity,
Believe He'll do the same eternally:
Lay by your doubtings then, ye Saints, and raise
Melodious songs to your Redeemer's praise."

* See Frontispiece

The present monument was erected about 1771, and the old inscription, with some verbal changes, was transferred to it as it now stands. The old monument fell into the hands of the stonecutter—a Charles Fairnington, who erected the new one—because, it is said, through the confusion arising out of the Protestant riots in Edinburgh about that period, the Committee was broken up, and he had received no payment for what he had done. As some recompense for his labour he carried away the old stone, and deposited it in his building yard in Charles Street. Here, in the lapse of time it was forgotten, till, about the year 1814, it was discovered under a heap of ashes and other refuse that had been thrown over it. It was disinterred and put into a cart, and conveyed to where it at present is—into the house of a representative of the stonecutter,—now a venerable lady, and in her hands it has been kept with religious care. [The original stone is now in the Municipal Museum, Council Chambers, Edinburgh.]

The inscription on the monument states that there were executed at Edinburgh about an hundred of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others, noble martyrs for Jesus Christ, and that the most part of them lie in the Greyfriars. In accordance with this statement, "Naphtali" contains the testimonies of about thirty who suffered at Edinburgh, and the "Cloud of Witnesses" about fifty. The first of these was the Marquis of Argyle, and the last the youthful James Renwick, and between them were men such as Hugh M'Kail and Donald Cargill, and the heroic women, Isobel Allison and Marion Harvey. Their names have long been familiar as household words, and their deeds embalmed in the memories of the pious people of Scotland; while the royal prerogatives of Jesus Christ, for which they witnessed and suffered, have long been recognised by the evangelical Churches in the land as precious truths. Yet there have been people disposed to treat them very much as Claverhouse himself would have done—to blight their fair fame among their countrymen by heaping on their memories almost every conceivable reproach. Chief among these enemies has been one, of whom Scotsmen, for many reasons, are justly proud—Sir Walter Scott. By the force of genius, Sir Walter Scott has made fiction appear as if true, and in "Old Mortality" has called up not the form of things unknown, but very flesh and blood.

That the persons presented in this novel are portraits, somewhat exaggerated after the fashion of such literature, no one acquainted with our fellow-countrymen will deny; but that they are photographs of the heroes who watered with their blood the tree of liberty, of which we now eat the pleasant fruits, no one acquainted with the religious literature of the times in which they lived will for a moment grant. The marvellous inventive power of Sir Walter Scott is unquestioned, but his accuracy in depicting the men of the times he sought to reproduce is another matter. The truth is, he has taken oddities, to be found, it may be, here and there, among Presbyterians at the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, and with the view of casting ridicule on the cause of freedom and evangelical truth, called them Mause, Macbriar, Mucklewrath, and Rumbleberry, and depicted them as if they were specimens of a people—"of whom the world was not worthy."

Happily for the reputation of the martyrs, their letters, their testimonies, and their sermons, to a large extent, are yet in existence. They are to our generation, as might be expected, somewhat dry reading, but only because of their adaptation to the times in which they were produced. But dry reading as the writings of the martyrs may be to us, they stand in favourable contrast with much of the literature of their century; and they assuredly prove that the Covenanters had, at least, a full average share of the education of their day, and that, if they often had no more, it was not that they despised learning, but that the troublous times in which they lived, and the persecutions which they had to endure while contending for the rights of God and man, from the predecessors of their modern slanderers, gave them little opportunity for the quiet, peaceful, and protracted study by which eminence in literature can alone be attained.

CHAPTER V

CATHCART, EAGLESHAM, AND LOCHGOIN

> The Solemn League and Covenant
> Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears,
> But it sealed Freedom's sacred cause;
> If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.—BURNS.

ON a pleasant day in the month of August, we set out for Lochgoin. Soon after leaving Glasgow the road to Eaglesham begins to rise, and we reach Crosshill, a suburb that, both from the fine view it commands, and its proximity to the South Park, bids fair ere long to be one of the most attractive spots around the western metropolis. When Glasgow was a small provincial town, not the vast city it now is, Crosshill was the seat of its first Secession congregation. Here, in the open air, in 1741, James Fisher was inducted. Both Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine preached on the occasion. The sermon of Ralph Erskine is among his published works, and a good specimen it is of the evangelical preaching that made his discourses favourite reading with pious people in Scotland for nearly a century. Under Fisher's ministry the congregation largely increased, and the Secession took the firm hold it has retained of Glasgow from that day to this. Like all the early Seceders, Fisher preached short sermons. Sometimes he would not be longer than a quarter of an hour, and he rarely exceeded forty minutes. Indeed, brevity was one of the secrets of the popularity of the Fathers of the Secession. Like the good preacher of whom Luther speaks in his "Table Talk," they knew when to leave off. Brown of Inverkeithing, a noted minister in the United Secession Church in the beginning of the century, was once asked by a young man, looking forward to the ministry, for advice as to his future work, and the answer was, "Be short, begin well, go on, and when you see the people all eagerly listening, close, and be certain that what you have said will be remembered." Fisher was the principal author of the Synod's Catechism, a book that did much to mould the theology of Scotland for his own and the succeeding generation. It is little read now, but, excepting the peculiar views of the Seceders which it sets forth, on the deed of gift and the mediatory dominion of Christ, and one or two strong statements, characteristic of the time, about witches and toleration, it would be difficult to say where a better exposition of the Shorter Catechism is to be found.

At Crosshill we pass out of Lanarkshire into Renfrew, and we are now in sight of the battlefield of Langside. On the right, the clumps of trees on the heights are said to mark out the disposition of the army of the Regent Murray previous to the battle. Murray's forces were smaller than those of Queen Mary, but they were better disciplined and under more skilful command. Mary's came from the direction of Cathcart, where tradition points out the tree under whose foliage she viewed the engagement. The military skill of the Good Regent soon routed the forces of Mary, and sent her on the flight to England, which ended in her twenty years' imprisonment, and the tragedy of Fotheringay Castle,—events which, ever since they happened, have done so much to call forth sympathy for, and warp the judgment in its decisions upon, the demerits of this fascinating but abandoned woman.

Turning from Langside, we have, on the east side of the road, the parish church of Cathcart; and on the hill, among the trees, is the village of Old Cathcart. In the churchyard, at its west end, not far from the entrance to the church, lie the mortal remains of Robert Thom, Thomas Cook, and John Urie, shot at Polmadie, to the south of Glasgow, not far from Rutherglen Bridge, on May 11, 1685, the same day that witnessed the murder of Andrew Hislop in Eskdale Muir, and Margaret Lauchlison and Margaret Wilson at Wigtown, whose story has been so much the theme of discussion in recent days. Thomas Cook and John Urie were seized at the loom, and Robert Thom, a labourer, shortly after, by Major Balfour and a company of soldiers. They were asked, Would they pray for King James VII.? They answered they would pray for all within the election of grace. "Do you question," said Balfour, "the King's election?" The reply was, "Sometimes they questioned their own." Three musketeers were drawn out. Cook and his two companions knelt down; they were blindfolded with cravats taken from some of the country people that stood by, and within an hour after they had been apprehended their blood was lapped up by the dogs. Lord Macaulay tells their story, as he does that of the other martyrs who suffered from the fury of the persecutor on the same day, with the vivid power for which his noble history is so remarkable. Unfortunately, in introducing the narrative of their murder, he gives expression to the prejudices against Calvinism which he shared in common with so many of the literary men of our time. Reviewers took exception to his anti-Calvinism, and showed that his allegations were neither the teaching of Calvinism, nor warranted by the narrative of Wodrow. In the edition of the history which he annotated shortly before his death, he attempted to defend himself by a quotation from Wodrow. But the defence is a failure. The passage quoted substantiates the statement of the reviewers, but certainly not his own. Lord Macaulay's note will be found in the latter part of his fourth chapter, and is a curious instance of how little Calvinism is understood by many of whom better things might have been expected.

A monument marks the place where the bodies of the three witnesses lie. It is a single flat stone, six feet and a half in length by three and a half in breadth, and is raised a few inches from the ground. It is in good preservation. The inscription, which was becoming illegible, has been retouched some years ago, and is easily made out. It is:

THIS : IS : THE : STONE : TOMB : OF : ROB-
ERT : THOM : THOMAS : COOK : AND :
JOHN : URIE : MARTYRS : FOR : OUNING :
THE : COVENANTED : UORK : OF : RE-
FORMATION : THE : 11TH : OF : MAY : 1685.

THE : BLOODY : MURDERERS : OF : THESE : MEN :
WERE : MAGOR : BALFOUR : AND : CAPTAIN : METLAND :
AND : UITH : THEM : OTHERS : UERE : NOT : FREE :
CAUSED : THEM : TO : SEARCH : IN : POLMADIE :
AS : SOON : AS : THEY : HAD : THEM : OUT : FOUND :
THEY : MURTHERED : THEM : UITH : SHOTS : OF : GUNS :
SCARCE : TIME : DID : THEY : TO : THEM : ALLOU :
BEFOR : THER : MAKER : THER : KNIES : TO : BOW :
MANY : LIKE : IN : THIS : LAND : HAVE : BEEN :
WHOS : BLOOD : FOR : WINGANCE : CRYES : TO : HEAVN •
THIS : CRUELL : WICKEDNESS : YOW : SEE :
WAS : DON : IN : LON : OF : POLMADIE :
THIS : MAY : A : STANDING : WITNESS : BE :
TUIXT : PRISBYTRIE : AND : PRELACIE :

Three miles from Cathcart bring us to the Sheddings ot Busby. From Busby the road runs with a wearisome straightness till we reach the little hamlet of Waterfoot. Here we cross the Earn, a stream on whose banks Professor John Wilson (" Christopher North "), when a boy, spent some of his happiest days. The road now resumes its straightness, and for two good miles rises and rises, until at the Bell Craig, about five hundred feet above the level of the sea, we catch sight of the parish church of Eaglesham. Arrived at Eaglesham, we rest and look about us, and secure our guide. Eaglesham is one of the few villages in Scotland that has a pleasing appearance. It owes its present form to Alexander, tenth Earl of Eglinton, who, at the same time that Darvel was laid out as it now is, by the Marquis of Hastings, gave the ground which its two streets and gardens occupy, and turned the site of the old village into an open area of some two hundred yards wide by four or five hundred in length. This area, or park, as it would be called in the city, is dotted here and there with trees, and through it dashes the stream that drives the cotton-mill that stands in the midst. The old village dated from a very early period. Its name, Eaglesham—*i.e.*, Kirk hamlet, or Kirktown,—carries its history perhaps as far back as the times of Columba, in the sixth century. In the twelfth century the parish was gifted to a Robert de Montgomerie, one of whose descendants in the fourteenth century married a Sir Hugh Eglinton. Sir Hugh was at the battle of Otterburn, and took Percy prisoner. Percy was afterwards ransomed, and with the ransom Sir Hugh built Polnoon Castle. The site of the castle is a mile to the south-east of the village, within the county of Renfrew, and not Ayrshire, as is stated in Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" and Maidment's "Scottish Ballads." The older inhabitants of the village say that a considerable part of the castle was standing in their youth. It is now a grass-grown mound. The coat of arms that was over the entrance is all that remains of its grandeur. It was taken away out of the ruins, and built into the wall above the door of the chief inn in the village—the Cross Keys—where it is still to be seen. Eaglesham, however, has an older history than the Montgomeries of the twelfth century. Cairns, or traces of them, are found in different parts of the parish, as on the top of Ballagioch,—behind Kirktonmuir, a farm about a mile to the west of the village,—on a small wooded hill marked "Tumulus" on the Ordnance map, half-way on the road from the village to the Mearns,—and at Crosslees, half-way between this tumulus and the village itself. At Crosslees the great stone that covered the cist is built into the wall, and is readily seen on the east side of the road.

In the fourteenth century the church of Eaglesham was attached to the Cathedral of Glasgow. For some time after the Reformation it had no minister. In the dearth that existed of properly qualified men the people had to be content with a reader. In the Register of Ministers and Readers in the year 1574, "Maister Johnne Colvile" is entered as minister to "Kilbride, Torrens, Curmanok, Egleschame;" and "Maister Patrik Wodruif" as "reidare at Egleschame," with a stipend of 20 merks, *i.e.*, £1, 2s. 2⅔d. sterling. In the list of those who suffered by the Act of 1662, Wodrow gives the name of James Hamilton as minister of Eaglesham, and marks his name with a "C," as confined to his parish. During the long years of persecution much suffering was endured by the people. The house is still pointed out—that now occupied by the parish schoolmaster—in which an Alexander Hume, or Sheriff Hume, probably because he was sheriff-depute, or was employed by the sheriff, resided, who did much to harass and track out the sufferers. If tidings of a field-preaching within his district reached his ears, there he was sure to be. Richard Cameron was to preach at Mungo Hill, near the mineral well, entitled St Mungo's Well, of no mean local fame, about three miles to the south of Eaglesham, and one of the wildest and most sequestered spots in a parish affluent to riches in such places. The report came to the ear of Hume, and he and one of his retainers were soon at the spot. They immediately began to pull down the tent, on the plea that it was on Eglinton's ground. Tradition says Richard Cameron interfered, and told them that he was upon the ground of the great God of heaven, unto whom the earth and its fulness did belong, and charged them in his Master's name to forbear. Hume, though at first a man of large means, and, according to the "Cloud of Witnesses," "a great exactor," came to poverty, and died a dependant on the charity of those whom in the days of his prosperity he persecuted. A story is told of his going with the wooden bowl used for the porridge or broth in olden times, before plates of earthenware were introduced into this country, to a farmer whom he had greatly wronged in the years of persecution, and begging from him. The farmer took pity on his former enemy, and filled his dish with meal. Hume thanked him by saying, "Thou art heaping coals of fire on my head." Upon Hume's grave, says John Howie's informant, writing in 1780, the schoolboys cast their ashes, till it became a kind of dunghill, and so remains to this day.

Notwithstanding Hume's vigilance, the moors to the south of Eaglesham were a favourite place for preaching during the persecution. Indeed, their vast extent, and the dangerous footing the moss affords for cavalry, made them comparatively safe. Still horsemen did sometimes attempt to traverse them in pursuit of the Covenanters, but it was often only to come to an untimely end in some treacherous bog. "I have been told," said an old man to us, "that some years after the Revolution a King's horseman, and his horse beneath him, were found in a flow in the moss away in the moor back from Mungo's Well." They had sunk, and the soft moss had sucked them in, and they died.

In the churchyard, at the north-west corner, near where the ministers of the parish have been buried since, is the grave of two martyrs, who were shot by a party of Highlandmen and dragoons, under the command of Ardincaple, on May 1, 1685. Their names are not in Wodrow. The tradition in the parish is that they had been at a conventicle, and were on their way home, when they were overtaken by Ardincaple coming from the west. The one was shot at Cowplie, a farmhouse that stood at the foot of Melowther Hill, about three miles to the south-west of Eaglesham village. The other escaped, but the soldiers overtook him about a mile farther on the road—at Sparrow Hall, a farmhouse, which, like Cowplie, has long ago fallen into ruins and disappeared. After the Revolution a flat stone was put over their grave. About thirty years ago, as the stone was mouldering away, a monument was erected close by it, and the old inscription, with the text of the sermon preached on the occasion, reproduced. It is:

PSA. CXII. & VI. THE RIGHTEOUS
SHALL BE IN EVERLASTING REME-
MBRANCE.

HERE LIE GABRIEL THOMSON
AND ROBERT LOCKHART
WHO WERE KILLED FOR OUNING THE COVEN-
ANTED TESTIMONY BY A PARTY OF HIGH-
LANDMEN AND DRAGOONS UNDER THE
COMMAND OF ARDENCAPLE 1ST MAY 1685.

THESE MEN DID SEARCH THROUGH MOOR AND MOSS,
TO FIND OUT ALL THAT HAD NO PASS—
THESE FAITHFULL WITNESSES WERE FOUND,
AND MURDERED UPON THE GROUND
THEIR BODIES IN THIS GRAVE DO LIE,
THEIR BLOOD FOR VENGEANCE YET DOTH CRY
THIS MAY A STANDING WITNESS BE
FOR PRESBYTRY GAINST PRELACY—

When the old stone was lifted, and the foundation dug out for the present monument, two skulls were found about the length of a man from each other, not far from the surface, lying "heads and thraws" *i.e.*, in opposite directions. No trace of a coffin was to be seen. The probability is that the bodies had been carried down under the cover of night to the churchyard by friends, a shallow grave had been hastily dug, and, through lack of time to make it large enough, they had been put in "heads and thraws."

Like many villages in Scotland, Eaglesham is over-churched. Its four different places of Protestant worship, besides a chapel for the adherents of Rome, afford accommodation for every man, woman, and child in the parish. Forced settlements, during the iron rule of Moderatism, have succeeded in dividing the people into sects, and alienating from the Church of Scotland the best of her children.

In April 1767 the Presbytery was appointed to meet at Eaglesham, for the ordination of a Mr Clark, the presentee to the parish, but a man whom the parishioners detested. When Principal Leechman and a few others came to the village, a crowd was in waiting for them. At the church every avenue was found guarded by the people, armed with sticks, resolved to dispute possession to the last; and when they tried to enter, they were hooted and pelted with dirt and stones until they had to flee for refuge to a neighbouring house. But their difficulties were not over. There were several ministers belonging to other Presbyteries, but not the three needed from the Presbytery of Glasgow. The court could not be constituted. Great was the joy of the people when they learned the ordination could not take place. When the baffled intrusionists came out, they were received with shouts of derision, and were followed by the mob in full cry, until, at the Bell Craig, the road downhill enabled their steeds to carry them beyond the reach of their pursuers. In June following, Mr Clark was ordained, but with the aid of a detachment of soldiers. He came to an untimely end. The spot is pointed out in the south side of the village where, some few years after, he fell from his horse, and was killed. The last forced settlement was that of Mr Davidson, in 1816. In a large parish, three only—the baron-bailie, the game-keeper, and another—were found to sign the call. Dr Chalmers, who had shortly before come to Glasgow, was present at the moderation, but all he did was to ask if there were no more to sign the call. The three were left alone, and in due time Mr Davidson was ordained.

Mr Davidson's settlement led to the formation of the Reformed Presbyterian congregation. One of its founders was a worthy elder, dead some forty years ago, of the name of James Young. Dr Simpson, of Sanquhar, in his "Voice from the Desert," tells the story of the troubles two ancestors of this elder—a William and an Andrew Young—had to endure during the years of persecution. In substance we have heard the story from persons in Eaglesham, who never read the volume. The brothers lived in High Craig, a farm about two miles to the south-east of the village. Here, or in the neighbouring farm of Stonebyres, their ancestors are said to have lived for six or seven hundred years. On one occasion the soldiers visited High Craig, drove away the cattle, and set fire to the house. At another, they surprised Andrew as he was ploughing in company with his brother William's young son. The soldiers bound Andrew with ropes, and were proceeding to carry him away, when William appeared, a tall, strongly-built man, with a loaded musket in his hand. He demanded that his brother be set free, and told his son to loose the ropes. The boy hesitated, through fear of the soldiers, when the father firmly said, "Loose him, and let me see them dare to touch a hair of your head." Whether the soldiers were overawed or not by his threats is not related, but the result was, the brother was set free. The soldiers soon afterwards appeared in greater force, and William had to hide himself; and the tradition is, that he lay hid for six weeks in a peat-stack, and that food was supplied to him, when an opportunity could be found in the absence or during the sleep of the soldiers, by removing a peat, which was immediately replaced. William was at Bothwell Bridge. In the flight after the battle, he and three companions were pursued, and had a narrow escape. Both brothers were outlawed, and Andrew was at length seized, and taken to Glasgow jail, out of which, however, he and several others managed to escape. Andrew was again caught, and was banished to Virginia, where he remained till the Revolution, when, returning home, he died on the voyage. William survived the Revolution, and his remains rest in Eaglesham Churchyard.

In numbers the Reformed Presbyterian congregation is not large, but small as it is, at least seven of its families can trace their lineage to ancestors who suffered during the years of persecution. A touching story is told of the wife of one of these sufferers. Her husband, a John Watt, was at a prayer meeting, when it was broken in upon by a party of soldiers. All escaped, but shots were fired. Nobody was hurt, but John Watt had one side of his long hair carried away—the love-locks, as they were then called—which he wore in imitation of more fashionable people. John took this as a lesson not to walk in the ways of the world, and he had the rest of his hair cut, after the manner of his more sedate friends. His escape did not bring him security. He soon discovered he was a marked man, and so he fled to Holland, where he found the freedom denied him in his native land. He remained abroad for six or seven years, during which, for some reason or another, no tidings of him reached his wife's ears. From the long silence, she sorrowfully concluded he must be dead. The Revolution came, and a year or more passed; still no tidings of him; when one day—and it is said it was a day of bright sunshine—she and a neighbour were standing at the house door, talking of the ways of the world. Suddenly the neighbour notices a man coming over the rising ground, about a mile away, and says, "Yonder's a man coming over the hill uncommonly like John Watt." "Impossible!" replied the wife; "it cannot be him; he's dead long ago." The winding of the road soon hid him from view, but it was not long until he again appeared, and within a hundred yards of his own door, where the two were still talking. For a moment Mrs Watt fixed her eye upon the approaching stranger, and then exclaimed, "Keep me, it's my man!" and fell to the ground. She had fainted away for joy. John was little changed with his long exile, but grief for his supposed loss had silvered his wife's hair. A sword—an Andrea Ferrara—that belonged to Watt is in the possession of the writer. The family of the Watts is said, according to tradition, to have come into the parish of Eaglesham some six or seven hundred years ago.

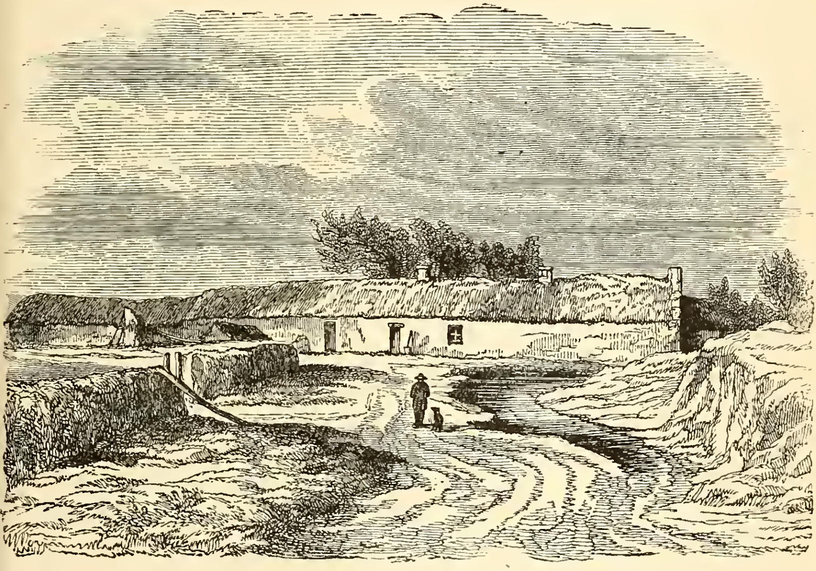
But our guide is waiting for us, and so we start. We go up the long street of Eaglesham, and hear, as we pass, the click of the handloom, and learn that handloom weaving, at miserably low wages, and with long hours, employs some two hundred of its population. Half-way up the street, at the west end of the mill, is a mound that, in the memory of the oldest inhabitants, has borne the name of "the Mote,"—it may be because the place where the affairs of the district were discussed in olden times. But we soon reach its highest point, and a treeless, waving tract of pasture-land stretches before us. On the left are the three reservoirs, the Picketlaw, the Mid-dam, and the High-dam, whose waters drive the immense wheel of the Eaglesham cotton-mill. On the right, about a hundred yards from the village, we pass the road that leads to Moorhouse, the birthplace of Robert Pollok, the author of "The Course of Time."

A mile from the village of Eaglesham the road again rises steadily. Half-way up the ascent, on the left, is the old road to Lochgoin; but for the next mile, to obtain a better view of the country to the north, we keep on the highway to Kilmarnock. As we near the top of the brae, we leave, at the height of eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, the signs of cultivation behind us, and enter upon Eaglesham Moor, a large stretch of waste ground, upon which the villagers have the right of casting peats and pasturing a single cow. When we have reached the summit, nearly another mile of table-land lies before us. It is still moor, and the heather is in the full bloom of its autumn dress. We hear the peesweep, but not the peculiar whir and cock-cock of the grouse. It is the 16th of August, and the murderous weapons of the sportsmen since the 12th have sadly thinned their numbers. We are now at the foot of Ballagioch, a hill that rises before us to the height of perhaps two hundred feet from the road; but the beautiful map of the Ordnance Survey tells us it is a thousand and eighty-four feet above the level of the sea. The view from its summit is very fine. It and the trackless moor to the south were the favourite places of resort of the author of "The Course of Time," when he stayed at Moorhouse. Both are celebrated by him in his poem in the well-known passages in the fifth book. At its base, on the north side, not far from the farm of Lochcraig, the Coal-Measures crop out, and in the blocks of shale that rise up through the moss are to be found abundance of specimens of the strange flora of the Carboniferous age, the *sigillaria*, so remarkable for their beautifully sculptured stems, and their not less singular roots, the *stigmaria* of the fossil botanist.

But our course now took us away from the road to Kilmarnock. We went through the meadow, and close by the farmhouse of the hospitable tenant of the Greenfields, a large farm of some thousand acres, to the south and west of Ballagioch, until, at the Blackwood, we were on the straight path to Lochgoin, which we caught sight of standing in its solitude, fully two miles away. Our route now lay through a long tract of mossy ground intersected with sheep-drains. Here and there the fresh cuttings disclosed trees embedded in the moss, telling of a time when this now treeless country must have been covered with waving forests. The trees are generally hazel, and often they have a foot, or even several feet, of moss beneath them, showing that the moss must have existed anterior to the hazel. It is only when we come to the bottom of the moss that we find the oak and the pine, the remains of the ancient Caledonian forests. How long the moss may have taken to grow, it is not easy to say. An old man, upwards of eighty, once told us that he had cast peats twice in the same place, in the west of the Carse of Stirling; and his opinion was, that in favourable circumstances peat would grow from twelve to eighteen inches in a century; but such circumstances are rare. The vast numbers of sheep and cattle now to be found in our moorland districts, that live upon the material out of which the moss is formed, and the drainage now taking place everywhere over Scotland, make such rapid growth a thing of the past.

Although the day was fine, and the breeze sufficient to moderate the heat of a summer's sun, a haze hung over the distant landscape, so that we had to content ourselves with noticing the sheep of the blackfaced breed, and the well-proportioned Ayrshire cattle, with their wild eye, fear-inspiring to travellers from the city, yet withal more peaceful than the quieter-looking Tees-water, oftener found near the busy haunts of men. The moor has few flowers, but there was enough for us in the heather, the bell heather, the blue bell, the tormentil, with its small bright yellow cruciform flowers, whose roots country people prize for their astringent qualities, and the bogbean, with its bitterest of leaves, so bitter, that one does not wonder that the Swedes use them for hops. We looked for adders but found none, although we afterwards learned at Lochgoin that fifteen had been killed this season on the bent over which we were travelling. As the heather was in full bloom, the air was musical with the hum of the wild bee, two species of which, a brown and a dark coloured one, both much larger than the bee of our hives, are common upon the moors. The brown, *Bombus muscorum*, called in Scotland the *foggie*, or moss bee, makes its hive down in the *fog*, or mossy grass. A mower told us that this year their hives were more plentiful and larger than ever he had seen them. Out of one hive which he had come upon while mowing, no less than four horn-spoonfuls of honey had been taken.

Watching the bees, and talking of the times when the wild country around us was the refuge of the noble men who, at the price of many privations, and not seldom of their own lives, secured for us our present liberties, we came in view of the site of the loch that bears the name of the house we were soon to visit. Lochgoin Loch was an irregularly shaped sheet of water, covering about one hundred and forty acres. It was entirely artificial, and was first formed in 1828, for the purpose of supplying the mills at Kilmarnock with water. Some four or five years ago it was tapped dry, as the embankment was supposed to be insufficient, and its peaty bottom traversed by surface drains. The loch which formerly bore the name of Lochgoin lay some two hundred yards to the west of the one lately drained. It was drained about forty years ago, and is now a fertile meadow, but of no great size, as indeed its name Lochgoin—*i.e.*, loch for the stirks—indicates. As we left the site of the loch behind us on the left, our path became less trackless, and gave signs that we were nearing the object of our visit. From being little better than a sheep-walk it took the form of a road, with a ditch on either side that seemed to tell of all but unfathomable depths of peat moss. Soon we came to a gate, and a small burn that forms the frontier between the two shires, and we had the pleasure, in turn, of having one foot in Renfrew and the other in Ayrshire. We had now entered the parish of Fenwick, the scene of the labours of the well-known William Guthrie, the author of the "Christian's Great Interest." About forty yards to the south, close upon the wire fence, the march that divides the shires, a small mound rises two or three feet from above the surrounding moss. It marks the place where lie the remains of a poor famished wanderer of the name of Miller, who came begging to Lochgoin, two hundred years or more ago, during one of the famines that were not uncommon in the early ages of Scottish history. He received food, and left for Eaglesham; but his hunger had been so great, that from the full meal he had taken, he became ill on the road, and died on the spot where his body lies buried. Leaving the march behind us, a few hundred yards farther in Ayrshire brought us to the house which some of our party had come far to see, and we were now at Lochgoin.



LOCHGOIN

The present house is a roomy, commodious abode, well suited for the purposes of a moorland farm. It was built in 1858, on the site of the old house, which, through age, had become quite unfit for the abode of man. On the lintel, as we enter, several dates are inscribed, telling of the changes that have taken place, either upon the family or their abode. The first, 1178, is the year when three brothers of the name of Hoi, or Hoy, now Howie, came from one of the Waldensian valleys to escape the fury of the persecutor, and found refuge in Lochgoin. It would have been interesting to have known what were the reasons, in a century in which not a little was done for the evangelisation of the north of Europe, which led them to make Scotland the country of their adoption. But they have left no record behind them. The first of the family of whom we have any printed notice is James Howie, the great-grandfather of the writer of the "Scots Worthies." He lived during the twenty-eight years' persecution. From his known sympathies and its inaccessible position, Lochgoin became a favourite place of resort to the persecuted remnant. Twelve times was his house harried by the soldiers, and once all his cattle were driven away. A narrative of his sufferings is appended to John Howie's (of the "Scots Worthies") autobiography. It is short, for it does not occupy more than seven pages, but it is so full of stirring incidents, that are a sample only of what he could have told us, that one regrets the writer had not told us more. Indeed, what he does tell is given merely because the autobiography fell short of the pages specified in the proposals.

Noted as Lochgoin was for a place of refuge during the years of persecution, it yet would not have been better known to us than many a farmhouse in the south-west of Scotland that afforded shelter to the persecuted, but for its connection with the writer of the "Scots Worthies." John Howie was born at Lochgoin. "I had a religious education," he says, "and my grandfather and grandmother, with whom I was brought up from the time I was a year old, were reputed in the place where they lived for honest, religious persons." But at first his religious training little profited him. Indeed, his early life was such as reflected no credit upon a religious profession. It was not until he was married for the second time, that the seed sown in youth produced fruit. His second wife, Janet Howie, a cousin of his own, was a pious woman, and her piety was the making of her husband. He died January 5, 1793, after a lengthened illness, which there is reason to believe was brought on by his too great devotion to literary pursuits. From childhood the lives of the martyrs and the stories of their sufferings were his delight, so that he was only following early predilections when he began to write about them. "I took up," he says, "a resolution to collect what materials I could obtain, and write a kind of lives of a number of them, which I did at leisure hours, with small views that ever anything I could do should merit the publishing of them." The result was the "Scots Worthies," which was published in 1775, and in a second and improved as well as enlarged edition in 1781 or 1782. It soon asserted for itself a place among the books of a Scotch household. Indeed, few books are better known in the country districts of Scotland. This it owes both to the national interest of its subject, and the unpretending matter-of-fact style in which it is written. Its lives are well told. It possesses, to a large extent, the happy art of telling of a man the leading points in his life and character, without wearying the reader by minute details. A number of other works followed the "Scots Worthies." The most important of them are his collections of lectures and sermons by Guthrie, Bruce, Cameron, Livingston, and others. But for him, there is too much reason to fear that the manuscripts from which he copied them would have perished. In the Preface to the earlier collection, he says that the "discourses were collected from ten or twelve volumes, mostly in an old, small, cramp hand. Some of them, I suppose, were wrote by famous Sir Robert Hamilton and worthy Mr Robert Smith." Like the books of the Sibyl, these volumes have been destroyed, or have disappeared, save three. The handwriting of two of these volumes, to a practised eye, is not difficult to make out. One of them contains eleven sermons by Guthrie of Fenwick, four of which are printed in the earlier collection, while the other has a sermon by Bruce, also printed, and six by Cargill. The third volume is nearly illegible. On comparing the printed sermons with the manuscript note-book, it will be found that considerable liberties have been taken with the text. In his preface, John Howie says he has put some of the old-fashioned words, or expressions, into more proper English. It may be questioned if the changes are improvements. In the close of the eighteenth century, when the influence of Samuel Johnson was all powerful, it may have been thought better to replace plain Saxon by Latinised English, but the severer taste of the present day prefers the words actually spoken, however homely they may be. A single instance out of many that might be given of the changes Howie has made, may suffice. On page 14 of the earlier collection, in a sermon by William Guthrie on the words, "For what is a man profited if he should gain the whole world," etc., we have, "Ye that cast your souls at your heels, and undervalue them, and spend more time and pains on the poor perishing things of the world, would ye be called Christians? Nay, rather limbs of the devil, worldly worms, and moles of the earth." But in the manuscript it is, "Ye that cast your soul at your heel, and undervalue it, and spend your time on poor perishing things of the world, would ye be called Christians? Nay, rather devil's limbs, worldly worms, and moudiwarks."

Long as is the list of books which John Howie published, it does not comprise all that he prepared for the press. In May 1792 he issued proposals for an edition of Stevenson's "History of the Church and State of Scotland," in two octavo volumes of "upwards of 1100 pages," "price of the volume sewed in blue paper, 2s., to be paid on delivery," to which he was to add "a postscript or supplement," "from 1649, where Mr Andrew Stevenson leaves off, to the Restoration, 1660," "Subscribers to pay in proportion for it, as they pay for the above two volumes." Stevenson's "History" was published in 1753. Its title-page announces that it will be in four volumes, the fourth to embrace from 1649 to 1660, but three only appeared. It is said that the manuscript of the fourth was destroyed by fire. Howie died before the supplement was sent to the press. Part of the manuscript exists, but it does not contain anything of value.

After his death a book was published by his son James, entitled, "Memoirs of the Life of John Howie." In the body of the work John Howie gives it a different name—"A Brief Narrative of some Religious Exercises," etc. This latter title aptly describes the character of the book, for it gives little of the history of his life. Its main interest lies in the insight it gives into the religious exercises of a pious Scotsman in the closing half of last century, as well as in the illustrations it gives us of the evangelical character of the preaching of the fathers of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and of how much good men like John Howie profited under it. Like many diaries that good men have kept, it shows that his religion did not give him all the comfort it ought to have given him. But for this he had himself to blame. He was too much given to spiritual analysis—to looking inwards, when he should have looked outwards to the cross of Christ. Had he spent the time in meditating on the perfection of Christ's work that he did in looking into his own heart, he would have been a happier man.

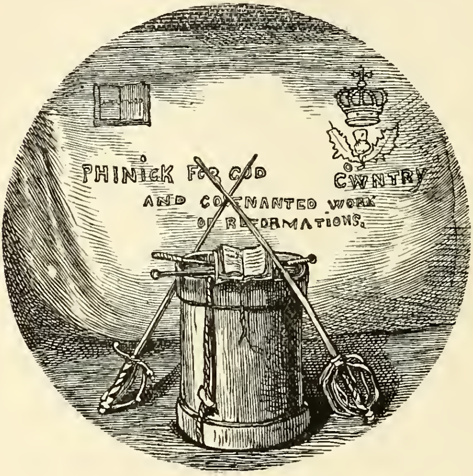
In 1809 a pamphlet, now very rare, entitled, "Humble Pleadings, etc.; or a Representation of Grievances for the consideration of the Reformed Presbytery, by John Howie," was issued by John Calderwood of Clanfin. Notwithstanding Mr Buckle's fancy that Scotsmen are given to fasting on set occasions, Calderwood is almost the only Scotsman that ever we heard of in this century that rigorously abstained on fast-days from all manner of food. Our informant, who served under him, assured us that not a bite of meat was used by him and his housekeeper, or given to others, from Wednesday night till Friday morning, when the sacramental fast came round. "As for me," he added, "I could not stand it; but, on the way to the kirk, I went to a neighbour's and ate the breakfast I had taken the precaution to secure the night before; but I am certain John did not touch meat." He became a non-hearer. For forty years he did not enter a church door, and ultimately took such dark views of mankind, that when he was desirous of marrying a second time, he could find no minister of Christ upon earth correct enough in doctrine and practice to marry him, and so the good man had to remain unmarried. He published a number of pamphlets, and prefaced "A Collection of the Dying Testimonies of some holy and pious Christians who lived in Scotland before and since the Revolution;" one of which Lord Macaulay declares to be one of the most curious of the many curious papers written by the Covenanters of that generation. By a slip of the pen Macaulay calls him George, but his Christian name was John. In his postscript to the "Pleadings" Calderwood evidently claims John Howie as a non-hearer, but there is no evidence for this in the brief narrative. The passage in which Howie speaks of his attendance upon the Supper, is worth quoting. "For the Sacraments, particularly the Supper, I durst but scarcely partake of it, and that with much fear, and but seldom, not only on account of the terms of Church communion, which I and others looked upon to be somewhat difficult, but also on account of my own unworthiness, diffidence, and want of suitable exercises and frame; so that I may say my case in this was similar to those mentioned by the apostle, 'Who were all their lifetime kept in bondage through fear.'" These are manifestly the words of doubting and fearing, but not those of a non-hearer. Much as John Howie speaks of the decay of vital religion among professing Christians in the prefaces to his different works—and there was much in the condition of the Church in the close of last century to lead him thus to speak—he was not so left to himself as to become a non-hearer, and die out of the communion of the visible Church.

One characteristic of Howie ought not to be overlooked. In all his publications he has one object in view. It is not to gratify an antiquarian taste, or to gain fame, but to advance the interests of what he believed to be truth. Several of his books must have cost him great labour, but the desire to perpetuate and spread the principles of the Reformation carried him through, and enabled him to surmount obstacles that, to one living so far from public libraries, would at first sight have seemed such as he could not overcome.

As might be expected from its history, and the interest John Howie took in all that related to the Scots Worthies, there is much in Lochgoin that recalls the times of persecution. There are:

Captain John Paton's Bible.—Captain John Paton is well known to the reader of the "Scots Worthies." His life is one of the best in the book. The Bible is a 24mo, dated "London, Printed by the Company of Stationers, 1653." The captain's autograph is on the blank side of the title-page. The inscription on the inside of one of the boards tells its history. It is:

CAPT^{N}. JOHN PATON'S BIBLE,
WHICH HE GAVE TO HIS WIFE FROM OFF THE
SCAFFOLD WHEN HE WAS EXECUTED FOR
THE CAUSE OF JESUS CHRIST,
AT EDINBUGH, ON THE 8TH OF MAY, 1684.
JAMES HOWIE RECEIVED IT FROM THE
CAPTAIN'S SONS DAUGHTERS HUSBAND
AND GAVE IT TO JOHN HOWIE HIS NEPHEW.



RELICS AT LOCHGOIN

The book, through visitors pilfering its leaves, was rapidly disappearing, but a kind friend in 1873 got it handsomely bound, the missing leaves being supplied by blank pages, and put in its present oaken case. The last pages have been torn out, so that the book somewhat strikingly ends with Rev. xii. 11, "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death."

Captain John Paton's Sword.—It is twenty-seven and a half inches in length, and is sadly worn away by rust. Although the tradition is that it has seen serious work, it is too light to have been of much service. Another sword, an Andrea Ferrara, forty inches in length, and in excellent preservation, in the possession of Thomas Rowatt, Esq. of Bonnanhill, Strathaven, a descendant of Captain Paton, has been handed down in the family from generation to generation as belonging to their ancestor. It is a formidable weapon, and in the captain's hand was quite capable of the exploits Howie records were performed by it.

A Drum, said to have been at Drumclog.

A Flag, made of linen, and six feet in length by five and a half in breadth. Little is known of it save that it has long been in possession of the family. Forty years ago it had become very dirty, from the peat reek common in houses where the fire is in the middle of the floor. It was washed, and has been so, till lately, once a year ever since. This has made it cleaner, but it has deprived it of the darker hues that suggest antiquity. The spelling of "Fenwick" as "Phinigk" is very old. In the "Act rescinding the forfeitures and fines past since the year 1665," an Act passed in 1690, it is always spelt "Phinnick," evidently a newer form than "Phinigk." We give its inscription:

An open Bible. *A Crown and Thistle.*
Phinigk For God Cẘntry
And Covenanted Work
Of Reformations.

The blank in the first line, between "For God" and "Cwntry," would imply that it was made at a time when there was uncertainty about who was the ruler, so that it is not improbable it may be as old as Drumclog.

A Horn, made out of a bullock's horn, used as a trumpet, but from its appearance, more likely to have been a powder-horn.

In the youth of Thomas Howie, who died at the age of eighty-four, in the summer of 1863, *the pistol holsters of Balfour of Kinloch, or Burley*, were shown to visitors, but they have long ago disappeared.

Coins.—To many these will be the greatest source of attraction. Originally they belonged to the James Howie who suffered so much during the persecution. One day, when the alarm had been given that the soldiers were coming, he took up his purse and fled. Lest he should be overtaken, he hid the purse in the ground, expecting to get it again after the soldiers were gone. But he never was able to come upon it again. A servant man about the house was blamed with having secretly gone out and stolen its contents. This he stoutly denied, but the theft was laid to his charge till the day of his death. About fifty years ago, on a Sabbath morning, James Howie, the son of the author of the "Scots Worthies," was driving the cattle out to the moor, when one of the cows, in jumping over a *sheuch*, *i.e.*, a ditch or furrow, sent one of its heels into a small hillock, and disclosed something bright, which glistened in the rays of the sun. It was a silver broad piece. "He picked it up," said a John Waterston to us, who was then a boy serving at Lochgoin, "and as many more as he could lay his hands upon;" but he did no more at the time, as it was the Lord's Day, than mark the spot—a spot not above fifty yards to the west of the house. Next morning he came with a spade and dug about until he came upon an old green purse and the rest of its contents. In all there were about forty dollars and several smaller coins. Of these twenty-two only now remain. Nineteen are dollars. All are more or less clipped. The milling, the grand preventive of clipping—an improvement which, in this country, we owe to the genius and resolution of four of England's greatest names, Somers and Montagu, Locke and Newton—had not yet been generally introduced. Thirteen of the dollars are coins of the Republic of the Seven United Provinces, whose early struggles for liberty have been so eloquently told in our own time in the pages of Prescott and Motley. The earliest is ot Friesland, of date 1597, not long after the seven provinces had become united. Its inscription, "DEUS FORTITUDO ET SPES NOSTRA," *i.e.*, "God our strength and hope," tells how it was that the youthful republic withstood the might of one of the greatest monarchies the world ever saw. The others are of the years 1620, 1623, 1629, 1631, 1657, 1659, 1660, and five of 1662, and have all the inscription, "RES PARVAE CRESCUNT CONCORDIA," *i.e.*, "Small affairs increase by union,"—an inscription as instructive to small churches, as doubtless it was to the small States of Holland.

Four are coins of the German empire. There is one of the irresolute and timid Rudolph II., of date 1601; another of the bigoted Ferdinand, the master of the proud Wallenstein, of date 1621; and two of Ferdinand III.—one, a very fine specimen, struck in the year 1648, the year of the Peace of Munster, which closed the Thirty Years' War—and a second, of date 1655.

Two are of the twelve free cities, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort, etc.—one of date 1601, and the other 1659. Its inscription, "DA PAC. DOMINE IN DIEB. NOSTRIS"—"Give peace, Lord, in our days"—affectingly tells of the barbarities the French, under Marshal Turenne, were then perpetrating in Germany.

The three smaller coins are shillings, one of them a shilling of the last year of Elizabeth's reign, and other two of the later Irish coinage of James I.

The large amount of foreign coin in the purse will not seem strange to those who remember how common it was for Scotsmen in that age, like the Swiss in the last century and in this, to serve as soldiers of fortune in the armies of Holland, of Germany, of

France, and even of Spain. The redoubtable Dugald Dalgetty is something more than the creation of fancy. One of the most stirring pages in Schiller chronicles how Henderson, a Scotsman, commanded the reserve at the battle which proved fatal to Gustavus Adolphus, and yet turned out a victory for the Protestant interest, through the impassioned desire of the soldiery to avenge the death of the king, whom they loved almost to idolatry. Captain Paton, whose Bible we have just looked at, and who was born and brought up within sight of Lochgoin, received his captaincy for deeds of valour in the service of the Swedish king. Nisbet of Hardhill, an estate in the neighbouring parish to Lochgoin, one of Howie's Scots Worthies, learned the art of war in foreign countries. And Paton and Nisbet, we may be certain, were not the only Scotsmen in their district who had come home with the titles wherewith Gustavus honoured his brave soldiers, and the more substantial dollars earned in the armies of the wealthy burghers of Holland.

Manuscripts.—With the exception of the three note-books, these have all perished. About twenty years ago, a chest containing the papers of John Howie, that had long lain in the loft, was examined. It was found that the mice had reduced its contents, said our informant, "to mulins," *i.e.*, to crumbs, and the whole were committed to the flames.

Books.—John Howie had amassed a large collection, as well as inherited some valuable volumes from his father, of which evidently scarcely the half remain. The most valuable—the broadsides, the last speeches of the martyrs, the pamphlets of the Covenanting period, and the controversial writings that arose out of Mr Macmillan's accession to the Societies—have nearly all disappeared. They have been stolen, or borrowed by people who have quietly forgotten that to keep what belongs to your neighbour is little better than to keep stolen goods. The books now to be seen are somewhat under three hundred in number. Although the best are away, there are still some of interest. There are the "Breeches" Bible, Lond. 1599; a black-letter copy of Foxe's "Book oi Martyrs," Lond. 1641; and one or two curious old commentaries. On a copy of Irving's "Oracles of God," Lond. 1824, there is the following inscription, in the well-known handwriting oi the author:

> "To my cousins, the Howies of Loch Goyne, the representatives of a family which has done much, and suffered much for the testimony of Christ.
>
> "EDWD. IRVING."

The most valuable part of the library is the collection of pamphlets. They are chiefly of the middle and close of last century. Like most pamphlets issued at that time, the title-page generally contains as much matter as would now fill an ordinary preface. Some of these title-pages must have cost their authors no small pains. One of the most striking instances of such loaded pages is to be found in Thorburn's "Vindiciæ Magistratus," Edin. 1773. Its size is octavo, yet it contains not less than fifty lines. In others the great object seems to be to put the sting into the title-page—if possible, utterly to destroy the adversary before the page is turned. Three instances will suffice; and, if we are not mistaken, the first and second are both from the same pen:

THE
Presbyterian Covenanter
DISPLAYED,
In his POLITICAL PRINCIPLES;
AND THE
IMPOSTOR DETECTED.
Being an Answer to an Extravagant
Testimony emitted by a *Presbytery*
usurping the title REFORMED
&c.

* * * *

DUBLIN
MDCC,LXV.

REMARKS
UPON A VERY
EXTRAORDINARY BOOK,
INTITLED
An Apology and Vindication, &c
EMITTED BY
Still more extraordinary Authors, who design
themselves "*A poor illiterate, ignorant, and*
despicable," (not despised) "*handful of the*
Associate Congregations of Kilmaurs, Beith &c
BUT NOTWITHSTANDING OF THIS
Their Profession of Ignorance, and want of
Learning, have commenced Expositors (rather
wresters) of Scripture and Divine Things;
belying our Church Standards; arraigning
and condemning Church Courts, for not passing Decisions agreeable to their Mind
ALL OF WHICH
Agree very well with the above Description, the
Authors give of themselves.

GLASGOW.
1783.

The TESTIMONY Deserted.

A PLAIN
DISCOVERY
OF THE
DEFECTIONS and SELF-INCONSISTENCIES that Mr John M'Millan, and the People in Communion with him, are guilty of; With the Reasons for which the *True Presbyterians* of the Covenanted Church of *Scotland* cannot own Mr *M'Millan* for their Minister.

* * * *

By WILLIAM WILSON.

* * * *

GLASGOW.
MDCCXLIII.

The first of these is chiefly noteworthy as leading to the publication of the mass of compact and solid thinking that Mr Thorburn of Pentland published under the title of "Vindiciæ Magistratus"—one of a series that the fathers of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in the last century issued, in vindication of the teachings of Scripture upon civil magistracy.

The second is certainly intended to be a stinging title-page.

The author of the third, William Wilson, was a native of Ireland. He settled in this country, and wrote a number of pamphlets, the burden of most of which is to show that Mr John Macmillan of Balmaghie, the first minister of the General Societies after the Revolution, cannot be owned for a lawful minister of Jesus Christ. Wilson was an active member of the General Societies, but Macmillan once felt it his duty to rebuke him for drunkenness. Wilson's pride was hurt. He withdrew from Macmillan's ministrations, and gradually adopted such views of the defection of all the branches of the Church that he could find no minister good enough for him. To such a length did he go that he advocated celibacy, on the ground that there was no lawful minister of the Gospel in existence, who could celebrate marriage "according to the comely order of the Church of Scotland." His pamphlet on the subject is entitled—"A Short Essay pointing out Lawful and Unlawful Marriages, with Reasons against Mongrel Marriages. Written in the month of February, 1740. By a primitive Presbyterian. Glasgow, Printed for the Author, and published for the Real Benefit of Unmarried Presbyterians." His "Dying Testimony" is contained in Calderwood's "Dying Testimonies." It extends to a hundred and seventy closely printed 18mo pages, and is altogether as carping and self-righteous a document as can well be imagined. He seems to have ransacked his memory and his library in search of every practice that differed from his own, and poured upon it the vials of his wrath. Whitefield is called "a base, enthusiastic, prelatic imposter;" Queen Anne, "that wicked Jezabel, the pretended Queen Anne;" Cromwell, "a sectarian usurper;" and the British Parliament, "the brutish Parliament." The poor people that go about the country with raree shows he calls "base vagabonds that go from place to place with vain shows and pictures." Of the Anti-burghers he exclaims, "O my soul, come not thou into their secret! mine honour, be not thou united unto them." But the chief theme of his testimony is "the sinful ways" of Mr John Macmillan and the Reformed Presbytery. With a vigour and a variety of expression that would fill the Jesuits with envy, he curses him and his followers through eight pages.

Curious as the title-pages of many of these pamphlets are, their contents are not less so. We were particularly taken with one written by James Howie of Drumtee, a younger brother of the author of the "Scots Worthies," entitled "Folly and Falsehood exposed," etc., 1782. It is an answer to a William Alexander, a tailor in Eaglesham, who had written a pamphlet of ninety-two 12mo pages, abusing the Reformed Presbytery for not baptizing his child. James Howie ably vindicates the Presbytery, and disposes of the tailor in a very summary way. As an illustration of how incisively controversy was conducted in the keen air of Eaglesham and Lochgoin eighty years ago, we give the following choice *morceau* from its fourth page:

"Had the foolish, self-conceited Taylor planned out his work with the measuring line of wisdom, justice, righteousness, and prudence; had he cut it into its several parts with the scissors of holy Christian love, meekness, and godly fear; had he put on the thimble of ingenuity and sincerity, and taken to him the thread of candour, honesty, simplicity, and meekness, and stitched all his work together with the needle of truth and uprightness, and finally smoothed all its rough and clouted seams with the goose of humility, modesty, self-denial, and Christian charity, there would have been little occasion for this public examination of his sorry piece of wit and learning. But having taken the instruments of a foolish workman, namely, pedantry, causeless prejudice, falsehood and slander, misrepresentation, pride, and impious self-boasting, and, by these means, clouted together his monstrous performance, the wise man's words, . . . 'answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit,' may serve as a justification of the present appearance."

But the atmosphere is getting musty with turning over the pages of forgotten, worm-eaten pamphlets, and so we take to the open air, and look about us. Lochgoin stands high. It is nine hundred and fourteen feet above the level of the sea. Hence it commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country. To the north, in the far distance, are the Highland hills—Ben Voirlich, Ben Ledi, Ben Venue, Ben Lomond, Ben Cruachan. Away to the west is the fertile country round Kilmarnock. Beyond it we have fifteen to twenty miles of sea, and beyond these again the lofty heights of Arran. To the south-west, forty-five miles away, as the crow flies, we have the conical-shaped Ailsa Craig. To the south there is a wide stretch of wild moor. Beyond the moor, about seven miles from Lochgoin, rises the round wooded top of Loudon Hill, near which lies the far-famed battlefield of Drumclog. The treeless and wild moorland aspect of the country tells that it owes nothing to the hand of man. It is one of the few districts of Scotland that must be very much the same as it was under the dynasty of the Stuarts.

Lochgoin must have been the site of human habitation for many ages. In 1862, about two hundred yards to the north-east of the house, a flint celt was picked up by the present tenant while ploughing.

About a mile to the west of Lochgoin, on the road to Drumtee, there are a number of green square spots with a slight ridge of earth and turf about them, that are evidently the sites of human habitations, but when they were occupied by man has long been forgotten. From these oases in the moor there runs a turf dike, which, it is said, can be traced as far as Strathaven, twelve miles away.

Two hundred yards to the north of the house is a small mound made of peat, called "The Tope." From it, during the years of persecution, when the soldiers were expected, a watch was kept, and oftener than once an alarm was given from it to the inmates of the house, which enabled them to escape in safety. Professor Innes, in the glossary to his "Scotch Legal Antiquities," marks the word "tope" as uncertain in meaning. It is not an unusual word in Fenwick Parish. In the neighbouring farm of Drumtee a similar mound bears the same name.

To the south, lying to the sun, is what John Howie called his "garden of herbs." In a corner of it, sheltered by a turf dike, he wrote a considerable part of his "Scots Worthies." Two of the trees that encircle the garden are said to have been planted by James Howie, in the year of the Revolution, 1688. The rest have been planted since the century began. A small shed, or outhouse, lately pulled down, long stood in the garden, in connection with which a story is told extremely like a page from Defoe's vivid account of the appalling visitations of the Great Plague in 1665. While the plague was raging in Glasgow, a former nurse came, on an autumn day, from thence to Lochgoin, and brought an apple for the two children. She divided it between them. They had scarcely eaten their halves when both took ill. They had caught the plague. So terrified were the inmates of Lochgoin, that the children were put into this outhouse, and all fled, save one who handed them in, on a long stick, through a window, what they were supposed to need. The children soon died, and their bodies lay in the outhouse, until some one, less frightened than their friends, was brought from Glasgow to bury them. The place where they lie is marked by a cairn, on the edge of the moor, to the south of the house. About half a mile farther to the south is another cairn, under which repose the remains of six persons who, three centuries ago, were slain in a dispute that arose between the inhabitants of Fenwick and Eaglesham, when settling the boundary line which separates the one parish from the other.

In thus looking about us, and hearing from the present occupant of the farm—the thirty-eighth of his name that has been in Lochgoin—as well as from our guide, stories of days happily gone by, our time passed rapidly away, and we found that, if we would be home by nightfall, we must speedily retrace our steps. In little more than an hour's time we had left the moors behind us, and a cultivated country again gladdened the eye. But the day's excursion had made an abiding impression upon us. We thought more highly of the fathers who hazarded their lives to secure for us our present liberties. And it made us feel that, with our abundant privileges, we would be guilty indeed if we did not strive to do more even than they did, to spread that Gospel, which nerved their arm in their contests with the tyrant and the bigot, the universal reception of which shall ring the death-knell of oppression and of wrong, the wide world over.

[In 1896 a handsome monument was erected by public subscription to the memory of John Howie. It is in the form of a granite obelisk, 27 feet high, and is placed on the "Tope" close to the farmhouse of Lochgoin. On the central panel is the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF JOHN HOWIE,
AUTHOR OF "THE SCOTS WORTHIES,"
BORN 1735,—DIED 1793.

I HAVE CONSIDERED THE DAYS OF OLD. Ps. lxxvii. 5.

On the rough boulders that form the base are the names of a number of prominent Reformers and Martyrs.—ED.]

CHAPTER VI

FENWICK

On a green slope there stands an old grey stone,
Hoar with the frost-like moss of many years,
And in it, scooped, a basin, small and rude,
Where Peden seal'd the weeping babes for heaven,
Of Scotland's hunted, persecuted sons.
—*Quoted in* JOHNSTON'S "PEDEN."

ON an unusually pleasant day for the month of November, we left Eaglesham for Fenwick. For the first mile the road is the same as that by which in the preceding chapter we had gone to Lochgoin,—a tableland of treeless country spreads out on either side. Forty years ago it was a bleak moor,—the farm through which the road passes still bears the name of the Kirktown Moor; and, in the cutting at the roadside, with the black peat at the bottom, we see what a barren waste it must have been,—now it is all fertile pasture. Near the road that turns off to Lochgoin the ground begins to rise, until, as cultivation is left behind, another plateau in Eaglesham Moor stretches out for a full mile.

But its aspect is now very different from what it was in August. The heather has laid aside its purple autumnal dress for its russet winter coat, and the recent frost has made away with the wild flowers. But the lark, that sweetest of our songsters, has not yet laid past its music for the winter; and the sparrow now and then adds its chirruping accompaniment; and six times over the moorfowl, with its peculiar cry, which, once heard, can never be forgotten, has risen at our approach. Soon another mile is gone over, and, at the foot of Ballagioch, the road again rises until we are nine hundred and thirty-three feet above the level of the sea. We turn back for a moment to take a parting view of the fertile lands of Carmunnock and Kilbride, and the lochs of Eaglesham, that lie away from us in the distance. As we advance for the next mile, we find ourselves shut in within an amphitheatre. The ground rises on all sides, and the arena is a waste of peat; but no galaxy of beauty, no gazing thousands, throng its sloping sides.

Not a creature is to be seen save a few sheep on the hill top, and not a sound is to be heard. The grouse have gone to the lower grounds. All is as still as silence itself. The landscape is robed in dreariness, for the bent has put on its bleak winter hue. Indeed, for bleak desolation, and yet wild grandeur, the whole formed a scene not easily forgotten.

But we are rising out of the valley, and are again on a hill top. A hundred yards or so to the south is the *Queen's Seat*, so called as the resting-place of Queen Mary on her flight after the battle of Langside. Before us a new country breaks upon the view. We have reached what in Scotland we happily call the *water-shed*,—a term that of late years physical geographers have appropriated as expressive of a meaning which no single term in English had hitherto conveyed. At this water-shed we too, rest, and refresh the eye by gazing on the landscape that lies before us. For a full mile and more it is moor, but beyond this the moor blends into fields, hedges, trees, and farmhouses, that tell of culture and the abode of man; and farther still, sixteen miles away, lies the sea.

We find that the streams now run with us as we go, instead of against us, as has been the case since we left Eaglesham; and after ascending for so many miles inland, as we now descend, with the sea, glancing in the sun, bursting upon us in full view, the never-to-be-forgotten passage in the prince of ancient writers of narrative, rushes to memory, in which he describes the ascent of the Greeks up Mount Theche. For it would be from a similar height that Xenophon and the Ten Thousand would first catch sight of the sea after their dangerous and toilsome march in a strange land, where there was nothing to remind them of their sea-girt home.

The road now runs for a mile and a half down the hill, in a line as straight as an arrow. Shortly after leaving the summit we pass the spot to the north side of the road where, some sixty years ago, the mangled body of a woman was found; but how she was murdered, or by whom, has never been known. It is a secret for the Great Day to disclose. A cairn was raised over the place where she was found, and each traveller, as he passed by, added his stone. Not long since, however, the road had to be repaired, and the good people thought, as one of them said to us, that the sight of the cairn made them *eerie;* and, as the stones were good for the use of man, the whole was turned into road metal. A mile from the hill top we pass Greenfield Burn, the boundary between the two shires; and just before we reach it, the new road to Lochgoin strikes off to the south. As we enter Ayrshire, signs of cultivation begin to appear, and we pass from the bent to pasture-land that has been under the plough. But the farmhouse on the roadside, the first we have seen for two miles, and the decayed trunks of trees, dug up while casting drains, tell us that it was once all like the peat-moss that lies at no great distance behind it. A few trees appear, and at the milestone — which stands where the Romans would have erected a temple to Hecate, at a *trivium*, or place where three ways meet—the road loses its straightness, and we are at Kingswell, the once famous resting-place between Glasgow and Kilmarnock.

The old inn, that had sheltered generations of wayfaring men, has been changed into a quiet farmhouse; and a stillness reigns, where, thirty years ago, all was bustle and activity, for as many as sixteen stage-coaches sometimes passed by in a day. In older times it was not less a place of resort. The track road ran about twenty yards to the south of the present house, and it may be traced for miles over the moor, something in appearance like an old mill-course partially filled up. The traffic of ages had worn it down at least a couple of feet below the surface. "Along this track road," said the tenant of Kingswell to us, "my grandfather, who died at the age of eighty-four, thirty years ago, told me he remembered fifteen pack-horses regularly travelling between Glasgow and the west country." They came always to Kingswell in a string together, and the first horse had a bell on its neck, to give note of the approach of the cavalcade.

Two centuries earlier than this, one of the Jameses passed through on his way to Sorn Castle, to be present at the marriage of one of his courtiers. His journey prospered until he came to what is now called Kingswell, when he met with an accident, not unusual to travellers in the olden times. In trying to pass over an ugly looking *sheuch*, which still looks as bad as it then could have been, the King's horse got bogged, and he came to the inn asking assistance. The innkeeper, seeing him in such a sad plight, inquired after his horse. "It is stabled," said the King; and so the ditch behind the farm outhouses retains the name of the *King's Stable* to this day. A little way from the King's Stable there wells up a spring, out of which the King drank before he mounted horse again. Hence the name *King's Well*.

About a hundred yards to the south-east of the present house is a green field where, two hundred years ago, William Guthrie of Fenwick occasionally preached. It is still called the *Tent Knowe*. A mile from Kingswell, at the toll bar, on the farm of Hairlaw, is a patch of ground, lying on the water side, which gets the name of the *Dead Holm*, where tradition says a battle was once fought, now long forgotten. In 1862, while making a drain in the Holm, a celt was come upon, three feet below the surface. It is three inches in breadth at its broadest part, and five and a half in length, and is formed of a greenish-looking stone, not unlike a Water of Ayr hone. Some thirty years ago another celt was found in the same place. In 1868 the tenant of Kingswell, while cutting a drain, also came upon a celt, about two feet below the surface. It is about six inches in length.

At the stone which marks six miles from Kilmarnock we turned off from the main road and took to the south, and a mile and a half farther brought us to our resting-place at Waterside, a small village that has gathered round a wool-mill on Craufurdland Water, a tributary of the Irvine. From Waterside we set out for Midland and Fenwick. After a mile's drive we passed Midland, a new house erected on the site of an older one. Here John Nisbet of Hardhill was taken prisoner. He and Peter Gemmel, George Woodburn, and an old man, John Fergushill,—their names are worthy of remembrance,—had met together for prayer and other religious exercises, on a Saturday evening in November 1685. They had not been long assembled when they learned that Lieutenant Nisbet, a cousin of Hardhill's, and a party of dragoons were in quest of them. On the Sabbath morning they resolved to depart; but after they had left the house they were obliged to return, on account of the illness of Fergushill. The enemy soon came in sight, and spent an hour in searching the house, but failed to find out where the four were concealed. The soldiers left Midland. On the way two men met them, one of whom, it is said, told them "they were good seekers, but ill finders." They again returned, and their renewed search was successful. The four defended themselves as best they could. They had only three charges, which they shot away—save one which missed fire—and they received twenty-four in return. When the soldiers dashed in upon them they kept them at bay with their empty guns, used as clubs. At last, when the soldiers threatened to fire the house, they went out, and Nisbet received six shots in going, while the other three were seized, and shot dead, without trial, upon the spot—a terrible commentary on an Act of Parliament passed a few months before, and which we transcribe entire, as a sample of the "excellent brevity" which has always marked the Scotch statutes (which, in the preceding century, drew forth the admiration of Bacon), as well as of the unmistakable ferocity of the men then in power:

> "1 James VII., c. 8.—Our sovereign Lord, considering the Obstinacy of the Fanatical Party, who notwithstanding all the Laws formerly made against them persevere to keep their House and Field-Conventicles, which are the Nurseries and Rendevouzes of Rebellion: Therefore, His Majesty, with Consent of His Estates in Parliament, doth statute and ordain, That all such as shall hereafter preach at such Fanatical House, or Field Conventicles; As also such as shall be present as Hearers at Field Conventicles, shall be punished by Death, and Confiscation of their Goods."

Nisbet was pinioned, and taken to Edinburgh. A well-told account of his capture and examination, written by himself, will be found in the "Cloud of Witnesses." He was sentenced to be executed in the Grassmarket on the 4th of December. The "Cloud of Witnesses" also contains the "Last and Dying Testimony of John Nisbet of Hardhill, which he delivered to a Friend in the Iron house when he was taken out to the Scaffold in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, Friday, December 4, 1685." It is a document of some length, and shows Hardhill to have been an ardent patriot as well as a lover of His Bible. To a large extent it is made up of Scripture passages. In a MS. quarto volume in our possession there is another, with the following title: "The Testimony of John Nisbet (who lived in Hardhill, in the parish of Loudon) from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh—1685." It is about a third shorter than the one in the "Cloud of Witnesses." We give one or two ot its closing sentences:

> "Now, in all I have said possibly some may mistake me, and say that I commend myself. But thus and thus I have said to commend the goodness of God, with whom there is no respect of persons. For I can say, from long and sad experience, that of all that have been privileged to suffer for truth I have been the most notorious sinner; and this I leave under my hand, when I am within seven or eight hours to enter into eternity, that all may wonder and admire the condescension of free grace and rich love so freely bestowed upon me. To the commendation of His matchless goodness He has passed by guiltiness and sin in me beyond many. . . . And now I shall shut up my time and discourse with this. Let all wonder, admire, and praise Him for what He has done to me and for me. (Signed) JOHN NISBET."

John Howie adds a note, which merits quotation for what it tells us of the testimony in the "Cloud of Witnesses":

> "*N.B.*—Let none doubt of the veracity of this testimony . . . although it be not the same as to matter or method with that published first in quarto by his son—a soldier in the Castle of Edinburgh—and now in the 'Cloud of Witnesses.' Perhaps it might be either by him corrected and enlarged, or else wrote at a later time, as the one is more full on his own case and the other less so.
>
> "(Signed) JOHN HOWIE, Jan. 1776."

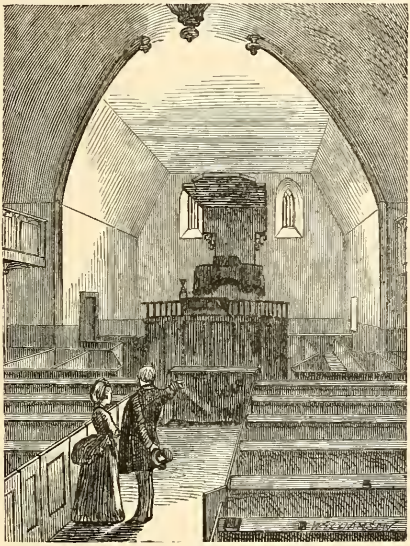
Hardhill is one of the most interesting of the worthies who suffered during the persecution. His great-grandfather, Murdoch Nisbet, attached himself to the Lollards, the witnesses for the truth in the age preceding the Reformation. In consequence of persecution Murdoch had to flee from Scotland, and took a copy of the New Testament "in writ" with him. "The written New Testament" was preserved in the family till the martyr's time, and was bequeathed to him by his father, a man who is said to have trained up his family in the fear of God *very painfully.* John was of a tall and powerful frame. Like many Scotsmen in that age, he passed his early manhood in foreign service. He returned to his native country shortly after the peace of Munster in 1648, and soon after had the happiness to be married to Margaret Law, a young woman, who, says his son, proved to him an equal, true, and kind yoke-fellow.

He was present at the battle of Pentland, and was left for dead upon the field; yet he revived, and escaped under the cover of night, although it was a year before his wounds were entirely healed. At Drumclog he was sent for, and came up in time, after the firing was over, to lead the successful attack, sword in hand, upon Claverhouse and his dragoons. At Bothwell Bridge, according to Wodrow, he was a captain. He occupied the post of honour at the bridge, and stood as long as any man would stand by him. In the retreat he managed to escape. He was denounced as a rebel, and three thousand merks set upon his head. His property was confiscated, his wife and children turned adrift upon the world, and all threatened with like punishment who dared to harbour him or his. His wife was a woman of heroic spirit, and though she and her family—like those in ancient times, of whom inspiration hath declared the world was not worthy—had to wander about in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth, she sympathised with him, and never, says her son, was heard or seen to show the least discontent with her lot. For more than four years she bore up under her trials, till in December 1683, after an illness of eight days, death brought them to an end. She died in "a sheep's cot, where was no light or fire but that of a candle, no bed but that of straw, no stool but the ground to sit on." It was some time ere the tidings of her death reached her husband. He immediately hastened to the place where she died. When he entered the hut the dead body had been in the grave for several days, and new calamities had fallen upon him. The first sight he beheld was the coffin of his daughter, who had died a few hours before; and, on looking round the hut, in a corner lay two of his sons in the delirium of fever. He spoke to them, but they were unconscious of his presence, at which he groaned, and, in the language of the patriarch of Uz,—language in which pious resignation in the midst of sad calamity has so often found utterance,—said, "Naked came I into this world, and naked must I go out of it: the Lord is making my passage easy." Under the protection of midnight the body of the daughter was buried in Stonehouse Churchyard, as had been done to that of the mother eight days before. Next day a search was made for the bereaved husband and father, but happily, for this time, he escaped the hands of his persecutors.

FENWICK CHURCH

"A True Relation of the Life and Sufferings of John Nisbet in Hardhill" was published in 1718 by his son James. It was reprinted in 1847, in the second volume of "Select Biographies," edited for the Wodrow Society by the late Dr Tweedie, of Edinburgh. In substance it appears in the "Cloud of Witnesses," along with several other statements relating to his contendings for the truth, not given by his son. John Howie has given him a place among the Scots Worthies, and from tradition and manuscript sources has told some facts not to be found elsewhere.

Fenwick is little more than half a mile from Midland. It soon came in sight—a long, irregularly built village. We crossed the water of Fenwick, and passed some old-looking houses, the manse garden, well sheltered by trees, and with a fine southern exposure, the manse, a comparatively new building, erected on the site of the old one, in which Guthrie lived, until we came to the churchyard, into which we soon found an entrance. The church is an old-fashioned looking building. It is in the form of a Greek cross. Each of the arms is of equal length. At the west end there is a small steeple. Above the south door is the date of its erection, 1643. Near it are the *jougs*—the pillory in the old times, when criminals were treated in a much more summary manner, and at much less expense to the country, than in these days of reformatories and palatial-looking prisons. The *jougs* consist of an iron collar, made of two semicircular pieces linked together at the one end, and at the other made sure with a padlock. The collar is about six inches in diameter, and is attached to a chain of six links, which at the upper end is fastened into the church wall, about five feet from the ground. The *jougs* are still to be seen in different parts of the country. Last century they were a common and much dreaded



FENWICK CHURCH, INTERIOR

punishment for small offences. But, like the pillory, a mode of punishment in use within living memory at the cross of Glasgow, and the dressing of a bankrupt in a parti-coloured coat, with BANKRUPT in large letters inscribed on the breast, they have gone into entire disuse, and in country districts are used merely as a terror to disobedient children, that if they do not behave they will be put into the *jougs*.

The church is very much as it must have been in the days of Guthrie, save that some fifty years ago the under part was seated. Formerly it was an open, bare, earthen floor, with a single row of seats at the wall, and those who wished a seat brought it with them, much as Jenny Geddes must have done when she was able to hurl the stool she had been sitting upon at the head of the liturgy-loving dean, on the memorable day when the Service-book was attempted to be introduced into the High Church of St Giles, Edinburgh. The pulpit in which Guthrie preached still stands, but in his time it was attached to the wall, where the south and west arms of the cross meet. It is now in the west arm. It is made of oak, ornamented with simple carving, and is lined with the green cloth so common in Presbyterian pulpits, both in this country and in France. At its side, upon an iron stand, is a sand-glass, which runs for half an hour. It is part of the duty of the beadle to turn it when it runs down. A glass and a half, he told us, were the ordinary measure for a sermon; two glasses were fully much. He was very careful to turn it when it ran down, although one minister in the neighbourhood, who had a tendency to length, complained that he turned it too soon; but he could assure us he always waited until the sand was entirely down. The church has three galleries, one in each of the three arms of the cross. The front of the galleries is of carved oak, evidently as old as the date of the building. We were told that it was seated for eight hundred, and from the ease with which the voice was heard within its walls, it was evident that the architect knew what many modern architects have yet to know—how to construct a church without an echo, as pleasant to speak as to hear in.

Fenwick, for some time after the Reformation, was included in Kilmarnock parish. About 1640 it was formed into a new parish, which at first was called New Kilmarnock. By and by it took the name of Phinnick, then Finwick, and now Fenwick. William Guthrie, from whom it derives its chief fame, was its first minister. He was the eldest son of the laird of Pitforthy, an old family in Angus. In early youth he gave signs of more than ordinary ability in the rapid progress he made in the acquirement of the languages of

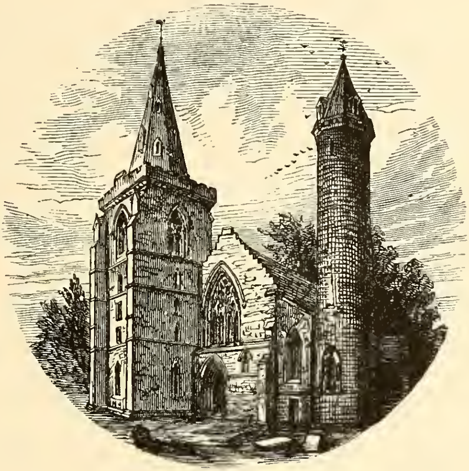
Greece and Rome. He was sent to the University of St Andrews, where he studied philosophy under his cousin, James Guthrie, afterwards minister of Stirling, the first who suffered after the Restoration. William profited largely from the instructions of his learned relative.

After he had taken the degree of Master of Arts, he, according to a practice common in that age, without any thought of the ministry, went to the New College to study divinity. Samuel Rutherfurd was then the professor, having been recently appointed to the chair by the famous Assembly which met in Glasgow in 1638. While professor he preached, as well as did the duties of his chair. All accounts bear testimony to his peculiarly winning manner, and Wodrow speaks of him as one of the most moving and affectionate preachers of his time. His works, which extend over the whole range of theology, give ample evidence of how well fitted he was to be a teacher. The effect produced upon Guthrie was, that he resolved to devote himself to the Christian ministry. Although eldest son, yet, that he might be free from civil cares, Guthrie handed over the estate to a younger brother, the only one of his five brothers who was not a preacher of the Gospel. After licence he became tutor in the family of the Earl of Loudon. While tutor he had been induced to preach in Galston on the day of preparation for the communion. Some of the inhabitants of the new parish were present, and were so taken with him that they resolved, if possible, to secure him for their minister. In this they were successful. It is said that he and the people chose the site on which the church now stands, and that he preached within its walls before it was finished.

He was ordained on November 7, 1644, a year after the church was built. Like many a young minister, he had great difficulties to contend with at the commencement of his ministry. His parishioners were rude and ignorant to a proverb, but ere long he won his way to their hearts. John Howie has preserved some traditions of his power as a leader of his people in the right way. One man, whom he had urged to the duty of family worship, had told him he could not pray. "How?" asked Guthrie. He had never prayed, and so could not, replied the man. "Make a trial," urged Guthrie. At last the man, driven to his wits' end, said, "O Lord! Thou knowest this man will have me to pray, but Thou knowest I cannot." "Stop," interrupted Guthrie, "you have done enough," and then prayed himself, to the astonishment of the man and his wife. After prayer was over, the good woman said to her husband, "Surely this stranger is a minister." Before he left he got them persuaded to come to church next Lord's Day, to see what they thought of their minister. When Guthrie entered, they discovered, to their consternation, that the stranger had been no less than the minister himself. By such arts did he reclaim them, until the people of Fenwick became as noted for their holy living as they had been for the opposite.

When the Restoration came, Guthrie was a marked man, and would have been turned out, along with his brethren, but for the Earl of Eglinton and Chancellor Glencairn. Through their powerful interposition he was permitted to remain nearly four years more in his parish. These years were the most successful of his ministry. Deprived of their own teachers, the people flocked from the surrounding parishes to hear him. They would often come from a distance on the Saturday night, and start away home again early on the Monday morning, amply repaid for the toil of their long journey by the Gospel they had heard. But this increasing popularity stirred up the wrath of the Archbishop of Glasgow, and he was suspended from the office of the ministry. So universally respected was Guthrie, that it was with great difficulty that the archbishop could prevail upon any of his creatures to intimate the suspension. At last the curate of Calder was persuaded. In preparation for his departure, Guthrie and his people kept Wednesday, July 20, 1664, as a day of fasting and prayer. He preached upon the words of Hosea, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself." At the close he intimated sermon for next Sabbath morning, very early, before the suspension could be intimated. Accordingly he met with his people at half-past four in the morning, and preached with more than his usual power on the words following his former text—"But in me is thine help." In the course of the day the curate, supported by a detachment of twelve soldiers, came and declared the church vacant. Wodrow gives Guthrie's answer to the curate's intimation. It has much of the serious earnestness and sobriety of thought for which he was so noted. The curate made little of the reward promised him by the archbishop. In a few days afterwards he came to an untimely end. He died of iliac passion, and his wife and children followed him to the grave within a year. Guthrie continued for twelve months in Fenwick after his suspension, but does not seem again to have preached. In the autumn of 1665 he removed to Angus, to look after his paternal estate, which, through the death of his brother, had again fallen to him. While there he had an attack of gravel, a disease not uncommon in the district. All remedies failed, and, after acute suffering, he died October 10, 1665, at the early age of forty-five. His remains were buried in Brechin.

Guthrie was gifted in many ways. He was a Hebrew scholar, and well acquainted with the learning of his time. His very appearance and manners were captivating. "His voice," says Trail, who knew him well, "was of the best sort, loud, and yet managed with charming cadences and elevations; his oratory singular, and by it he was master of the passions of his hearers." He has left us but one short treatise,—"The Christian's Great Interest,"—first published in 1658, and which was extorted from him by some one printing imperfect notes of a few of his sermons.



BRECHIN CATHEDRAL

No production of any Scotch writer of the seventeenth century has been so often reprinted; and, indeed, none has merited it so well. As a composition it is singularly well written. It is free alike from the digressions, subdivisions, and the use of little particles—the "buts" and "fors,"—that often make the writers of that age so wearisome. It has long been a household book in Scotland; indeed, the treatment of its theme has made it to be prized by good men wherever the English language is known. Of its two parts, perhaps the second is better than the first. Some of its chapters, such as the fifth, *Objections taken from a man's unworthiness and the heinousness of his sin, answered,* and the sixth, *Of the sin against the Holy Ghost,* it would be difficult, within the same limits, to surpass. Professor Dunlop tells us it was a favourite with a divine whom Oxford will yet regard as one of the greatest of the many great men that have taught in her halls of learning: "You have truly men of great spirits in Scotland," said Dr Owen, when speaking of Scotland,—"There is, for a gentleman, Mr Baillie of Jerviswood, a person of the greatest abilities I almost ever met with; and for divines," pulling out of his pocket a little gilded copy of this treatise of Mr Guthrie's, "this author I take to have been one of the greatest divines that ever wrote. It is my *vade mecum*, and I carry it and the Sedan New Testament still about with me. I have written several folios, but there is more divinity in it than in them all."

The "Christian's Great Interest" is one of the works in the "Library of Practical Divinity," published by Collins, Glasgow, prefaced by Dr Chalmers, who speaks of it as a precious companion to the sincere Christian. Dr Chalmers' preface, in its sonorous diction, is in striking contrast with the homely simplicity of Guthrie. Excellent as Dr Chalmers' introductory essay is, the editor of Guthrie has taken liberties with the text which destroy its value as a reprint. He has occasionally altered a Scotch phrase into English, without any indication that Guthrie wrote otherwise. Sometimes the alterations are very indifferent renderings of Guthrie's language. Thus "a place of meeting" does not express the meaning of the fine old Scotch phrase, *a trysting-place*, nor yet is "weak" a proper translation of *feckless*.

The editor, however, has only followed the example set him by Trail, who, a number of years after Guthrie's death, issued an edition that has been the model from which all succeeding editions have been taken. In the early editions published in Guthrie's lifetime, the catechism which professes to be, "The whole treatise resumed into a few questions and answers," is placed at the commencement of the book, and the passages of Scripture in many cases are not quoted at length; the reference is simply given, and there is no division into chapters. Trail, however, put the catechism at the end, inserted the Scripture passages in full, and broke up the whole book into chapters and sections, and altered a word here and there.

There is no life, strictly so called, of Guthrie; but in the copies of the "Christian's Great Interest" published in the middle of the last century, there is generally a preface of about fifty pages, made up of material written by no fewer than four different hands—Dunlop, Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh, who died at the early age of twenty-eight; Robert

Trail, a well-known minister in London; an unknown editor; and Wodrow. The greater part of this preface was included by Dr Tweedie in the second volume of the "Wodrow Society Select Biographies." John Howie's sketch in the "Scots Worthies" is a very good one. It contains several stories of Guthrie that had not been previously published.

John Howie, in his "Collection of Lectures and Sermons," has seventeen sermons by Guthrie, and one of his manuscript notebooks contains seven more. These sermons are obviously imperfectly reported. They are of very unequal merit. The third, on Isa. xliv. 3, "For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground, etc.," and the tenth and eleventh, on Isa. lv. 1, 2, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," etc., are by far the best; they contain passages that show Guthrie to have been no ordinary preacher. Indeed, they give a higher idea of his powers than his acknowledged treatise, which is calmly written, and never rises into such impassioned pleading as in the two following passages, in the first of which we have followed the MS. rather than the printed copy:

"I say to you, take hold of this promise, *i.e.*, 'I will pour water upon him that is thirsty,' etc., to satisfy all your doubts. But ye say, I know not what I want. Indeed, it is true I know not. Ye must have this meikle and that meikle. I answer, if it be offered unto you to satisfy all your fears, take not another way of it, for God will not be scorned; and if ye take it, it will satisfy all your desires, want what ye will. There is in Scripture to satisfy them all. I want faith, say ye—welcome then, say I, for He is the Spirit of faith. I want promises—He is the Spirit of promise. I want holiness—then He is the Spirit of holiness. I trow, I want all grace—then He is called the Spirit of all grace and supplication, and of glory too. But I have a passionate spirit—then He is called the Spirit of meekness. But I have no understanding—then He is called the Spirit of understanding, and a Spirit that searches all things, yea, even the hid things of God. I am destitute of counsel, and I am but a fool, I wist not what to choose—then He is the Spirit of counsel and direction. I cannot pray—then He is the Spirit of supplication. I cannot love—then He is the Spirit of love. I am lifeless in all performances—He is the Spirit of life. I cannot unite with the people of God—then heard ye never of the Spirit of unity? I cannot mourn for my wants—then He is the Spirit that makes folk mourn as one doth for an only begotten.

"Water, ye know, is good for washing and cleansing away of all filthiness—for the softening of any hard thing—for refreshing or quenching of thirst—for cooling hot and fiery humours. All these properties are to be found in Christ. Art thou one of the most filthy creatures upon the earth? Then Christ is that fountain opened for washing away your sin and uncleanness. Is the wrath of God burning in thy conscience for thy sin and guilt of uncleanness? Then Christ brake down the partition-wall, and quenched justice and wrath, and became a curse for us. Hast though an old hard heart, harder than anything thou ever sawest? I say, Christ can soften it, and pour out the Spirit of repentance, and make one mourn for sin, that never mourned for it before. Is thy conscience galled for sin, that thou canst get no rest? Christ is a Prince for this end, to make peace in a soul that is out of peace. Hast thou a desire after Christ, and are all things nothing to thee for want of Him? Then come and venture upon Christ, and thou shalt be satisfied, and filled with Him in such a manner, that out of thy belly shall flow fountains of living waters, *i.e.*, thou shalt have full satisfaction in Him."—Pp. 21, 103.

A small quarto pamphlet ot forty-two pages professes to contain—

The HEADS of some
SERMONS
Preached at *FINNICK*
In *August* 1662
By *Mr* WILLIAM GUTHRY.

* * * *

Printed Anno 1680, Reprinted Anno 1713

The sermons are four in number, but they are not of any value, further than showing the pointedness and homely vigour with which Guthrie preached.

Dr Tweedie has appended to the life of Guthrie "A Sermon on Sympathie," from the words, "Send her away, for she crieth after us" (Matt. xv. 23). In his prefatory note he states that it is printed from vol. xxxi. of the Wodrow MSS. in 8vo, in the Advocates' Library. Both in its matter and completeness it is manifestly either a genuine production of Guthrie's pen, or at least a correct transcript from the original.

But we must leave the church so associated with Guthrie's name, and look through the churchyard. On its west side lie the remains of John Fergushill and George Woodburn. Woodburn's representatives still live in the neighbouring parish of Loudon, at the Mains, a farmhouse about a mile to the north-west of Newmilns, where his sword is still preserved. It is forty and a half inches in length, and has stamped upon it the words "Andrea Ferrara." It was lately put to the test which it is said all the swords of Andrea de Ferrara will stand. Its point was bent round to the hilt, and on being freed from constraint it at once returned to its wonted straightness. Woodburn had oftener than once been in hiding. It was he who was sent to bring Nisbet of Hardhill to Drumclog. Hence he was a marked man. Tradition relates that on one occasion, when the dragoons came to the Mains in search of him, and soon left without finding him, one of their number, after the rest were gone, returned, and charged the mistress of the house to tell George to cover himself better up the next time he hid himself, for he had seen his foot in the spence, peeping through the straw. A simple gravestone marks the spot where the two confessors lie. Its inscription is:

HERE LIES
The dust of JOHN FERGUSHILL
And GEORGE WOODBURN who
were shot at MIDLAND by
NISBET and his party. 1685

When bloody prelates
Once these nations pest
Cuntrived that cursed
Self contradicting test
These men for Christ
Did suffer Martyrdom.
And here there dust lies
Waiting till he come.

RENEWED by SUBSCRIPTION
1829.

Not far from the grave of Woodburn and Fergushill is that of Gemmel, their associate in martyrdom, and an ancestor, by the mother's side, of Robert Pollok, the author of the "Course of Time." Hence, doubtless, the name of one of Pollok's "Tales of the Covenanters"—"Ralph Gemmel." The inscription on his monument has been retouched and deepened, while the gravestone of his companions has been entirely renewed. It is:

Here lies
the Corps of Peter
Gemmel who was Shot to death
by Nisbet & his party 1685 for
bearing his faithful Testimony to the
Cause of Christ. aged 21 years.

This man like holy Anchorits of old
For conscience sake was thrust from
house and hold [short
Blood thirsty Redcoats cut his prayers
And ev'n his dying groans were
made their sport
Ah Scotland breach of solemn vows
repent
Or blood thy crime will be thy
punishment.

The remains of a fourth martyr, James White, lie near those of Gemmel. James White was one of twelve that had met for prayer in Little Blackwood, a farmhouse in Fenwick, now fallen down. They were surprised while engaged in worship. White was the only man who had a firelock—a weapon that had then been recently invented. He fired, but the priming burned away without reaching the charge; and the light caused by the explosion of the gunpowder made him a mark for the soldiery outside. He was shot dead. When the rest were captured, save two who escaped, the captain in command, a ruffian of the name of Peter Inglis, lifted up an axe, cut off White's head, and carried it to Newmilns, and next day amused himself by playing with it as a football. The gravestone of White contains an inscription on both sides. We give both:

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF
JAMES WHITE
WHO WAS SHOT TO DEATH
AT LITTLE BLACKWOOD
BY PETER INGLES AND
HIS PARTY. 1685.

RENEWED
BY
SUBSCRIPTION.
1822

This Martyr was By PETER
INGLES Shot.
By birth a Tyger rather
than a Scot
Who that his monstrous
Extract might be Seen
Cut off his head & kick't it
O'er the Green
Thus was that head which
Was to wear a Crown
A foot ball made by A profane
Dragoun.

Besides the monuments to these four martyrs, there is a stone on the wall at the churchyard gate to two natives of Fenwick—Robert Buntine and James Blackwood—who suffered elsewhere. Robert Buntine was hanged, along with three others—John Hart of Glassford, Robert Scot of Dalserf, and Matthew Paton of Newmilns—at Glasgow, December 19, 1666. Blackwood was executed at Irvine the last day of the same year. Wodrow relates that when Mr Alexander Nisbet, the well-known commentator on Ecclesiastes and St Peter, visited Blackwood and his fellow-prisoner, John M'Coul, he found them much cast down at the near prospect of death. He did what he could to cheer and instruct them in the way of salvation by faith in Christ. Nisbet's ministrations were not lost, for, "when the day of execution came, they died full of joy and courage, to the admiration of all who were witnesses."

It was in connection with the execution of Nisbet, and other eight confessors in Ayr, that the remarkable case of William Sutherland, hangman in Irvine, came into notice. The hangman at Ayr fled when he heard of what he must soon set about. Sutherland was by force brought from Irvine to take his place; but all that authority could do, by fair means or by foul, could not prevail upon him to act as executioner. His declaration, and the narrative of his examination, are in Wodrow, who speaks of them as "rude and in a very homely dress." But Wodrow, with all his desire to amass materials for a history, and to do justice to the memory of the confessors and martyrs in Scotland, neither knew a good narrative when he saw it, nor was capable of drawing up one himself. He was simply a painstaking and laborious collector. Sutherland's paper is perhaps, without exception, the most interesting document in the whole of Wodrow's volumes. It gives a better idea of the lawless and cruel manner in which the minions of the men then in power conducted themselves, than any other production of that age that we can remember.

On the east side of the church there is a monument, erected some few years ago (instead of an older one which had fallen down), to Captain Paton, whose birthplace, Meadowhead, is in Fenwick parish, and whose story will form the theme of a future chapter. The inscription is modern. It is a piece of fulsome bombast, very different from the simple, yet all the more effective, language found on the monuments over the remains of Fergushill and his companions in tribulation.

To the north of the church is the burial-place of the Howie family, since the middle of the seventeenth century. A large flat stone marks the spot where lie the remains of the James Howie who suffered so much during the persecution. A rough but expressive inscription, in the rhyme common to the martyrs' stones, told the story of his sufferings; but some twenty years ago it was obliterated, in order to give way to a piece of tawdry prose, in the usual nauseous style of a churchyard epitaph. We reproduce the old rhyme as it is found in the Appendix to the now rare book, "John Howie's Life":

The dust here lies under this stone
Of James Howie, and his Son John
These two both lived in Lochgoin,
And by Deaths power were call'd to join
This place. The first, November twenty-one,
Years sixteen hundred ninety one
The second, aged ninety year
The first of July was brought here
Years seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
For owning truth made fugitive
Their house twelve times, and cattle all
Once robb'd, and fam'ly brought to thrall
All these, before the Revolution
Outlived Zion's friends 'gainst opposition

And he said unto me, these are they which came out of great tribulation Rev. vii. 14

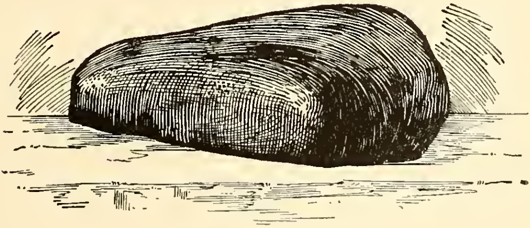
The voice said cry, What shall I cry?
All flesh is grass, and so must ly
As flow'r in field with'reth away
So the goodliness of man decay.

Alongside of James Howie's grave is that of his descendants. It is covered by a similar flat stone, on which their names are inscribed. Four simple lines tell that here rest the mortal remains of the Howie that has given fame to the name:

Also of his son John,
Who lived in Lochgoin, Author of the
Scots Worthies, and other publications,
Who died Jan. 5. A.D. 1793, Aged 57 years.

To the south side of the church, facing the entrance to the churchyard, is a monument to William Guthrie, erected in 1854, at the same time that the monument to Captain Paton was renewed. The first sixteen lines of the epitaph are not unworthy of the monument, but the same cannot be said of the next ten, and the feeble stanza, from what is called Par. lv., with which the whole closes.

Fenwick is a village made up of one long street, divided into two parts, the Kirk Town and Laigh Fenwick, separated from each other by a full eighth of a mile. At its parish school Robert Pollok spent the year and a half which preceded his first going to college. The chief occupation of its people is hand-loom weaving, and, like all hand-loom weaving villages, it has the appearance of having seen better days.



REV. WILLIAM GUTHRIE'S CURLING STONE

CHAPTER VII

MEADOWHEAD, LOUDON, GALSTON, AND NEWMILNS

> Tread lightly on his ashes; for he fell
> Heart full of love to God and all mankind!
> Little it needs the Muse his fate should tell,
> In lofty ode or elegy refined,
> To touch the soul and move the ingenuous mind.
>
> —Rev. J. Murray.

On a fine afternoon, and after a night's heavy rain, we again set out upon our travels. For the first five miles the road was the same as that by which we went to Fenwick in November, but the time now was the end of May—a May that had been more than ordinarily delightful,—that sooner than usual had sent away the bleakness and cold of winter, which, in the higher regions of Renfrewshire and Ayrshire, often linger behind their season, and chill the month which, in warmer regions, is perhaps the pleasantest in the year. The birds were in full song, and made the air vocal with sweet sounds. The road, moor road as it was, had its violets, and here and there the dandelion—a flower whose good properties are more generally recognised by the rabbit than by man—while the moor, generally flowerless, was getting dotted over with the white tufts of what the country people call *cat-lugs* or *moss-crops*. At the Queen's Seat, as the air had been clarified by the night's rain, the Firth of Clyde was visible some seventeen or eighteen miles away. Its surface glistened in the sun, and here and there a steamer was visible with its trail of black smoke behind it. To the south-west was the cone-like Ailsa Craig, and stretching away for miles in the far distance were the rugged heights of the most highland of Scotch islands, the Isle of Arran. About a mile down from the Queen's Seat we come to the Greenfields Burn, the march between Renfrewshire and Ayrshire. Some hundred yards along the march to the south, is pointed out the spot where a poor woman of the name of Bess was burned for a witch. In the beginning of the present century, the then occupant of the farm had occasion to turn up the ground at the place, and a number of calcined human bones were come upon, which he carried away and buried in his own garden at the Greenfields.

In two hours from our starting we rested at Drumtee, where we remained for the night. Drumtee, like most farms in the higher districts of Ayrshire, is famed for the excellence of its dairy produce. While inspecting the implements of cheesemaking, we discussed with our kind hosts the meaning of the word *Whig*. We were told that *whig* is the sour water that gathers beneath the lappered milk before it is churned; that in the churns in use forty or fifty years ago, it was not uncommon to have a small spigot about an inch from the bottom of the churn, which was taken out before the churning began, and the water which flowed out was the *whig*. The water which floats upon the top of churned milk when it stands for a time, as well as that which forms at the bottom of the curd of the cheese before it is pressed, receive also the same name. Jamieson gives as the meaning of *whig*, "an acetous liquor subsiding from sour cream," which, manifestly, is too narrow a signification. Two explanations have been given as to how *Whig* came to be the name ot one of the great parties that have divided Great Britain for nearly two centuries. Defoe says their persecutors represented those who would not accept of the Indulgence, "who were now called Whigs, as a party who were not to be suffered in any government, but that ought to be rooted off from the face of the earth; and this is the first time that the name of a Whig was used in the world, I mean as applied to a man or to a party of men; and these were the original primitive Whigs, the name for many years being given to no other people. The word is said to be taken from a mixed drink the poor men drank in their wanderings, composed of water and sour milk, but that by the way." Burnet's explanation is different, although he too says the word was first applied to the Covenanters. Like Defoe's, it is worth quoting:

"The south-west counties of Scotland have seldom corn enough to serve them round the year, and the northern parts producing more than they need, those in the west come in the summer to buy at Leith the stores that come from the north; and from a word *Wiggam*, used in driving their horses, all that drove were called the *Whiggamors*, and shorter, the *Whiggs*. Now, in that year (1648), after the news came down ot Duke Hamilton's defeat, the ministers animated their people to rise and march to Edinburgh; and they came up marching at the head of their parishes, with an unheard-of-fury, praying and preaching all the way as they came. The Marquis of Argyle and his party came and headed them, they being about six thousand. This was called the *Whiggamors'* inroad; and ever after that, all that opposed the Court came, in contempt, to be called *Whiggs;* and from Scotland the word was brought into England, where it is now one of our unhappy terms of distinction."

Sir Walter Scott adopts Burnet's explanation, while Lord Macaulay seems to lean to that of Defoe.

Next morning we started on our journey. A drive of three miles took us to Waterside. Here we turned off the main road for Meadowhead, the birthplace of Captain Paton. A pleasant drive of a mile and a half through a fine pasture country brought us to the spot. As its name indicates, Meadowhead stands at the head of a tract of land, which, in Paton's day, as now, was meadow ground, noted for its grass growing powers. The tenant of the farm received us kindly, and showed us what still remained of Paton's times. The present house has been built within this century, except part of the west end, which is said to be as old as the seventeenth. Behind the house is a barn, the gables of which are of mud, cased with stones, and rough-cast with lime. Within these gables tradition says Richard Cameron once baptized twenty-two children. The barn is of some size, and on an emergency might hold at least eighty persons. Meadowhead contains no relics of Paton. His sword and Bible long ago came into the possession of the Lochgoin family.

In early life Paton followed the usual occupation of the inhabitants of his native parish of Fenwick, but when he reached manhood he left farming for the life of a soldier. Howie says, that of the way and manner in which he entered on a military life there are various accounts; one is that he served under Gustavus Adolphus, and the other, that he was at the battle of Marston Moor. But they are reconcilable with each other, for the battle of Lutzen, at which the Swedish king was killed, was fought in November 1632, while Marston Moor was not fought till July 2, 1644.

The accession of James VI. to the throne of England, although an event which put an end to the wars that had so often raged between the two countries, was productive of much temporary suffering. It withdrew the expenditure of the Court to London, and seems to have lessened the trade of Scotland. The consequence was, that Scotland, like Ireland in our own time, experienced the distress arising from an over population, and its people went in large numbers to the Continent. The General Assembly, September 1, 1647, issued a pastoral letter "unto the Scots merchants, and others, our country people, scattered in Poland, Swedland, Denmark, and Hungary," and speaks of them "as many thousands of our countrymen, who are scattered abroad." These merchants were in many cases what in this country would be called packmen, who travelled through Germany, Poland, and the northern parts of Europe: and, in an age when towns were few and shops far from being regularly open, gave the inhabitants an opportunity of buying articles of luxury or domestic use. Another class enlisted as soldiers. In all the armies of Europe they were found. Hence they sometimes discovered themselves fighting against each other. But Sweden was the country whose service they preferred. The Swedes were Protestants; Swedish fare was not dissimilar to Scotch; and Swedish armies fought for liberty and Protestantism, and, particularly under Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, were led to victory. Hence Gustavus had large numbers of them in his service. His Scots brigade was an army itself. Its superior officers alone amounted to thirty-four colonels and fifty lieutenant-colonels. At the battle of Lutzen the Scots regiments, by their adoption of platoon firing, are said to have contributed largely to achieve the victory that did so much for the liberties of Protestant Europe.

Whether Paton was at Lutzen we are not told, but it was "for some heroic achievement," says Howie, "at the taking of a certain city (probably by Gustavus Adolphus), that he was advanced to a captain's post." What age he was when he went abroad is not recorded, further than that "when he returned home, he was so much changed that his parents scarcely knew him"—which we take to signify that he went away a lad of eighteen or twenty, and came back a bearded, bronzed warrior of five or eight and twenty.

It is not recorded when Paton returned from Germany; but he joined the army the Scots sent to the aid of the English Parliamentary forces, and was present at the battle of Marston Moor, July 1644, when the combined Scots and Parliamentary troops gained the victory that both gave a fatal blow to the royal cause, and laid the foundation of Oliver Cromwell's future greatness. After Marston Moor, he must soon have returned home, for he was called out, with the militia of his native parish, to resist the raid made by Montrose, in favour of the King, and was present at the battle of Kilsyth, August 15, 1645. Here the daring purpose and quick execution of Montrose carried the day, and the army of the Covenanters was totally defeated. Wishart, Montrose's chaplain—a divine of the school of Baron Munchausen—affirms that the Covenanters lost from four thousand to five thousand, his master losing no more than six. But the statement carries with it its own refutation, for it is impossible that four or five thousand of the vanquished could have been slain, with a loss of six only to the victor. In the rout that followed the defeat, Captain Paton with difficulty escaped. Howie tells the following story of what he and two associates did in the retreat:

"The captain, as soon as he could get free of the bog [into which the Covenanters had been driven], made the best of his way, sword in hand, through the enemy, till he had got safe to Colonels Hacket and Strachan, when all three rode off together. They had not gone far till they were encountered by about fifteen of the enemy, all of whom they killed, except two who escaped. When they had gone a little farther, they were again attacked by about thirteen more, and of these they killed ten. But upon the approach of about eleven Highlanders more, one of the colonels said, in a familiar dialect, 'Johnny, if thou dost not somewhat now, we are all dead men.' To whom the captain answered, 'Fear not; for we will do what we can before we either yield or flee before them.' They killed nine of them, and put the rest to flight."

This is manifestly a soldier's story, much the better of the excitement that three hand-to-hand conflicts might well cause. But it is much more likely to be true than Wishart's fiction, especially if we remember what a weapon the sword, in the hands of a soldier skilled to use it, becomes when his antagonists are of the character of Montrose's army — untrained savages from the Highlands, accustomed more to a whoop, a halloo, and a dash, than to fight in a regular manner.

Howie tells a similar story of his doings, when some soldiers of the Duke of Hamilton's army, under the command of Middleton, attacked a considerable party of the Covenanters at Mauchline, where they had been celebrating the communion. Paton, and his friends from Fenwick, who, at his advice, had taken arms with them, made a spirited resistance, and Paton himself killed eighteen with his own hand.

In the unhappy dispute, which ended in the Covenanters breaking up into two parties, Paton took the side of the Protesters. He was present at the battle of Worcester, September 3, 1651, where he fought with his usual valour; but the genius of Cromwell carried the day and soon ended the war. Paton returned home, resumed the pursuits of his youth by taking the farm of Meadowhead, and soon after married Janet Lindsay, who died in a few months after. At Meadowhead, Paton continued to reside for the rest of his days. He sat under the ministry of William Guthrie, and was a member of his session. When the Covenanters of Galloway, fired by the oppressions of Sir James Turner, took up arms in self-defence, and invited their friends to join them, Captain Paton could not resist the invitation. "He behoved to take the field again, and commanded a party of horse from Loudon, Fenwick, and other places." He was present at the battle of Pentland, and was among the last to quit the field, when the overwhelming numbers of the royal forces made defence no longer possible. In his retreat he was overtaken by Dalziel himself, who knew him, and thought to have taken him prisoner. Each fired at the other. Paton's ball struck Dalziel, but without effect, for, according to the practice of superior officers in that age, he wore chain armour; and when Paton proceeded to load the other pistol with silver, said to be more effective than lead in piercing steel, and which he had with him for an emergency, Dalziel retreated behind his attendant, who was slain. Paton, and two other friends from Fenwick on horseback, were soon surrounded by Dalziel's soldiery, but they cut their way through when there were almost no others fighting on their own side but themselves, and after they had kept their position for nearly an hour.

Dalziel did not suffer Paton to escape without at least another attempt to capture him. He sent three of his troopers in pursuit, after he had given them a description so as to recognise him. They overtook him when he was about to leap a ditch, out of which three terrified Galloway friends had just drawn their horses. The captain, after encouraging his friends, cleared the ditch and faced about, sword in hand, to receive his pursuers. The head of the first he cut in two with a single stroke of his sword. The trooper's horse, deprived of its rider, and stunned by the blow, fell into the ditch, or hag, and, in its fall, drew in the two others along with it, where Paton left them with the message, "My compliments to your master, and tell him I shall not be with him to-night." Paton got back in safety to Meadowhead; but he had become a marked man, and henceforward he had often to betake himself for safety to the wild moors in his neighbourhood. The winter following Pentland, he and twenty more had a narrow escape at Lochgoin, where they had gathered for prayer and pious conversation.

He was not with the brave company at Drumclog, but he soon after joined them with a number of horsemen from Fenwick and Galston, and was present at the fatal defeat at Bothwell

Bridge. We are not told what part he took in the battle, but his presence there led to his being proclaimed a rebel, and a price being set upon his head.

Not long after Bothwell Bridge he had another narrow escape at Lochgoin, the circumstances of which Howie details at length. Although the soldiers surprised him in the house, he managed to escape. Two friends ran with him, and two others less quickly behind him, and now and then fired upon the enemy. One of the shots took effect, and wounded a sergeant in the thigh. This delayed the pursuit, and Paton and his four friends separated—they going together to attract the soldiers, and he by himself. He soon got hold of a horse in the moor, but he had scarcely mounted when he came upon a party of dragoons from Newmilns. However, as he was shoeless, and the horse saddleless, riding slowly, he escaped unobserved. This second series of escapes was soon followed by a third. One of his children died. The time when it was to be buried came to the knowledge of the hireling of Government who drew the stipend of the parish, and he sent word to the soldiers stationed at Kilmarnock to come and seize him in the churchyard. Paton followed the corpse to the burial, but when near the churchyard he was persuaded by some friends to turn back, and thus he escaped.

But Paton was now an old man, and the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, the efforts he had made to advance the good cause, as well as the privations he had suffered through persecution, had largely added to his age. Hence, when his enemies at last came upon him, he was easily taken. His arrest happened in this way. He was in the house of Robert Howie in Floack, in the parish of Mearns—a house seen from the Queen's Seat, about a mile and a half to the north, and alongside of which runs the new road from Kilmarnock to Glasgow—when a party of five soldiers claimed him as their prisoner. Contrary to his usual practice, he had no arms, but the inmates of the house offered him assistance—had it been ten years earlier he had been able for the soldiers single-handed—but he declined their aid. He feared that it would bring them into trouble, and he was now well stricken in years, and worn out with fleeing from place to place; and, moreover, he added he was not afraid to die, for of his interest in Christ he was sure. The soldiers, therefore, made an easy capture. They took him to Kilmarnock, under the supposition that he was some aged minister, for the inmates of Floack had not disclosed his name; but on the way, at a place still shown, called Muir-Yett, a farmer standing at his door cried out, "Alas! Captain Paton, are you there!" and thus the soldiers first learned the value of the prize they had taken. From Kilmarnock he was conveyed to Ayr, from Ayr to Glasgow, and thence to Edinburgh. Here, Howie relates, General Dalziel met him, when compassion for his old companion in arms got the better of him—they had fought side by side at the battle of Worcester—and he took him in his arms, and said, "John, I am both glad and sorry to see you. If I had met you on the way before you came hither I should have set you at liberty, but now it is too late. But be not afraid, I will write to his Majesty for your life." His trial took place very shortly after his apprehension, on April 16th, and he was sentenced to be hanged at the Grassmarket, on Wednesday 23rd. He was twice respited. Dalziel was as good as his word; he procured a reprieve for him. But Paterson, Bishop of Edinburgh, kept it up until it was of no avail, and Paton was executed on Friday, 9th May 1684. Nothing has been recorded of his last moments, save that we learn from the inscription on his Bible, that he handed it down from off the scaffold to his wife, Janet Millar from Eaglesham, whom he had married some years after the death of his first. His testimony is in the "Cloud of Witnesses." It is a tersely expressed, Christian soldier-like statement, and its evangelical savour tells how much he had profited under the preaching of his beloved minister, William Guthrie. In its opening sentence he says:

> "Dear friends and spectators,—You are come here to look upon me, a dying man, and you need not expect that I shall say much, for I was never a great orator or eloquent of tongue, though I may say as much to the commendation of God in Christ Jesus as ever any poor sinner had to say."

The closing paragraph is as remarkable for its beauty of expression as for its undoubting faith in a covenant-keeping God. It is:

> "Now I leave my poor sympathising wife and six small children upon the Almighty Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who hath promised to be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow; the widow and the orphan's stay. Be Thou all in all unto them, O Lord. Now the blessing of God, and my poor blessing, be with them; and my suit to Thee is, that Thou wouldst give them Thy salvation. Now farewell, wife and children; farewell all friends and relations; farewell all worldly enjoyments; farewell sweet Scriptures, preaching, praying, reading, singing, and all other duties, and welcome Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. I desire to commit my soul to Thee in well-doing. Lord, receive my spirit.
>
> "(Signed) JOHN PATON."

Paton was buried in the corner of Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh, in the sacred spot where the dust of so many martyrs lies. In Fenwick Churchyard, as we have seen, his fellow-parishioners, soon after the Revolution, erected a monument to his memory.

John Howie's life of Paton, in the "Scots Worthies," is perhaps the best in the volume. It contains more traditionary matter than most of the others, and is a good specimen of Howie's manner.

After taking a second view of the premises of Meadowhead, and examining a curious specimen of an old clock, with the inscription, "Richard Amos, St Andrews, Holborn, fecit," we again started on our journey. A mile from Waterside brought us to Horsehill, a farmhouse embowered among trees. Here Robert Pollok lived when at school in Fenwick. Here his ancestry, by the mother's side, resided for at least two centuries. Like many families in Fenwick, they suffered much during the persecution in the latter years of the Stuarts. David Gemmel, Pollok's maternal great-great-grandfather, had for safety to flee to Ireland, where he was an exile for three years, while his land was confiscated. John, a younger brother to David, was banished in 1685 to the Barbadoes, where he was kept in slavery till the Revolution; while Peter, the youngest brother, was, as we have seen, shot at Midland, and lies buried in Fenwick Churchyard.

MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN PATON

Another mile, and on the side of the road was Little Blackwood, where the prayer-meeting was surprised which ended in the death of James White, another of the martyrs of Fenwick. The buildings have entirely disappeared, but the field in which they stood is still called Blackwood Park, and now forms part of the farm of Dykescroft. Farther on, and on the same side of the road, were Berryhill and Moss-cow, where the lime-pits told us we were within the rich field of minerals that has done so much to enrich the northern part of Ayrshire. Soon we came between the well-trimmed hedges, characteristic of the roads on the Loudon estate, and the plantations of magnificent trees, that from their age—at the least a century—tell that Scotland had proprietors fond of planting before Dr Johnson's time; and passed Loudon Castle about half a mile away. Another half mile from the avenue to the castle, we came upon Loudon Churchyard. Of the church nothing now stands but the gable walls. Last century the congregation migrated to the more central gathering-place for the parish at Newmilns. Attached to the east gable is a square tower, the burying-place of the Loudon family—a family that, in its first Earl, Chancellor Loudon, and oftener than once since, has done good service to the cause of liberty. A small grating on the north side of the tower looks into the vault below, on the floor of which seven coffins may be seen through the gloom. To the south side of the tower a flat stone marks where other members of the family lie.

To the east of the tower is a stone three feet in height by two and a half feet in breadth, with the following inscription:

A Crown.

HERE LIES
THOMAS FLEMMING OF
LOUDON HILL.
Who for His Appearing in ARMS
In his Own Defence & in Defence
OF THE GOSPEL.
According to the Obligations of
Our National Covenants And
Agreeable to the WORD
of GOD [clog
Was Shot in a Rencounter at Drum
June 1st 1679 by bloody GRAHAM
of Claverhouse.

From Loudon Churchyard to Galston is little more than half a mile. We crossed a fine bridge over the Irvine—a stream which divides Cunningham from Kyle. The parish church was easily found. It is a spacious modern building. To the south in the churchyard is a monument three feet in height by two feet six inches in breadth. On its one side it has sculptured in basso-relievo an open Bible, with Rev. xii. 11 on its pages, and a man with a soldier pointing a gun at him. Beneath the figures is the following inscription:

HERE LIES ANDREW RICHMOND
Who was killed by bloody GRAHAM of
Claver-House
June . 1679.
For his Adherence to the WORD of GOD &
Scotland's Covenanted Work of *Reformation*

When bloody Tyrants here did rage
Over the *LORD'S OWN* Heritage
To persecute His noble Cause
By Mischief Framed into Laws
Cause I the Gospel did defend
By Martyrdom my life did end.

On the other side: "Renewed in 1823. The figure below represents Galston Covenanters' flag." The flag bears the inscription: "For God and State, Kirk and Covenants, and the Work of Reformation. Galston. God is ever the same."

Nothing seems to be known of Andrew Richmond further than what the inscription tells. His name does not occur in Wodrow.

In another part of the churchyard is a monument, with the following inscription on its east side:

IN MEMORY
of
JOHN RICHMOND
Younger of Knowe
Who was executed at the Cross of Glasgow
March 19h 1684, and interred in
The High Church yard there.
AND
JAMES SMITH.
East Threepwood
Who was Shot near Bank of Burn Ann.
By CAPTAIN INGLIS and his dragoons
And buried there.
ALSO
JAMES YOUNG & GEORGE CAMPBELL
Who were banished in 1679.
AND THE
REV. ALEXANDER BLAIR
Who Suffered Imprisonment 1673.

On the other side there is a piece of wordy bombast, in marked contrast with the simple yet effective lines in which the generation after the Revolution commemorated the deeds of their fathers.

As we shall afterwards see when we visit the tombs of the martyrs in Glasgow, the name of John Richmond of Knowe—a farm between Galston and Hurlford—occurs on the monument in the High Churchyard. James Smith is on the long list of fugitives contained in the proclamation of 1684, but nothing further has been recorded of him save what is on the monument. James Young and George Campbell were taken at Bothwell, conveyed to Edinburgh, imprisoned in Greyfriars' Churchyard, and, with more than two hundred and fifty others, banished to the plantations. The ship was wrecked off the Moul Head of Deerness, as we have seen, and James Young and George Campbell both perished.

Rev. Alexander Blair was minister at Galston. He was a man of more than ordinary mark among his brethren. He was one of eight summoned before the Chancellor, after the Act for restoring Prelacy had been passed in 1662, to express their submission to the prelates, or suffer punishment as a warning to others. They obeyed the summons. At least six of their number steadfastly refused to acknowledge the right of the Crown to make changes in the government of the Church. After he had been kept in prison for nearly four months, Blair was deprived of his charge, and forbidden to live within the bounds of his Presbytery, or in Edinburgh or Glasgow.

In March 1669 he was summoned to Ayr, along with other ten of his brethren in the west, to answer to the crime of *preaching and baptizing*. The summons was served upon him with the utmost rudeness. He was compelled to give a bond that he would appear, and even his family were turned out of the house in which they had taken up their abode. Thus bound, he appeared at Ayr, and answered the questions put to him with such candour, that the greater part of the committee before whom he had been called would have dismissed him, but the Archbishop of Glasgow's agent opposed his dismissal, and prevailed upon them to cite him before the Council in Edinburgh. At the meeting of the Council, Blair owned that he had preached, but not in the fields. He was dismissed, and returned in safety to his home; but on the day of his dismissal a proclamation against conventicles was issued, to the effect that heritors who permitted them in their lands should be fined £50 for each offence.

In the *Act anent the Indulgence*, September 3, 1672, Blair's name occurs along with a "Mr Adam Alison," as confined, in the exercise of his ministerial functions, to the parish of Galston. When the

29th of May came round, the day appointed to give thanks to God for the restoration of the marvellously excellent monarch, Charles II.,—a signal favour the British nation continued annually to celebrate by a particular service in the English Liturgy, by firing its cannon, and closing its banks, down to our own time,—it was found that none of the indulged ministers had observed it. The consequence was that all were cited to appear before the Council. Here one of their number was asked if he had kept the Council's instructions, sent along with the Act of Indulgence, to exercise his ministry nowhere else than in the parish to which he had been confined, and to celebrate the communion on one and the same Lord's Day as the other indulged ministers, and replied he had not seen them. The Chancellor explained that there must have been some mistake, and ordered all to attend that day week, to hear their sentence and to receive copies of the instructions. During the interval the ministers agreed that if the instructions were presented to them, Mr George Hutchison, of Irvine, should, in their name, state what encroachment the Indulgence had made upon their liberty. When the day came the Council, however, took care not to call Mr Hutchison until nearly all the others had been asked if they had a copy of the instructions. This delay led some of the brethren to resolve to speak for themselves. Blair was the first who spoke. When the clerk handed him the paper, he said to Rothes, "My Lord Chancellor, I cannot be so uncivil as to refuse a paper offered me by your lordships, but I can receive no instructions from you for regulating the exercise of my ministry, for if I should receive instructions from you, I should be your ambassador." These spirited words greatly offended the Chancellor. The other ministers were dismissed, but Mr Blair was ordered to be carried to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. Here he lay a close prisoner from July until December. The confinement brought on serious illness; and the records state that, on the 4th of December, "Mr Alexander Blair is allowed by the lords to go to a house in Edinburgh, by reason of his sickness," on a pledge being given, under a penalty of 5000 merks (£274 sterling), that he would re-enter prison in a month. When the month expired he was given another fortnight, but ere it closed, he died "in much joy," says Wodrow, "and full assurance of faith."

From the churchyard we retraced our steps, passed through Galston, crossed the Irvine, and took the road that leads to Newmilns that we have described in our visit to Drumclog.

Newmilns, or Newmills, is of some antiquity. It was erected into a burgh of barony so far back as 1490. In the list given by

John Knox of the Lollards of Kyle, who were summoned before King James IV. in 1494, there is the name of a "Johne Campbell of New Mylnes," but nothing further is known of him. James Gregg was minister of the parish in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He was a man of more than ordinary energy. He preached with "such earnestness and urging vehemency," says Livingston, who knew him, "that sometimes, with striking two fingers of the one hand on the palm of the other, the blood hath come out from the top of his fingers." His energy was not confined to the pulpit. Livingston tells, that he had heard him say that in one winter alone, and evidently through his exertions, "about forty persons in the parish, each more than forty years of age, had learned to read that so they might read the Bible."

Gregg took a prominent part in the struggle the Church of Scotland maintained with James VI. for spiritual liberty. He was a member of the Assembly at Aberdeen, in July 1605. Of the members chosen, few appeared on the appointed day, the 2nd of the month, and these few were told by the Royal Commissioner that he had letters, in virtue of the royal prerogative, charging them not to meet. Notwithstanding this injunction they met, but only to prorogue the Assembly to the next month. Gregg was not present on the 2nd. With several others he did not arrive till the 5th of the month, "being hindered," says James Melville, "pairtlie by evil wether, and spaits of waters, and pairtlie by mistaking of the day." Although too late for business, the late comers expressed their approval of what the Assembly had done. The King was in great wrath at their boldness. They were summoned before the Council in October, and were ordered, as "convict of disobedience to his majestie's charge, to enter their persons in sundrie castells and ward houses." Gregg was confined in Dumbarton Castle. The Gunpowder Plot had been detected in the November of that same year, and it was hoped that the deliverance thus vouchsafed to the King would lead him to give up persecuting "poore ministers." But James was a firm believer in the divine right of kings, and so, says Calderwood, "he relented nothing, and insisted more eagerly, both by pen and by tongue, saying, the Papists were seeking his life indeed, but the ministers were seeking his crown, dearer to him than life." Gregg lay for nearly two years in prison. He returned to Newmilns, and was alive in 1630, when Livingston heard him. He was succeeded by John Neave or Nevay, who soon showed himself not unworthy of being his successor.

Nevay was a member of the General Assembly in 1647. When the Westminster Assembly sent "the Paraphrase of the Psalmes" for the consideration of the Church of Scotland, he had the high honour of being appointed, with three others, to revise it. The last thirty Psalms fell to his share. He must have been a man of refined taste—M'Ward speaks of him as the "acute and distinct Nevay"—and fully abreast of the literature of his age, for these thirty Psalms do not contain a single obsolete expression, an excellence that cannot be affirmed of any other consecutive thirty in the book. He was much esteemed by a competent judge, Chancellor Loudon. Wodrow says of him, that he was "a person of very considerable parts and bright piety. There is a handsome paraphrase of his upon the Song of Solomon, in Latin verse, printed; and I have seen some accurate sermons of his upon Christ's temptation, which I wish were published." Three months after Alexander Blair, his neighbour in Galston, he received a peremptory summons to repair to Edinburgh, to answer to the charge of "seditious carriage." The 9th of December was the day appointed for his appearance, but his case does not seem to have been taken up until the 23rd, when he was examined, and, on his refusal to take the oath of allegiance, was banished out of the kingdom. He went to Holland, at that time what Britain is now the land of liberty, where they who escaped from the hand of the persecutor found freedom, sympathy, and protection. He seems chiefly to have resided at Rotterdam, where, along with M'Ward, Trail, Brown of Wamphray, and Livingston, he ministered to the Scots congregation, and kept alive in the breasts of the many exiles from Scotland, hope of better days for their native land.

His old parishioners in Newmilns were not forgotten by him. A correspondence was kept up between both. In addition to letters, his parishioners seem to have sometimes sent him money. In 1669 he says—"About a year since I sent a book of sermons which were preached among you, upon the Covenant of Grace and Temptation of Christ, all written with my own hand, to be made use of in Christian meetings, and to pass from hand to hand among those that hunger after the Word." The sermons on the Covenant of Grace were published at Glasgow in 1748, in a 12mo volume of four hundred and seventy-six pages, with a preface by one William Young, Threepland, Eaglesham, in which he says they are printed from the author's own manuscript. A list of subscribers to the extent of six hundred and seventy-five copies follows the preface. Two letters of Nevay to his parishioners are appended to the volume. The sermons are short, averaging each about nine pages, and, in accordance with a fashion of the time, are all from one text, 2 Sam. xxiii. 1, 2. In reality, however, they form a small system of divinity, on the author, the parties, the properties, the blessings, the fruits, and the duties of the Covenant of Grace.

These frequent letters and sermons seem to have attracted the notice of the authorities in Scotland, for in 1670 Charles II. demanded of the States-General that he, along with Trail and M'Ward, be required to remove from their territories. With great reluctance the States complied with the demand to the extent of asking the three to leave Rotterdam. M'Ward retired to the neighbourhood of Utrecht, where he lived unmolested. Whither Nevay went is not recorded, further than that he remained in seclusion somewhere in Holland until his death.

Newmilns has its martyr monuments. The first of these is in a *kailyard* behind a house on the opposite side of the street to the parish church, and somewhat before we come to the church. It has the following inscription:

RENEWED IN
1822
Here LIES JOHN LAW,
Who was shot at NEWMILLS, At
The relieving of 8 of CHRIST'S—
Prisoners, Who were taken at A meet^{g}
For Prayer at Little Blackwood, in the
Parish of KILM^{K} in April 1685, By CAPT
INGLIS and his PARTY, For Their
Adherence to the Word of GOD
And Scotland's Covenanted Work
of Reformation.

Cause I CHRIST'S Prisoners reliev'd
I of my Life was soon beriev'd.
By cruel Enemies with rage
In that Rencounter did engage.
The Martyr's honour & his Crown
Bestow'd on me O high Renown
That I Should not only believe,
But For CHRIST'S cause my life should
give.

The eight prisoners were those taken at the prayer-meeting in Little Blackwood, as narrated in a previous chapter. They were all taken to Newmilns, and there put into prison. Next day Inglis brought them all out, and had them blindfolded for immediate execution, when some friend said to him, that, no doubt, he was safe enough in what he was doing, so long as the present rulers were in power, but if a change came, he might be called in question for giving men quarters, and putting them to death without shadow of law; and advised him to write to Edinburgh for authority to shoot them, an authority which would at once be granted. Inglis took the advice, and sent his son to Edinburgh for an order from the Council, which he readily obtained. Meanwhile, the friends of the prisoners had agreed to make an attempt to relieve them. A night was fixed upon, but they met a night earlier, for which none of them ever could account, but that in the providence of God it had been ordered so. The very night of the attack, Inglis was in the neighbourhood with an order in his pocket to shoot the eight on the morrow. The friends succeeded in their attack. They shot the sentinel, and broke open the gates with forehammers, taken from a smith's shop close at hand. They met with little further resistance save from one of the soldiers, who aimed at them with his firelock, while they were busy with the gates; but ere he could fire he was himself shot dead. Inglis, who commanded the castle, was in such a state of fear that he crept in below a bed until the Covenanters were gone. Tradition says nothing of any loss on the part of the Covenanters while breaking into the prison, so that John Law must have been afterwards discovered and shot. [In the "New Statistical Account of Scotland," vol. v., we find the following incident recorded in connection with the parish of Loudon: "The prisoners rescued at Newmilns, in their flight to the moors, passed the house of John Smith, farmer in Croonan. He, out of compassion, supplied them with some food; and for this simple act of humanity he was shot dead next day at his own door by the dragoons of Captain Inglis."—Ed.]

The parish churchyard contains several monuments. There is one on the east side of the church to JOHN GEBBIE in FEOCH, and another on the west side to JOHN MORTON in BROOMHILL. Both are similar in size and inscription to the monument to Thomas Flemming in Loudon Churchyard. Both monuments have sunk considerably into the ground; indeed, Morton's has sunk so much that half only of the inscription can be read, and Gebbie's is little better. John Morton, as we have seen, was the only one shot dead on the battlefield on the side of the Covenanters at Drumclog. He was a well-known Covenanter. Tradition relates that the soldiers were once sent after him, and meeting him on the road, without knowing who he was, they asked him if he knew where John Morton lived. He replied that he did. "Well, then," said the soldiers, "you must take us to his house." Morton led them, hoping in some way or other to escape out of their hands; but when not far from his house, some one on the road, who knew him, thoughtlessly exclaimed, "John Morton, are you with the soldiers!" and he was at once made prisoner. In the house, however, the soldiers were overpowered and pinioned, their arms were taken from them, and they were blindfolded and led away over the moor, under the direction of a half-witted person, until they were in sight of Eaglesham, when he untied the ropes with which they had been bound, and set them free.

John Gebbie was wounded at Drumclog, and died some time after the battle. Nothing further is known of him.

On the east wall of the churchyard there is a monument to the memory of five martyrs to the cause of liberty in the reign of Charles II. The inscription, like several we have seen, takes care to commemorate the parishioners of Loudon as well as the martyrs:

> ERECTED Sept. 1829.
> By the
> Parishioners of Loudon in testimony
> of their deep admiration of the
> noble struggle, in defence of the
> civil and religious liberties of their
> country, against the despotic and
> persecuting measures of the House
> of Stuart, maintained by the under
> named martyrs belonging to this
> Parish, who suffered and died for
> their devotedness to the Covenanted
> Work of Reformation.
>
> —— — ——
>
> MATTHEW PATON, Shoemaker in
> Newmilns who was taken in the
> Rencounter at Pentland & executed
> at Glasgow. Dec. 19th 1666.
> DAVID FINDLAY. who was shot at
> Newmilns, by order of Dalziel 1666
> JAMES WOOD taken at the battle
> of Bothwell bridge & executed at
> Magusmuir Nov. 25th 1679.
> JOHN NISBET in Glen executed at
> Kilmarnock. April 14th 1683.
> and JAMES NISBET in Highside
> executed at Glasgow. June 11th 1684
>
> — —
>
> These are they who came out of
> great tribulation. Rev. vii. 14.

The "Cloud" gives 4th April as the date of John Nisbet's execution; and 5th June as that of James Nisbet's.

Paton was tried at Glasgow on Monday, the 17th December, along with Robert Buntine of Fenwick, John Hart of Glassford, and Robert Scot of Dalserf. The four had been taken prisoners after the battle of Pentland. It was ably pleaded on their behalf, that as quarter had been given them on the field of battle, they could not now be put to death; but the court rejected the plea, and sentenced them to be hanged on Wednesday, the 19th, little more than a day after their trial. "Accordingly," says Wodrow, "they were executed that day. The men were mostly cheerful, and had much of a sense of the Divine love upon them, and a great deal of peace in their sufferings." At their execution was introduced a practice which had been common a century previous with the Duke of Alva in his reign of terror, when Captain-General of the Netherlands, and which, perhaps, more than anything else, tells of the cruelty of the men then in power—the soldiers beat the drums when the sufferers began to speak to the multitude.

David Findlay's story is one of the most terrible of a period that abounded in terrors. Shortly after the battle of Pentland, Dalziel, with a considerable body of troops, marched westward, and took up his headquarters in Kilmarnock. Here the soldiers lived as if in an enemy's country. So much was this the case, that the people in and around Kilmarnock reckoned their losses in a few months at upwards of 50,000 merks, *i.e.*, nearly £3000, and in the poverty of Scotland at that age, a much larger sum than it would be now. Dalziel himself summoned the country people, whomsoever he pleased, before him. Wherever suspicion alighted there was an object to be called into his presence. David Findlay belonged to Newmilns, but he happened to be at Lanark when the Covenanting army, under Wallace, came thither. Dalziel caused him to be brought before him, when he owned that he had been accidentally at Lanark when the army passed through, but he had not joined their ranks. Dalziel asked him whom he saw there, but Findlay could tell him little, as he was a stranger in Lanark. To the surprise of all, without further trial, he ordered him immediately to be shot. Neither Findlay, nor the officer charged to execute the sentence, could at first believe Dalziel to be in earnest; but they soon found otherwise. Findlay pleaded, for the Lord's sake, with the lieutenant, for one night's time to prepare for eternity. Moved by the poor man's entreaty, the lieutenant went and earnestly besought that he might be spared for another day; but Dalziel was inexorable, his only answer was, "That he would teach him to obey without scruple;" and "so," says Wodrow, "the man was shot dead, stripped naked, and left dead upon the spot."

James Wood was present at Bothwell Bridge, and was taken prisoner; when taken he had no weapon of any kind, yet, because he would not call the rising which ended in Bothwell Bridge, rebellion, and Sharp's death, murder, he was sentenced to be hanged at Magus Muir, on November 18th, "upon account of the Bishop of St Andrew's death," along with other four equally innocent with himself in bringing

Sharp to the end for which he was so ill prepared. The sentence was not carried out till the 25th November.

John Nisbet is sometimes called "John Nisbet the younger," to mark him out from John Nisbet of Hardhill. He was tried at Kilmarnock on the charge of being at Bothwell Bridge. The "Cloud of Witnesses" contains his examination, as reported by himself. The answers he gave are those of a man who was able to have all his wits about him when before his enemies, and who, however he might involve himself, would betray none of his friends. He was sentenced to be hanged at Kilmarnock, April 4, 1683. The "Cloud of Witnesses" also contains his last testimony. A single sentence from it will tell the faith of the man:

"I bless and magnify His Holy name, that ever He brought me out of a state of nature, and brought me into an estate of grace and salvation, through the virtue of the blood of Christ; and exalted be His holy name, that He hath given me a sight of my own weakness, and also a sight of the deceitfulness of my own evil heart, and the mystery of iniquity abounding there; and also a sight of the remedy of the blood of Christ, with His Spirit engaging me to Himself, and letting me see Himself altogether lovely and precious; so that I may safely say, 'there is none in heaven or in earth that I desire beside Him.'"

Wodrow says, that "He had a grave courage and staidness when he came to the place of execution. He prayed, and sang Psal. xvi. 5, to close, with a great deal of affection and joy." He then handed his Bible to his uncle, and made himself ready for the executioner. When all was prepared, contrary to his expectation, he found that he would be allowed to speak to the multitude, which he did "in an extemporary discourse, pressing them to godliness" until "a confusion was raised by the soldiers," "and he was turned off when commending his soul into his Father's hands."

James Nisbet belonged to Highside, a farm about three miles to the north-east of Darvel. He had gone to Glasgow, to be present at the burial of John Richmond of Knowe, when he was recognised by Lieutenant Nisbet, a cousin of his own, and apprehended. On examination, he was soon entangled with the questions put to him. He was executed at the Howgate Head, Glasgow, June 5, 1684. "He died in much peace and full assurance." His "Last Testimony" is in the "Cloud of Witnesses." Its expression of faith in Christ is not less strong than that of John Nisbet of the Glen. He says:

"I die for the hope of Israel, and as a witness for the name of

Jesus Christ, of which hope I am not ashamed. Now I invite all who love His name, and the welfare of Zion, to praise Him, for I may set my seal to it, that He is a good Master to all who will come to Him; for I may say He hath been good to me, and has let me see a sight of my sins, and a sight of the remedy that He has purchased by His blood through His death for me, who was born an heir of hell and wrath, by nature. Glory be to His great name who has made me free from my sin, and made me as if I had never sinned."

While in prison James Nisbet received much ill usage. The compilers of the "Cloud of Witnesses" append the following note to his testimony:

"This martyr was so inhumanly treated, and constantly watched, that it was with much difficulty he got anything written, and that only a line now and then."

Not far from the monument to Matthew Paton and his fellow-sufferers is one to the memory of Nisbet ot Hardhill. The inscription is modern, and of the same character as that upon the monument to the memory of the martyrs in Galston.

To the Memory of
JOHN NISBET of *HARDHILL*
who suffered martyrdom at the Grassmarket
EDINBURGH. 4th December, 1685.
Animated by a Spirit
To which Genuine Religion alone could give Birth,
the pure flame of civil & Religious Liberty alone
could keep alive,
He manfully struggled for a Series of YEARS
To stem the Tide of National Degeneracy,
And liberate his Country from the tyrannical Aggressions
Of the perjured House of
STUART
His conduct in arms at PENTLAND, DRUMCLOG and BOTHWELL BRIDGE
In opposition to Prelatic Encroachments
& in defence of Scotland's Covenanted Reformation,
Is recorded in the annals of
Those *oppressive* Times.
His remains lie at EDINBURGH,
But the inhabitants of this his NATIVE PARISH
And Friends to the Cause for which he Fought
and Died,
Have caused this stone
TO BE ERECTED.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MARTYRS OF GLASGOW

> They never fail who die
> In a good cause! The block may soak their gore,
> Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
> Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
> But still their spirit walks abroad.
>
> —*Quoted in* JOHNSTON'S "PEDEN."

KNOX begins his "History of the Reformation," by telling that "in the scrolls of Glasgow is found mention of one whose name is not expressed, that in the year of God 1422 was burnt for heresy, but what were his opinions, or by what order he was condemned, it appears not evidently." The researches of recent historians have not yet discovered the name of this martyr.

Glasgow was not behind the other leading towns of Scotland in embracing the principles of the Reformation, but it was not until 1562 that it obtained a Protestant minister in David Wemis or Wemyss, 1562-1615. According to Spotswood, the Magistrates in Wemyss' time, instigated by Andrew Melville and other ministers, were about to demolish the Cathedral and build a number of small churches with the materials, when they were prevented by the riotous opposition of the trades. Cleland in his "History of Glasgow" repeats the story, although he unwittingly gives in a footnote an order to the Magistrates which commands the very opposite. Dr M'Crie in his "Life of Melville" shows the groundlessness of Spotswood's statement, and proves that the Magistrates and ministers, so far from seeking to destroy the Cathedral, did their utmost to uphold it in its integrity, save that they removed the idols and altars with which it had been desecrated by Rome.

A list of the ministers of Glasgow from Wemyss onward, will be found in Scott's "Fasti." It contains many names yet justly revered. The fifth in succession is James Durham, called to the Blackfriars in 1647, and translated to the Cathedral or High Church in 1651. He died in 1658. Several of his eleven different publications have been repeatedly reprinted, and all merit the attention of the student.

Perhaps the most worthy of perusal in our time is his treatise on Scandal. Its latter part, extending to one hundred and fifty pages, treats of "Scandalous Divisions," and discusses with the minuteness characteristic of the age, yet with much earnestness and wisdom, and catholicity, the question of the union of Christians.

In 1588 the increasing population of Glasgow led to a second minister being appointed. The fourth in this collegiate charge was David Dickson, Professor of Divinity in the University, the author of many books now forgotten. But his name still lives in the traditions of his successful ministry when at Irvine, and in his well-known hymn:

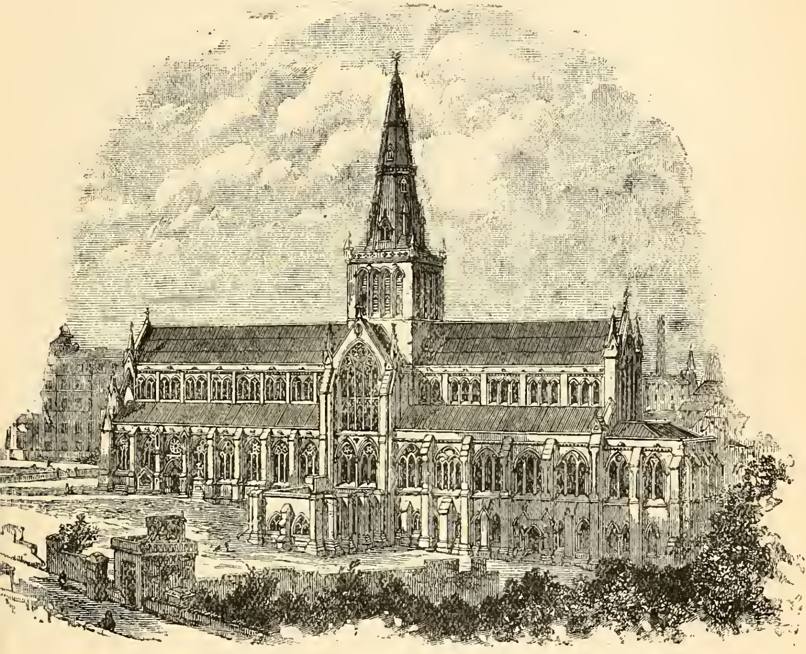
> "O mother, dear Jerusalem!
> When shall I come to thee," etc.

Dickson's successor was Patrick Gillespie, a favourite with Cromwell. Gillespie was succeeded by James Carstares, a successful preacher, remarkable for his power in prayer, and the editor of most of Durham's works. He suffered much during the years of persecution. He died at Edinburgh, February 5, 1686. His son was the chosen counsellor of William III.—the William Carstares whom Macaulay justly calls one of the most remarkable men of his age.

Carstares was translated to the Collegiate charge from the Outer High Church, where he was succeeded in 1653 by Andrew Gray, whose brief ministry was fruitful in sermons that will always be prized by those who love English undefiled, and fervour, and clear statement of the Gospel message. Andrew Gray's successor was Robert M'Ward, the amanuensis of Samuel Rutherfurd when commissioner to the Westminster Assembly. In 1661 or 1662 he was ordered to leave Scotland, and he went to Holland, where, besides much other useful labours, he gathered together the letters of his old professor, and published them at Rotterdam in 1664, under the title of "Joshua Redivivus; or, Mr Rutherfurd's Letters."

The Barony was disjoined from the city parish in 1595. Its fourth minister was Zachary Boyd. He was succeeded in 1654 by Donald Cargill, well known to the readers of the "Cloud of Witnesses," as the first whose dying testimony is there given. But it is time now for us to look at the monuments to the martyrs in Glasgow.

From the outside to the inside of the Cathedral is an easy, and, on a raw and gusty day, a pleasant transition. We walked down its long knave, and penetrated into its crypt, that bears to have been erected so far back as the twelfth century. The whole is a noble monument of the genius as well as of the skilful and patient labour of a past age. Of late years the windows have been filled with stained glass pictures, professing to depict scenes in sacred history. In most cases the donors have taken care to add their names and armorial bearings. The windows thus adorned have been much admired, and must have been the product of no small amount of labour, as well as have cost much money. As works of toil and skill they are, doubtless, worthy of study, but they are out of place where they are.



GLASGOW CATHEDRAL

The house of God is a place for worship and for the study of God's own presentation of truth in the written Word, and not for pictures. The intelligent worshipper does not wish to be distracted or to have his mind debased by representations of sacred things, that some way or other, come far short of his own conceptions of what these things are or must have been. In fact, the great mass of what are called sacred pictures are quite repulsive to a thoughtful student of the Bible. They may be pleasing to little children or to Papists, not allowed to read the Word of God for themselves, but they do no manner of service to the enlightened mind. Poets speak of the dim religious light that stained glass secures. But our holy religion knows nothing of dim religious light. Its object is to scatter darkness, and to bring us into the presence of God as our Father and Redeemer. The full effulgence, therefore, of the light of heaven, streaming into our places of worship, is a thousand times more in keeping with the nature of our privileges, than light distorted or obscured by coming through the medium of pictures or armorial bearings in coloured glass.

On the outside of the north wall of the Cathedral is an inscription to the memory of nine martyrs. It was put up some years ago, when the Cathedral was repaired and renovated. The inscription is the same in its words as that upon the original stone, but, with questionable taste, nine of the lines upon the old monument have been thrown into three. The stone first put up lies upon its side against the wall of the churchyard, opposite the new inscription. We give the inscription, as copied from the old monument:

Here lies the corps of
ROBERT BUNTON, JOHN HART,
ROBERT SCOTT,
MATTHEW PATOUN,
JOHN RICHMOND,
JAMES JOHNSTOUN,
ARCHIBALD STEWART,
JAMES WINNING,
JOHN MAIN.
Who suffered at the cross of Glasgow
For their testimony to the covenants
And work of reformation,
Because they durst not own the
Authority of the then tyrants,
Destroying the same,
Betwixt 1666 and 1688.

YEARS sixty-six and eighty four,
Did send their souls home into glore,
Whose bodies here interred ly
Then sacrificed to tyranny
To covenants and reformation
Cause they adheared in their station.

These nine, with others in this yard
Whose heads and bodies were not spar'd
Their testimonies, foes, to bury
Caus'd beat the drums then in great fury.
They'll know at resurrection day
To murder saints was no sweet play.

The original Stone and Inscription
Repaired and new lettered
MDCCCXXVII
At the expense of a few FRIENDS of the CAUSE
For which the MARTYRS SUFFERED.

Robert Bunton, or Buntine, was a native of Fenwick, where a monument has recently been erected to his memory.

John Hart was a native of Glassford; and of

Robert Scott, all that is known of him is that he was of Dalserf.

Matthew Paton was a shoemaker in Newmilns.

All four were at Pentland. They had surrendered themselves as prisoners of war, and quarter had been given them. They were tried together at Glasgow on the same day, December 17, 1666. It was pleaded on their behalf that after quarter had been given they could not be sentenced to death, but the pleading was overruled, and they were declared guilty of rebellion and treason, and sentenced to be hanged on the 19th. An account of their execution has already been given.

John Richmond was "Younger of Knowe," a farm in Galston parish, about a mile to the south of Darvel. There is a monument to his memory in Galston Churchyard. Its inscription is given on page 124. In November 1683 he was walking in Glasgow, when Major Balfour endeavoured to seize him. He tried to escape, but was speedily captured, and was cruelly used, although it was not known who he was; and the only charge that could be brought against him was, that he did what he could to flee when it was sought to lay hold of him. Wodrow relates that he was taken to the guard-house and bound neck and heels together, and then left for hours lying on the ground, and bleeding in consequence of wounds received in the scuffle. Next day he was taken to prison, where he remained till his trial four months afterwards.

James Johnston belonged to the parish of Cadder.

Archibald Stewart was "a countryman in the parish of Lesmahagow." He was "scarce in his nineteenth year."

James Winning was a tailor in Glasgow. According to his own statement he had been long "a hearer of curates," but from some private information he was summoned, February 1684, before one of the bailies. He was asked about Bothwell and the death of Sharp. His answers were judged not satisfactory, and he was sent to prison.

John Main "belonged to the parish of Old Monkland." He was seized about the same time as John Richmond.

All five were tried before a special commission in Glasgow, and on the same day, March 17, 1684. Wodrow gives an account of their trial, which he had, he says, "from a mournful spectator, now a reverend minister." They were charged with being at Bothwell, and conversing with those who had been there. Many witnesses were summoned to testify against them, but nothing definite could be brought against any one of the five. The chief ground of their condemnation seems to have been their silence when asked about the death of Charles I., as well as that of Sharp. They were hanged at the Cross of Glasgow, March 19, 1684.

The "Last Testimony of John Main" is in the "Cloud of Witnesses." It is a vigorous testimony against the lawless courses of the men then in power. In its close he gives utterance to his faith:

"Let none fear to venture upon the cross of Christ; for I can say from experience—glory be to Him for it—that He has borne both the cross and me, or otherwise I never could have undergone it with so small difficulty. And the great reason of the fainting of many under the cross is, their laying so little weight on Jesus Christ, and so much upon themselves, and upon any attainment they may think themselves to possess. Let every one study that holy art of independence of all things besides Him, and depend only upon Himself."

The "Cloud of Witnesses" contains short extracts from the testimonies of the other four, and a "Letter from Archibald Stewart to his Christian acquaintance." The pious thought that runs through all their statements justifies Wodrow's words, that they were "five worthy and good men."

Glasgow has a second Martyrs' Monument. It is about a quarter of a mile's walk to the north of the Cathedral, at the Monklands Canal, in Castle Street. It is a large tablet of polished granite, and is built into the wall. The letters of the inscription are of some size, and are easily read. Beneath the tablet a drinking fountain has recently been erected. Altogether it is one of the most tasteful monuments to the memory of the martyrs that we have met with in our travels. The inscription is:

THE DEAD YET SPEAKETH.
BEHIND THIS STONE LYES
JAMES NISBET
Who suffered Martyrdom at this Place
JUNE 5th 1684.
ALSO JAMES LAWSON
AND ALEXANDER WOOD
who suffered Martyrdom October 24th 1684.
for their adherence to the Word of God and
Scotland's covenanted work of the reformation

Here lyes martyrs three
Of memory
Who for the Covenant did die
And witness is
Against all the nation's perjury
Gainst the Covenanted cause
Of CHRIST their royal king
The BRITISH rulers made such laws
Declared 'twas satan's reign.
As BRITAIN lyes in guilt, you see,
Tis ask'd, o' reader art thou free

THIS STONE WAS RENEWED BY
the proprietors of
THE MONKLAND NAVIGATION
APRIL 1818
AND AGAIN IN GRANITE BY
THE CITIZENS IN 1862.
DRINK AND THINK
THE MARTYRS MONUMENT.

James Nisbet belonged to the parish of Loudon. He came from Loudon to the funeral of his friend, John Richmond of Knowe, and was apprehended while at the grave. His story has already been told in a former chapter.

James Lawson and Alexander Wood are not mentioned by Wodrow. Their joint testimony is in the "Cloud of Witnesses." It is an uncompromising declaration of their attachment "to the Word of God and Scotland's covenanted work of reformation."

CHAPTER IX

MUIRKIRK, PRIESTHILL, AND WELLWOOD

I knelt by that wild and lonely spot,
Where moulders the heart of one
That bled and died, but that blenched not,
At the tyrant's chain, or the soldier's shot,
Till life's last sands had run.—BROWN.

On the last day of May we took the early train from Glasgow to Muirkirk, in order to reach Priesthill. The morning promised well, and the promise was fulfilled, for the day turned out all that could be desired. At Auchinleck we changed carriages, and took the branch line for Muirkirk. Soon after leaving Auchinleck the country becomes bleak, and has little to diversify its surface but here and there the tall chimney of a coal-pit. At Lugar, on the north side of the line, Ayrsmoss comes into view, and in about four miles from the station, half-way to Muirkirk, the monument to Richard Cameron and his compatriots.

Muirkirk Station is about a quarter of a mile to the south of the village, but close to the iron furnaces that for many years have given celebrity to the district. The village is pleasantly situated in the valley of Ayr Water. To the south-east are the heights of the Cairntable range, rising to upwards of nineteen hundred feet, while behind it, to the north, are the hills—Blackhill, Priesthill, and Auchengilloch—that separate the waters of Ayrshire from those of Lanark. The village itself is made up of one long street, that runs for about half a mile in a north-easterly direction. The churchyard, the first object of our visit, lies near its farther end. The church is a plain-looking building, of modern date. The monument we were in search of we found on the face of the brae that rises in the churchyard behind the church. It is an upright stone, two feet six inches by two feet, and part of one of the corners is broken off. The inscription is on both sides. It is:

HERE LYES JOHN SMITH
WHO WAS SHOT BY COL
BUCHAN AN' THE LAIRD
OF LEE FEB 1685
FOR HIS ADHERENCE TO THE
WORD OF GOD AND SCOT-
LANDS COVENANTED W
ORK OF REFORMATION
REV. 12. 11. ERECTED IN THE
YEAR 1731.

On the other side:

EPITAPH
WHEN PROUD APOS[TATES]
DID ABJURE SCOTLANDS—
REFORMATION PURE AND
FILLED THE LAND WITH PERJ
URY AND ALL SORTS OF IN-
IQUITY SUCH AS WOULD NOT
WITH THEM COMPLY THEY PE
RSECUTE WITH HUE AND
CRY. I IN THE FIGHT
WAS OVERTANE AND FO
R THE TRUTH BY THEM
WAS SLAIN.

Little else is now known of John Smith save what is recorded on his tombstone. The "Cloud of Witnesses" is as brief in its notice of him as is the tombstone. "Colonel Buchan with the Laird of Lee and their men, shot John Smith in the parish of Lesmahagow, February 1685." Wodrow only adds, that he was "without any process despatched."

From the churchyard we set off for Priesthill. We took the road that runs to the north-west from the church, and in a quarter of a mile joins that for Strathaven and Glasgow. This road we followed for nearly two miles, when, as directed, we struck off to the east by a path through the moor. For nearly a mile and a half we walked on without seeing a single person. The sight of what, in the distance, seemed to be a monument, led us astray nearly half a mile, but the supposed monument turned out to be a pile of stones that had been erected for the purposes of the Ordnance Survey. We speedily retraced our steps, and came down to the road at a place where were the ruins of a deserted farmhouse. Some two hundred yards farther was a tenanted farmhouse, and here we were told the monument was half a mile away in the moor. Half a mile was soon got over; but in our haste we had diverged from the right path and went half a mile farther, but no monument was to be seen. On turning back and looking round us, there, in a hollow half a mile from us, we saw a white-looking object, which must be what we were in search of. It was so, and in ten minutes we were standing beside it.

A more lonely and desolate spot than where the monument stands can scarcely be conceived. Not a person, not even a house, was to be seen. Although the season was so far advanced, the moor retained much of the bleakness of winter; the grass had but partially—through the frosts that in such upland districts run into June—put on its green dress. But while man was not to be seen, all around us were the sounds of life. The lark was in full song, and was filling the air with music; the lambs were sporting about, and their bleating not unpleasantly mingled with the carols coming from far overhead.

The house where John Brown lived must have fallen, and its materials been removed many years ago, for not a trace of it now exists, except perhaps a deeper green on the sward, where it or its garden must have stood. The stone over his remains lies flat. It is five feet in length by two feet and a half in breadth. It is enclosed by a dike four feet in height, sufficiently high to prevent the sheep or cattle getting within. The inscription is somewhat peculiar, as it commences on the edge of the stone, goes round it, and then continues in the centre. It is:

Here lies the body of JOHN
BROWN martyr who was murdered in this place by GRAHAM of
Claverhouse for his testi
mony to the Covenanted work of Reformation Because
he durst not own the
authority of the then
Tyrant destroying the
Same, who died the first
day of May A D 1685 and
of his age 58.

In deaths cold bed the dusty part here lies
Of one who did the earth as dust despise
Here in this place from earth he took departure
Now he has got the garland of the martyr
Butchered by Claverse and his bloody band
Raging most ravenously over all the land
Only for owning Christ's supremacy
Wickedly wronged by encroaching Tyranny
Nothing how near soever he to good
Esteemed, nor dear for any truth his blood.

Close to the enclosure containing the martyr's grave is a monument some seven or eight feet in height, bearing on one of its sides the date 1826, and on another the circumstances in which it was erected: "This monument was erected, and the adjoining grave of John Brown enclosed, by money collected at a sermon, preached here by the Rev. John Milwaine, on August 28, 1825, in commemoration of the martyrs."

The murder of John Brown by Claverhouse is mentioned in two or three lines by Alexander Shields, in his "Short Memorial of the Suffering and Grievances of the Presbyterians," published in 1690. This short statement is reprinted, without comment, in the first edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," issued in 1714. It is related at length by Wodrow, and with some additional details by Patrick Walker in his life of "Alexander Peden." There is not a more affecting nor a more tragic story in the whole range of the martyrology of Scotland.

John Brown had a small piece of land at Priesthill, and acted as carrier. He possessed more than the usual share of piety and religious knowledge, and was skilled in the art of imparting to others what he knew. Indeed, his character was such, that he was known as "the Christian carrier." Several young people in the upland district in which he lived, had been in the habit of receiving instruction from him. For years he had absented himself from the services of the curates, and so had been obliged often to hide himself from the searches of their underlings; but in no other respect had he given offence to the Government. The length of time he had escaped the hands of his persecutors had evidently emboldened him, and he had returned home; but it was only soon to fall into the hands of the murderer.

On the morning of the 1st of May 1685, between five and six o'clock, after he had conducted worship with his family, he was on the way, spade in hand, to cut peats, when he was pursued through the moss by Claverhouse, who was then coming from Lesmahagow with three troops of dragoons. After a lengthened pursuit, according to Claverhouse's despatch to the Lord Treasurer, he was overtaken and brought to his own house. Here he was examined, and gave his answers "distinctly and solidly," which made Claverhouse ask those who guided him through the moor, if ever they heard him preach. "No, no," was the reply, "he was never a preacher." "If he has never preached," said Claverhouse, "meikle has he prayed in his time." According to Wodrow, it was with some difficulty that he was allowed to pray. Patrick Walker records, that Claverhouse had said to him, "Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die."

John Brown prayed with much fervour. Thrice Claverhouse interrupted him. At one of these interruptions, the carrier was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of His anger, when Claverhouse said, "I gave you time to pray, and you are begun to preach." John turned round on his knees, and said, "Sir, you know neither the nature of preaching nor praying, that call this preaching;" and then continued without confusion. When he ceased praying, Claverhouse said to him, "Take good-night of your wife and children;" for she stood by, with a child of his former wife clinging to her, one of her own in her arms, and was soon to give birth to another. "Now, Isabel," were his words to her, "the day is come that I told you would come when I spake first to you of marrying me." "Indeed, John," she replied, "I can willingly part with you." "That," he said, "is all I desire; I have no more to do but die; I have been in case to meet with death for so many years." He then kissed her and the children, gave them his blessing, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon them. Claverhouse now ordered the soldiers to fire, but such had been the effect of the carrier's prayers that not one of them, long used as they must have been to deeds of violence, could be prevailed on to obey his orders, "so that," says Wodrow, "he was forced to turn executioner himself, and in a fret, shot him with his own hand."

His wife, before his end, had besought his life with tears and entreaties, but her tears dried when, as a widow, she gazed on the lifeless body. As she stood, Claverhouse said to her, "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" "I thought ever much good of him, and as much now as ever." "It were but justice to lay thee beside him." "If ye were permitted," she had the courage to reply, "I doubt not your cruelty would go that length; but how will ye make answer for this morning's work?" "To man I can be answerable," was the murderer's reply, "and for God I will take Him in my own hand." But this was mere bravado, for it is said that the dying ejaculations of the martyr left an impression on his seared conscience that time could not efface.

[With reference to the statement that Claverhouse shot Brown with his own hand, it may be mentioned that the earliest notices of the murder do not so put it. In Shields' "Memorial," and in Rule's "Second Vindication," both of which are thirty years earlier than Wodrow, it is in this form: "Claverhouse in May 1685 . . . apprehended John Brown . . . and shot him dead before his own door in presence of his wife." Patrick Walker's statement is similar: "Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him; *the most part of the bullets came upon his head.*" And Brown's widow told Walker that "she was helped to be a witness to all this without either fainting or confusion, except when *the shotts were let off*, her eyes dazled." But whether by his own hand or at his command, is not material, the odium of the murder is his. It gives one some idea of the perverting power of prejudice to find Sheriff Napier, on the one hand, doing his best to whitewash Claverhouse, and, on the other, not scrupling to describe John Brown as "a Bothwell Bridge outlaw, and a desperate ragamuffin." All the evidence we have shows that Brown was a pious and peaceable man, who had not joined in the rising at Bothwell Bridge or in any other.—ED.]

Lord Macaulay adopts the narrative of Wodrow, and tells the story of the murder with his wonted power. Mr Aytoun, in a Note to his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," calls in question the veracity of Wodrow, with a view to impugn Macaulay. With the same object, Sheriff Napier, in his "Life and Times of John Graham of Claverhouse," has published a letter of Claverhouse to the Lord Treasurer, giving his account of the murder. It is:

GRAHAME OF CLAVERHOUSE TO THE LORD TREASURER QUEENSBERRY.

3rd May 1685.

"May it please your Grace,—On Friday last, amongst the hills betwixt Douglas and the Ploughlands, we pursued two fellows a great way through the mosses, and in end seized them. They had no arms about them, and denied they had any. But being asked if they would take the *abjuration*, the eldest of the two, called John Brown, refused it; nor would he swear not to rise in arms against the king, but said *he knew no king*. Upon which, and there being found bullets and match in his house, and treasonable papers, I cause shoot him dead; which he suffered very unconcernedly. The other, a young fellow and his nephew, called *John Brownen*, offered to take the oath, but would not swear that he had not been at Newmilns in arms, at rescuing of the prisoners. So I did not know what to do with him. I was convinced that he was guilty, but saw not how to proceed against him. Wherefore, after he had said his prayers, and carbines presented to shoot him, I offered to him that, if he would make an ingenuous confession, and make a discovery that might be of any importance for the king's service, I should delay putting him to death, and plead for him. Upon which he confessed that he was at the attack of Newmills, and that he had come straight to the house of his uncle's on Sunday morning. In the time he was making this confession, the soldiers found out a house in the hill, under ground, that could hold a dozen of men, and there were swords and pistols in it; and this fellow declared that they belonged to his uncle, and that he had lurked in that place ever since Bothwell, where he was in arms. He confessed that he had a halbert, and told who gave it him about a month ago; and we have the fellow prisoner. He gave an account of the most part of those that were there. They were not above sixty; and they were all Galston and Newmills men, save a few out of Straven parish. He gave also account of a conventicle, kept by Renwick at the back of Carntable, where there were thirteen score of men in arms, mustered and exercised, of which number he was with his halbert. He tells us of another conventicle about three months ago, kept near Loudon Hill, and gives account of the persons who were at both, and what children were baptized, particularly that at Carntable, which was about the time that Lieutenants Murray and Crichton should have let them escape. He also gives account of those who gave assistance to his uncle; and we have seized thereupon the goodman of the upmost Ploughlands, and another tenant, about a mile below, that is fled. I doubt not, if we had time to stay, good use might be made of his confession. I have acquitted myself when I have told your Grace the case. He has been but a month or two with his halbert; and if your Grace thinks he deserves no mercy, justice will pass on him; for I having no commission of justiciary myself, have delivered him up to the Lieutenant-General to be disposed of as he pleases. I am, my Lord, your Grace's most humble servant, J. GRAHAME."

This letter of Claverhouse substantiates the usual account of the martyr's death in all essential particulars. Both are at one in stating that John Brown had been in hiding for a time, that he was taken among the hills, that he had no arms upon him, that he was brought to his own door, and there shot dead. Claverhouse says nothing of the wife and children, for they did not concern him, and he had no desire to make his narrative more sad than he could help. Claverhouse says he died unconcernedly; but this was merely a careless dragoon's view of the matter. No doubt Wodrow's account must have been true, that he died with Christian composure. Claverhouse says nothing of the reluctance of the soldiers, and of his own shooting him dead; but, as Dr John Cunningham, in an excellent Note in his "Church History," remarks on the letter, no man likes to proclaim himself an executioner.

The bullets and match and treasonable papers found in his house, for which Claverhouse says he caused him to be put to death, surely constitute a very trifling ground to take away a man's life without trial. Bullets and match might be in the houses of the most loyal, and no treason bound up with them. As to the treasonable papers, which are not specified, and not said to be forwarded for the Lord Treasurer's perusal, most readers will agree with Dr Cunningham when he says, "I have a strong suspicion they were something like the 'Westminster Confession,' or 'Rutherfurd's Letters,' or Guthrie's 'Causes of God's Wrath;' treasonable papers very likely to be found in the chest or on the shelf of a moorland farmer of that time."

The abjuration oath Brown might well refuse, and yet be a very peaceably-minded man. Certainly it is an oath that few people, Jacobites not excepted, would like now to swear; yet it was for refusing this oath, and having a few bullets and pieces of match, and one or two books, very far from immoral in their teaching, that a simple countryman, with nothing but a spade in his hand, was chased through the moors by Claverhouse at the head of three troops of armed dragoons, and caught and brought to his own house, and shot dead before his wife and children!

The statements made by the nephew are of no consequence, so far as concerns justifying the murder. Whether true or false, they were made after John Brown was shot, and cannot be regarded as forming the reason for his death. If true, they really disclose nothing very dreadful. When a man had to flee from his own house for preferring to worship God according to the requirements of the Bible, rather than of the curates, it was only natural that he should make a place of safety for himself elsewhere. As to the few swords and pistols found in it, Claverhouse must have been more craven-hearted than even Covenanters have depicted him, if the sight of them in a hole, in a lonely moor, filled him with fear.

The examination of the nephew told Claverhouse what he regarded as important, and on account of which he promised to plead for him. But he puts forth no pleading. He coolly says, "If your Grace thinks he deserves no mercy, justice will pass on him."

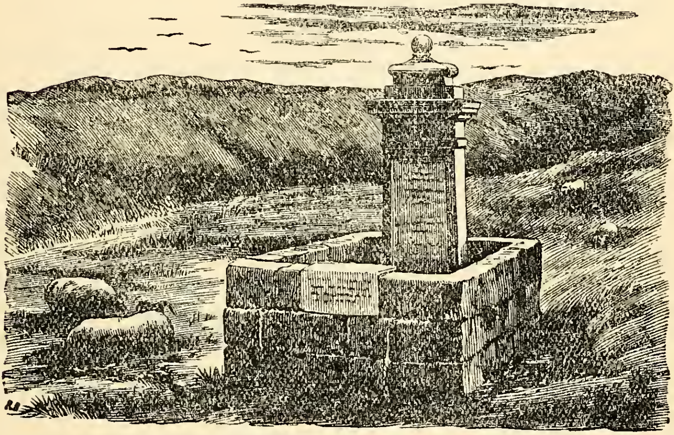
Mr Napier has, indeed, done a service in the publication of the letter, but certainly not to Claverhouse himself. It more than justifies all the traditional accounts of his cold bloodedness, and of his indifference as to the life of others. There is not in the whole letter an expression of regret that the law required him, at the head of troops of armed soldiers, to course over the moors in pursuit of harmless strangers, and when caught, to butcher them, without trial, in cold blood, at their own doors. All is done by him as if it were a matter of course. Yet this is the man that Sir Walter Scott and Aytoun and Napier have delighted to honour as the pattern of a gentleman!

After copying the inscriptions, and taking a last survey of the wild and bleak country around us, we retraced our steps to Muirkirk, where we rested for an hour. On starting again we proposed walking to Ayrsmoss; but finding it would involve a walk of five miles, and other four to Lugar Station, if we did not return to Muirkirk, we resolved, as we had only two hours and a half to spare ere the train started for Glasgow, to make for Wellwood, about three miles away. We took the Mauchline road, and followed it for two miles, where the road to Middle Wellwood strikes off to the south-west. In half a mile from where we turned off we came to a farmhouse, and inquired for the Martyr's Grave, when we were told we should have taken a turning a quarter of a mile nearer Muirkirk, and three quarters of a mile's walk would have brought us to the very spot. However, we were now only three or four hundred yards from the place. We had but to cross the Ayr Water by a wooden bridge, walk along the bank in the direction of Muirkirk, and in a few minutes we would arrive at a burn, follow it up until we came to a wood, and, by the dike, skirting the wood, we would see the gravestone. It all happened as we were told. The stone was a few yards up from the burn. The ground around it was besprinkled with reeds, while on the brae behind it was a plantation of fir trees. It was a quiet and sequestered spot, just the place for a martyr's grave. The stone is an upright one, of small size—two feet in height by the same in breadth. Its inscription is:

Here lyes WILLIAM ADAM
who was shot in
this place
by CAPT DALZEAL
and his party for his
adhearance to the
Word of God
and Scotlands
Covenanted work
of reformation March 1685.

In Alexander Shields' "Memorial," the murder of William Adam by Captain Dalziel and Lieutenant Straiton is specified, but the date is said to have been February 1685, whereas the tombstone gives it March 1685; but the difference is immaterial. If the tombstone is according to the new style, and the Memorial the old, the discrepancy is at once explained. Wodrow says there was no charge against him; that he was merely threshing in his barn, when seeing Sir John Dalziel's dragoons coming, and afraid lest the usual questions should be put to him, he went out at the back door and hid himself in a marshy piece of ground among some bushes. The soldiers saw him run away and searched for him, and when they found him, instantly killed him.

Dr Simpson, in the first chapter of his "Gleanings among the Mountains," tells a romantic story of the death of a William Adams, in Wellwood, who evidently is the same person whose murder is recorded by Wodrow. The story, however, is very different, and yet it is a difference that can be reconciled. He was about to be married to a pious young woman in the neighbourhood, and he had appointed a meeting with her by the burn. He was first there, possibly because the approach of the dragoons had sent him out of the barn sooner than he expected. In order profitably to spend the time until she came, he took out his Bible and began to read. He had not read long till his eye caught the dragoons close upon him. He started to his feet. It was too late to flee. The dragoons immediately rode up to him, and shot him dead on the spot. Meanwhile his betrothed was hastening to the trysting-place, when she heard the sound of firearms from the direction whither she was going. She feared the worst, and her fears seemed justified as she saw the horsemen coming. She met them as she was passing along a wooden bridge over the Water of Ayr, while they were crossing the same stream. One of the dragoons, riding close by the side of the bridge, drew his sword, and struck her with its broad side, as if he would push her into the water. Embittered in spirit, and her courage having risen, through the fear of death being taken away, by what she dreaded having befallen him whom she loved, it was the work of a moment to wrap her apron round her hand, to seize the sword by the blade, wrench it out of the soldier's hand, snap it in two, and fling the pieces into the water. This done, she eagerly ran to the spot where they were to meet, to find her William shot dead on the ground.



JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE, PRIESTHILL

CHAPTER X

AYRSMOSS AND MAUCHLINE

Here stand we, on the last retreat
That earth will yield our weary feet;
From rocky cave to mountain chas'd,
From mountain to the desert waste;
From the waste to heaven we soar,
Sinless, painless evermore.
Lord! spare the green, the ripest take!
Hear us for Thine own name's sake!—JAMES DODDS.

Two months after our visit to Priesthill, we again set out on our travels. On the morning of the 1st of August we were on our way to Ayrsmoss. We took the Muirkirk Railway as far as Lugar Station. The distance from Lugar to Muirkirk is about eight miles. The line runs nearly north-east all the way, and skirts the south border of the moss as it goes along. The highroad takes the south side of the line, and keeps close to it until the Martyrs' Grave comes into view, where it is crossed by the railway. As there is no intermediate station between Muirkirk and Lugar, we had a good four miles to walk before we came in sight of the object of our visit. But the day was all that could be desired. There had been weeks of a dry summer, so that when we left the road to reach the grave, the moor, for the half-mile we had to walk, was everywhere dry. The heather was coming into full bloom, and the bees were humming around us, luxuriating in the opening flowers, or carrying away to a place of storage the sweet treasure they had gathered.

Ayrsmoss is a strip of moor about seven or eight miles in length and one to two in breadth. At its western end it is marked on the Ordnance Map as being 657 feet above sea-level, and at its eastern, where the Martyrs' Grave stands, it is 727 feet. It rises somewhat higher in the centre than at its edges, and, unlike some moors in the drier east of Scotland, the moss has the appearance of life, as if it were still growing upwards. The Martyrs' Grave is on a sandy knoll of some size, that rises out of the moss, and the holes here and there, and one or two living specimens that fled out on our approach, gave ample evidence that a colony of rabbits had taken up their abode in its surroundings. Patrick Walker's account of it is: "Mr Cameron's body, with the other eight, were all buried upon the spot, with a large gravestone, upon four high pillars, with his name upon the head of it, and the form of an open Bible before him, and the names of the other eight round the sides," all in very legible letters. The gravestone was in 1832 set upon a platform some three feet in height by ten feet square. In the centre of the platform rises the obelisk that is so conspicuous from the railway, half a mile away. The obelisk, on one of its sides, has the date of its erection—1832; and on the other, the following inscription:

SACRED
To The Memory
of
The Rev. RICHARD CAMERON
MICHAEL CAMERON
JOHN GEMMEL
JOHN HAMILTON
JAMES GRAY
ROBERT DICK
CAP^{T} JOHN FOWLER
THOMAS WATSON
ROBERT PATERSON.

The old gravestone bears the marks of having been recut since first set up, but part of the inscription, and figures on it, have become nearly obliterated. Among the manuscripts in the possession of the Reformed Presbyterian Synod is the following letter of Sir Robert Hamilton to Robert Smith (at that time a prominent member of the Societies), in which an account of the erection of the stone is given, and the original epitaph is subjoined. The letter, by its date, March 4th, 1702, confirms the statement made in the memorial presented to the Edinburgh Town Council for permission to erect a stone in Greyfriars, that monuments had already been erected in "other places of the nation."

> "MY DEAR BILLIE,—I am glad of an opportunity either to hear from you or you from me. The stone is curiously wrought on our Lord's servant at Airdsmoss, with a pleasant epitaph, the Bible open, a hand, arm and shabble; and another stone ready for laying on them [*i.e.*, the martyrs]; I hope to the satisfaction of friends. The gentlemen in that country offering to lead lime and stone for the building a tomb wall about them, if we will be at the pains to build it and our stone.
>
> "But I shall give ye the epitaph at Airdsmoss in write.—Yours as formerly,
>
> RO. HAMILTON.
>
> "At Hamilton. March
> 4th 1702."

Here Lyes the Corps of that famous and faithful preacher of the Gospell Mr Richard Cameron who with several others fell here in an encounter with the bloody enemies of Truth and Godliness July 20 Anno 1680

Halt, curious passenger, come here and read
Our souls triumph with Christ our glorious head
In self defence we murder'd here do Ly
To witness against this Nations perjury.

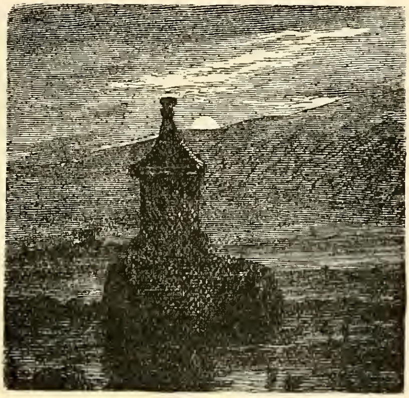
M
R. C.

Michael Cameron Robert Dick
John Hamilton Cap. John Fuller
John Gemmel Robert Paterson
James Gray Thomas Watson

Richard Cameron, the chief name upon the stone, was born in Falkland, Fifeshire. The house is still shown where he spent his early days. Some years ago, in consequence of a change of proprietor, the title-deeds of the house were examined, when it was found that his father had bonded it to the extent of £40, in order to keep his son at college. After he had finished his college education at St Andrews, and graduated M.A. in 1665, he was for some time schoolmaster and precentor in his native town. How long he held these offices is not recorded, but by some means he was led to hear, in the open fields, one or more of the persecuted ministers. The result was that he became convinced of the sin of accepting the Indulgence. He left Falkland and went to the south of Scotland, where he met with John Welch of Irongray. Welch, on different occasions, pressed him to accept of license; but this Cameron refused, on the ground that, if he were a preacher, he would be obliged to give utterance to his convictions regarding the evil of accepting the Indulgence, and thus he might prove a source of trouble to himself and others.

Welch's repeated solicitations at last prevailed, and he was licensed at Haughhead, in the house of Henry Hall. Once a preacher, although he did not spare those who accepted the Indulgence, he preached the Gospel with no ordinary power. Patrick Walker speaks of his "public exercises" as "very refreshing," and "most satisfying and delightsome." John Howie, in his "Collection of Lectures and Sermons," has given eight of his discourses, and they quite justify Patrick Walker's commendation. Though evidently from imperfect notes, they are stirring discourses, that, spoken with a good voice, could not fail to interest an audience. They are clothed in nervous English, and have a directness of appeal that some have thought peculiar to modern sermons, but which is really as old as the art of preaching itself. The discourses give indications of Cameron's opinion respecting public affairs; but mainly and chiefly they are Gospel sermons, such as a Scotch audience at the present day would highly relish. This is particularly the case with the two sermons on John v. 40, "And ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."

It was not long until Cameron's condemnation of the Indulged gave offence, and he was ultimately prevailed upon, for some short time at least, to be silent upon the matter. But he soon found that he could not keep his promise, and declared what he believed to be the whole counsel of God. To be out of temptation he went over, in the close of 1678, to Rotterdam. Here he was cordially received by M'Ward, Brown of Wamphray, and other refugees, who had found, under the protection of the Dutch Republic, the liberty denied to them in their native land. According to Patrick Walker, his labours were much prized by the refugees. He particularly specifies a sermon, or course of sermons, on Matthew xi. 28, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."


MONUMENT AT AYRSMOSS

He was ordained some time in the autumn of 1679 by M'Ward, and Brown—whose last public act it seems to have been, for he died in September of that year—and James Koelman, a worthy Dutch minister, and the translator into his native tongue of

"Rutherfurd's Letters," Guthrie's "Christian's Great Interest," and many other works by British divines. Patrick Walker records, that when the hands of the others were lifted off his head M'Ward kept his on, and cried out, "Behold, all ye beholders, here is the head of a faithful minister and servant of Jesus Christ, who shall lose the same for his Master's interest, and shall be set up before sun and moon in the public view of the world."

He returned to Scotland in the spring of 1680. M'Ward had charged him that on his return, before he began publicly to preach, he was to go to as many of the non-indulged ministers as he could find and invite them to join him, and that if they would not go he must go alone, and the Lord would go with him. He was faithful to the charge, and spent some time in going from one to another, but all in vain. The persecution, in consequence of Bothwell, had become so hot that none dared to join him except Donald Cargill and Thomas Douglas. The three united together in fast-day services at Darmead, in the parish of Cambusnethan, and again in a secluded glen at Auchengilloch, six miles to the south of Strathaven.

At these meetings they agreed upon a Statement to be given forth to the world, renouncing allegiance to, and disowning Charles II. as a tyrant and a usurper. It was published at Sanquhar, June 22, 1680, by about twenty persons assembling, and Michael Cameron, brother to Richard, reading it, and then affixing it to the burgh cross. The Statement is about two octavo pages in length. It will be found in Wodrow, and in the Appendix to the "Informatory Vindication," under the title of "The Declaration and Testimony of the true Presbyterian, anti-Prelatic, anti-Erastian persecuted Party in Scotland, published at Sanquhar, June 22, 1680." It is a bold and uncompromising document. After a brief preamble affirming that the King hath so far gone beyond all bounds by his perjury and usurpation in Church matters, and tyranny in matters civil, that they have just reason to account it amongst the Lord's great controversies against them that they have not disowned him, and the men of his practice, as enemies to the Lord Jesus and the true Protestant and Presbyterian interest, they, "considering the great hazard of lying under sin any longer, . . . do disown Charles Stewart, who hath been reigning these years bygone, or rather, we may say, tyrannising on the throne of Britain, as having any right, title, or interest to or in the said crown of Scotland or government, as forfeited several years since by his perjury and breach of covenant with God and His Church, and usurpation of His crown and royal prerogative, and many other breaches in matters ecclesiastic, and by his tyranny and breaches in the very *rules of government* in matters civil. . . . As also we, under the banner of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Captain of Salvation, do declare a war with such a tyrant and usurper, and all the men of these practices, as enemies to our Lord Jesus Christ and His cause and covenant."

Such language, so unmistakable in meaning, at once roused universal attention. The Indulged, as a matter of course, condemned it; and the Government issued a proclamation, expressed in no measured terms, offering a reward of 5000 merks for Richard Cameron, dead or alive, and lesser sums for his followers, and declaring that they had cast off allegiance "in a most treasonable and unparaleled paper:" but taking special care not to mention the reasons for so doing, given in the document itself,—the perjury and repeated breaches of the compact entered into when he became king.

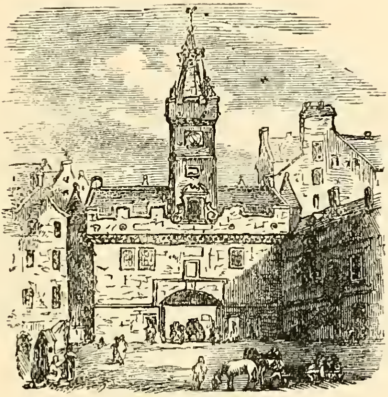
"Head Second" of Renwick's "Informatory Vindication" is chiefly occupied with an explanatory defence of the Sanquhar Declaration. Such a defence may have been needed at the time, for the Declaration is somewhat incautiously worded, but not now. The terror it caused to the Government proved that its charges could not be gainsayed. The King had really broken solemn pledges and solemn oaths, and had given the people every cause to renounce allegiance. The only question now is, Was it prudent in Richard Cameron, with so small a following, so early to take a step sure to call down upon him the fury of the Government? Had he waited a year or two it might have been made with more safety to himself. But there can be no doubt that his own death directed still more effectively the mind of his countrymen to the duty set forth in the Declaration, that it told the Prince of Orange of the coming Revolution, and that it prepared the way for the decision of the Estates of Scotland in 1689, a decision that reads extremely like an echo of the startling words published at the Cross of Sanquhar nine years before—that the King had violated the laws and liberties of the kingdom, inverted all the ends of government, and therefore had forfeited the right to the crown, and the throne had become vacant.

The last sermon Cameron preached was on July 18th, at Kype Water, a burn that rises out of the range of hills six or seven miles to the south of Strathaven, and about a mile from that town falls into the Avon. The sermon is in Howie's collection. The text is Psalm xlvi. 10: "Be still, and know that I am God." It is the earnest discourse of a preacher that manifestly knew, from his own experience, the blessedness of patiently waiting upon God.

His last night was spent in the house of William Mitchell, in Meadowhead, at the Water of Ayr, a stream that, in its earlier course, skirts the north side of Ayrsmoss. About forty men on foot and twenty-three on horseback remained with him that week, in doubt whether to stay together and defend themselves if attacked, or to disperse and seek safety in the moors or glens. Next morning, July 22, 1680, he had a presentiment that his end was near. He said to the daughter of William Mitchell, when she had given him water to wash, and he was drying his face and hands with a towel, "This is their last washing. I have need to make them clean, for there is many to see them." At these words her mother wept, when he said, "Weep not for me, but for yourself and yours, and for the sins of a sinful land; for ye have many melancholy, sorrowful, weary days before you."

The previous day Cameron had got notice that a party was in search of them. Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree had told Bruce of Earlshall where they were to be found, and next day they learned that they were approaching, and made preparation for self-defence. About four o'clock in the afternoon the soldiers came in sight, in number about a hundred and twenty, "well armed and horsed." It was at once seen that there was no escaping, and they immediately gathered close about Richard Cameron, "when he prayed a short word, and had these expressions three times, 'Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe!' When ended, he said to his brother, 'Michael, come, let us fight it out to the last; for this is the day that I have longed for, and the death that I have prayed for; to die fighting against our Lord's avowed enemies; and this is the day that we will get the crown.' And to the rest he said, 'Be encouraged, all of you, to fight it out valiantly; for all of you that shall fall this day I see heaven's gates cast wide open to receive them.'"

Of the twenty-three horse, eight were posted on the right under Robert Dick, and fifteen under David Hackstoun of Rathillet. As the enemy came near, twenty dismounted dragoons were seen making for their rear. To prevent this, a party of foot were sent to intercept them, while the main body advanced on the approaching enemy. Hackstoun's horse fired first, when several, both horse and foot, were killed and wounded. They immediately closed on each other, but in a few minutes the small body of horse, after a desperate resistance, were overpowered by the force of superior numbers. Richard Cameron and his brother Michael, and seven others, were slain. Five prisoners were taken—Manual of Shots, who died of his wounds, as he entered the Tolbooth of Edinburgh; John Vallance, who died the day following; Archibald Alison and John Malcolm, who suffered martyrdom at the Grassmarket, August 13—their Testimonies are in the "Cloud"; —and Hackstoun of Rathillet, who, after a desperate resistance, was compelled to surrender, and was carried to Edinburgh, where, July 30, he was put to death in one of the most barbarous forms known in that barbarous age. His Testimony is also in the "Cloud of Witnesses." The foot sent to intercept the dismounted dragoons, when they saw the discomfiture of their horse, at once retired into the moss, and there escaped, for the soldiers could not follow them. Small as the number of horse under Hackstoun and Dick were, they slew more than their own numbers of the enemy. Walker relates, "that some of the soldiers afterwards said to himself, that that handful were men of the greatest courage that they ever saw set their faces to fight, though they had been at battles abroad; and if they had been as well trained, and armed and horsed as we were we would have been put to flight, and few of us escaped; their shots and strokes were deadly, and few recovered. Though there were but nine of them killed, there were twenty-eight of us killed dead, or died of their wounds in a few days."



NETHERBOW PORT, EDINBURGH

Cameron's head and hands, and John Fowler's, who was taken for Michael Cameron, were cut off and carried to Edinburgh, and shown to the Council. The Council ordered them to be fixed on the Netherbow Port. But before this was done, with a refined cruelty, to add poignancy to his grief, they were brought to Richard Cameron's father, who was then a prisoner in the Tolbooth for his non-conformity. The father was asked if he knew them, when he took his son's head and hands, and kissing them, said, "I know them, I know them. They are my son's, my dear son's. It is the Lord. Good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days."

Little else is known of those who fell with Richard Cameron than their names. Michael Cameron had been preparing for the Christian ministry. Robert Paterson belonged to Kirkhill, in Cambusnethan parish. He is said to have been "a singularly pious and zealous youth." James Gray was the eldest son of Gray of Chryston, a worthy man, who suffered much persecution for his adherence to the covenanted cause. His son was like-minded. Wodrow says he had "his character from a person of very good sense, who knew him fully;" and it describes him as "a youth of good parts, high courage, and pious from his infancy," "drop ripe for his change."

TOLBOOTH OF EDINBURGH

As we turned away from the Martyrs' Grave, and looked on the moor, and on the range of Cairntable to the south, and heard the sweet music of the lark, and the bleating of the sheep, it was impossible not to remember the beautiful lines of James Hislop, the Muirkirk shepherd, in "The Vision: A Poem on the Slaughter of Mr Richard Cameron and others," and to feel that the scene and the time were such as he has so admirably described:

"'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast:
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Glistened sheen 'mong the heath bells and mountain flowers blue.

"And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud;
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

"And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning."

From the Martyrs' Grave we struck across Ayrsmoss, in a north-west direction, to the Ayr Water, and passed over it by a wooden bridge. Here a footpath was traceable which led us through a fir plantation, set upon the brae that rises up from the Ayr Water, and at last brought us to the main road from Muirkirk to Mauchline, close to the farm of Greenock Mains, in which, during persecuting times, lived Thomas Richard, a pious farmer, who found martyrdom at Old Cumnock, where a gravestone marks the spot where his body was laid.

From Greenock Mains to Mauchline is some nine or ten miles, and through a pleasant tract of country. About half-way we came to the hamlet of Sorn, where the road strikes off to the busy manufacturing village of Catrine. From Catrine, as the crow flies, to Mauchline is not more than two miles; but to avoid cutting in two the beautifully wooded grounds of Ballochmyle, the road winds round about three miles. The stately trees that line either side of the road, and the general aspect of the country, made amends for the length of the way. The Martyrs' Grave at Mauchline is on the outskirts of the village, farthest from the railway station. It stands on what has the appearance of a parish green. A flat stone, twelve feet by six, lies over it The inscription is:

Here lies the Bodies of Peter
Gillies, John Bryce, Thomas Young
William Fiddison, & John Bruning,
Who Were Apprehended and Hanged
Without Trial at Mauchline, Anno
1685, according to the then Wicked's
Laws for their Adhearance to the
Covenanted Work of
Reformation Rev. xii. 11.

Bloody Dumbarton, Douglas, & Dundee
Moved by the Devil & the Laird of Lee
Dragged these five men to Death with gun and suord
Not Suffering them to Pray nor Read God's Word.
Ouning the Work of God was all their Crime.
The Eighty Five Was a Saint Killing Time

Erected by subscription in 1830.
The old decayed tombstone
From which the above inscription
is copied lies below.

Peter Gillies is said to have been a waulker, or bleacher of cloth, in Skirling, a parish in Peeblesshire, not far from Biggar. In 1674 a Presbyterian minister preached in his house. Tidings of the sermon came to the proprietor of the waulk-mill, and to the curate of the parish, and the result was that Peter was turned out of his house and possessions, to the loss of nearly his all. He seems to have gone north to Stirlingshire, for in 1682, while living in the parish of Muiravonside, the curate, displeased at his non-conformity, sent a party of soldiers to apprehend him, but he escaped their hands. His name occurs in the list of fugitives in the proclamation of May 5th, 1684, as "Peter Gellies in Waulkmill of Woodside"—a mill on the Avon, in the parish of Muiravonside. Notwithstanding the proclamation, he seems still to have lived in Woodside or its neighbourhood until April 30, 1685, when, through the information of the curate, he was apprehended by a detachment of Highland soldiers sent from Falkirk. His wife had given birth to a child a few days previous, and she was as yet far from her wonted strength; yet in her sight they threatened him with immediate death, and then hurried him away without allowing him to speak to her or change his clothes. In less than an hour afterwards some of the soldiers appeared with a story of their own, that her husband had signified she knew where his firearms were, and that if she gave them up his life would be spared, if not, on their return he would be shot dead. She was a God-fearing woman, and composedly replied, that her husband had no arms that she knew of, and if they got liberty to take his life, she would endeavour to say, "Good is the will of the Lord, and He who did all things well, could not wrong her or hers." At these words the soldiers flew into a passion, and swore and threatened to burn her where she lay. They plundered the house of all they could carry away.

John Bryce was a weaver in West Calder. He had come to Peter Gillies to get some cloth that had been dressing for him, when he was apprehended along with him.

Both prisoners were tied together and driven before them by the soldiers. When the soldiers had got them a few miles on the road they blindfolded Peter Gillies, and set him on his knees, as if to be shot, with a file of musketeers before him, and kept him in this position for half an hour, and then took him with them to the west country, whither they were marching. As they passed through Carluke they seized William Fiddieson and Thomas Young. These two sufferers are not mentioned by Wodrow. Their names incidentally occur in Patrick Walker. When speaking of the cruelties perpetrated by the Highlanders brought from the north in the spring of 1685, Patrick says—"When they went through the parish of Carluke, they apprehended William Fiddieson and Thomas Young, who lived there, whom the Laird of Lee's footmen apprehended, on whom they exercised great cruelty."

On the 4th of May they were at Middle Wellwood, two miles west of Muirkirk. Here, says Wodrow, Peter writes a letter to his wife, full of affection and seriousness, and leaves her and five children on the Lord, with much holy confidence. He wanted not impressions that he was to die, and would shortly be beyond the reach of enemies.

This same day they were taken to Mauchline, where John Bruning was seized while herding cattle.

Next day they were examined before Lieutenant-General Drummond. A jury of fifteen soldiers was summoned, and an indictment put into their hands. A copy of it is in Wodrow. It is written in the intemperate style peculiar to the times of the later Stuarts. Among other crimes, refusal to pray for the King is specified, as that for which they ought to be punished with forfeiture of life, lands, and goods. With such an indictment, and such a jury, and tried with so little warning, it was not doubtful what the issue would be. They were found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged the following day—May 6, 1685,—at the town end of Mauchline. Bibles were refused them, and they were not allowed to pray at the place of execution. When their bodies were cut down, grave-clothes and coffins were forbidden, and the soldiers dug a hole under the gallows and flung them in together.

In the notice of the five martyrs in the "Cloud of Witnesses," taken from Alexander Shields' "Short Memorial," published in 1690, they are said to have been put to death without legal trial or sentence. This may seem to contradict the fact that they were tried before a jury of fifteen soldiers; but such a trial was a mockery of justice, so that the statement of the "Cloud" is really correct.

Bryce and Gillies met their end within the same fortnight as that within which John Brown at Priesthill, and Thom, Cook, and Urie at Polmadie, and Margaret Lauchlison and Margaret Wilson at Wigtown, lost their lives. It is the fortnight whose deeds Lord Macaulay in his matchless history has selected to narrate as a specimen of the crimes by which James II. goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness.

From the Martyrs' Grave we passed through the town for the railway, about half a mile distant. The intervening space is now richly cultivated. At the period of the Reformation it was a moor, and was the scene of the first open-air sermon by George Wishart, and in all probability the first open-air sermon that had been preached in Scotland for many a day. The reader of Knox's "History" will remember how vividly the Reformer details the circumstances that led to its delivery. Wishart, when in Kyle, had been invited to Mauchline. When he arrived at the parish church he found it barred against him by the authority of the sheriff.

"Some zealous of the parishioners, amongst whom Hugh Campbell, of Kinyeancleuch, offended that they should be debarred their parish kirk, concluded by force to enter. But the said Master George withdrew the said Hugh, and said unto him:

"'Brother, Christ Jesus is as potent upon the fields as in the kirk; and I find that He himself often [er] preached in the desert, at the sea-side, and other places judged profane, than that He did in the Temple of Jerusalem. It is the word ot peace that God sends by me,—the blood of no man shall be shed this day for the preaching of it.'

"And so, withdrawing the whole people, he came to a dike in a moor edge upon the south-west side of Mauchline, upon the which he ascended. The whole multitude stood and sat about him. God gave the day pleasing and hot. He continued in preaching more than three hours. In that sermon God wrought so wonderfully with him, that one of the most wicked men that was in that country, named Laurence Rankin, Laird of Shiell, was converted. The tears ran from his eyes in such abundance that all men wondered. His conversion was without hypocrisy, for his life and conversation witnessed it in all times to come."

CHAPTER XI

EASTWOOD—WODROW

Yet their deeds,
Their constancy in torture and in death,—
These on tradition's tongue shall live; these shall
On history's honest page, be pictured bright
To latest times.—Grahame.

Eastwood parish lies fully three miles to the south of Glasgow. With the exception of what is built upon, or occupied by plantation, its soil is all under the plough; in marked contrast with two of its neighbouring parishes, Neilston and Mearns—a large part of both of which is bleak moor. Although it was early in March when we visited it, its undulating surface, and its many trees, in small clumps or lining the road, gave it a picturesque appearance. The day was cold—snow lay here and there upon the ground—and so the birds were all but silent; but the wire of the electric telegraph ran overhead for a mile or two of the way, and its Æolian harp-like music drove away the feeling of loneliness as we walked along. Eastwood has its cotton-mills, bleaching and print works, and its villages or towns of Thornliebank and Pollokshaws; but it was something else we came to see. Our aim was the churchyard. It lies nearly in the centre of the parish, midway between Thornliebank and Pollokshaws. Its gate was open. The monument to Wodrow is the first object that catches the eye. It is of some size, but is of the meaningless character so common to our churchyard monuments. It is surmounted by an urn, a needed utensil in a heathen land, where the bodies of the dead are burnt, but out of place in a country where they are laid in the grave in hope of a blessed resurrection. We live in a Christian country, but the broken pillars, the torches, the urns, by which men without the light of the Gospel expressed their hopelessness of another state of existence beyond the grave, and which are so common in our churchyards, tell how much we are yet under the influence of heathenism. Even a heathen temple, outside of which the idolater paid his devotions, but scarcely ever within, is regarded by many as the model to which our places of Christian worship are to be conformed. The inscription on Wodrow's monument is in good taste. It is:

ERECTED
TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
REV. ROBERT WODROW
MINISTER OF EASTWOOD.
THE FAITHFUL HISTORIAN
OF THE SUFFERINGS
OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,
FROM THE YEAR 1660
TO 1688.
HE DIED 21st MARCH . 1734,
IN THE
55th YEAR OF HIS AGE,
AND
31st OF HIS MINISTRY.
"He being dead yet speaketh."

Wodrow belonged to a family that had been long in the service of the Church. His great-grandfather, Patrick Wodrow, was vicar of Eaglesham at the time of the Reformation. He joined the cause of the Reformers. The Register of Ministers and Readers in the year 1574 contains the name of a "Maister Patrik Wodruif" as "reidare at Egleschame," who, perhaps, is the same person. "Patrik" was a man of some learning, "and wrote," says the historian, "one of the fairest and most beautiful hands in writing that I believe was in that time." He had a son, John, to whom he left the lands of Hill and Picketlaw, in Eaglesham. In the "Analecta" he is said to have killed a man of the name of Hamilton, in Eaglesham churchyard, on a Sabbath day. John's youngest son was Robert, who acted as chamberlain to the Earl of Eglinton, in Eaglesham, and was a man of great probity and worth. Robert had six sons, the third of whom was James, the historian's father. The second of the six was a John Wodrow. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Pentland, and was hanged at Edinburgh, December 22, 1666. His Testimony, and a letter to his wife, dated the day on which he suffered, are in "Naphtali" and "Samson's Riddle." The Testimony very clearly defines the object of the rising which ended at Pentland. It was simply for the redress of grievances, and not against the King's person or authority. His letter to his wife is a piece of vigorous English, and is as affectionate in its terms as it is expressive of strong faith. It is all worth the quoting, but we give only its first sentence and last paragraph.

> "My Heart—Reverence the good providence of the Lord our God, who can do nothing wrong; For whatsoever he doth is well done, and my soul saith, *Amen.*"
>
> . . . .
>
> "And now I give you and my four Children unto the Lord, and commit you to him as your Covenanted God and Husband, and my Children's Covenanted Father. I say no more, but either study to be indeed a sincere Christian, and a seeker of his face in sincerity, or else you will be nothing at all. I recommend you and your young ones to Him, who is God all sufficient, and aboundeth in mercy and love to them that love Him and keep His covenant. The blessing of the covenant be upon you, so fare you well. So saith
>
> Your loving and dying husband,
> JOHN WODROW."

The second of these four children, Francis, was at Bothwell Bridge, and was taken prisoner. He was banished, but with many others lost his life in the wilful shipwreck of the vessel off the Moul Head in the Orkneys.

Wodrow's father was born at the Hill of Eaglesham, January 2, 1637, and was educated for the ministry. He studied at Glasgow under the famous Robert Baillie. The troubles that followed the Restoration prevented him from taking license until 1673. Among the names at his certificate of license is that of Donald Cargill: after license he resided in Glasgow for some years. He was intercommuned, and had oftener than once to conceal himself in order to escape capture. When the historian was born he was sent for from his place of concealment. He came in "the grey of the evening, well muffled up." On his way he had to pass the guard-house, when he was recognised, and soon after a party of soldiers came to the house to seize him. He hid himself as he best could behind the bed in his wife's room. The soldiers searched all the rooms but this one, into which the physician would not allow them to enter. Denied access, they set guards around the house. At this juncture a worthy physician, a Dr Davidson, came to visit the mother. He had a man-servant carrying a lantern before him, after the fashion of well-to-do people in the dark times, when gas and paraffin oil were unknown. When the Doctor told his errand, he and his servant were allowed to enter the house. He was scarcely within when the child was born, and the question was what was to be done with the father? It was proposed that he should change coats with the man-servant, and take up the lantern and walk briskly out before his new master. The proposal was at once carried into effect, and the Doctor and his supposed servant passed without suspicion through the soldiers. In a quarter of an hour after they left, the soldiers came into the bedroom. "They stugged," says the historian, "with their swords the very bed my mother was lying on, jalousing he might be concealed there." But the good woman, strengthened with a double joy, the birth of a son and the escape of her husband, pleasantly told them the bird was flown.

In 1680 the Magistrates of Glasgow peremptorily ordered the families of Presbyterian ministers and preachers to remove out of the city in twenty-four hours. James Wodrow retired with his family to Eaglesham, the place of his nativity. Here the future historian received the rudiments of his education in the grammar school, taught by "Mr Michael Robb." Little is known of Mr Robb, save that he was among the first who were ordained to the ministry when liberty came in 1688. His fame lies in his scholars. One of these was destined to become the envy or the admiration of Europe. "I mind," says Wodrow, "among the scholars at that school there was one about the year 1683 or 4, who of late has made a surprising figure and blaze through all Europe, John Law, son to a goldsmith at Edinburgh, whom his father sent to Eglishame, both to be removed from the temptations of Edinburgh, and to be under the care of Mr Hamilton," indulged minister at Eaglesham, "who was nearly related to him, and to be under my father's inspection, who was pretty nearly related to him by his mother, and the Dunlops of Polnoon Mill," a mill in Eaglesham, "one of whose sisters, if I remember right, was married to Mr Law of Neilston, grandfather to the famous Mr Law."

In 1687 James VII., with a view to favour his co-religionists, the Papists, professed to be the advocate of religious liberty, and suspended all the laws against the long proscribed Presbyterians. The Synod of Glasgow and Ayr took advantage of this toleration, and met in September of the same year. One of their acts was to recommend James Wodrow "to take care of the youth who had their eye to the ministry," and in January 1688 he left Eaglesham for Glasgow, where, four years afterwards—February 1692—he was appointed Professor of Divinity. His son Robert, the future historian, studied under him, and has given an interesting account of his mode of teaching.

While a student under his father, Wodrow was chosen librarian to the college, a situation which he held for four years. Here he soon evinced the taste for historical inquiry, and the desire to amass the records of the past, whether in the form of literature or of coins, or of stones, which so distinguished him to the close of his life. After he finished his theological curriculum he resided for some time as tutor in the family of Sir John Maxwell of Nether Pollok. In 1703 he was licensed to preach the Gospel, and in the following year, when Eastwood, the parish in which Sir John Maxwell was the chief heritor, became vacant, he was chosen as its minister. Here, until his death in 1734, he gave himself with praiseworthy diligence to the duties of his office. In 1713 he seems first to have thought of his "History." Shortly after the Revolution, the desirableness of gathering materials for a history of the sufferings of the Church of Scotland during the persecution was talked of in different Synods. In Wodrow's own Synod the proposal took a practical form, in himself being appointed to receive whatever accounts the members might send him. Once begun, he rapidly put into shape the materials that poured in upon him. In the close of 1719, after repeated revisals on his own part, and that of his friends, the "History" was in the printer's hands. At length, in May 1721, the first volume was published, and the second in the following year. Although the book was folio, and the subscription price was two guineas, yet there were six hundred and fifty subscribers, of whom two hundred and forty-nine were ministers. It was immediately successful. By almost all parties it was felt to be a great work. The Jacobites smarted under its statement of the tyranny of their idols, and did their utmost to depreciate its value; but their labours were in vain. Its voluminous collection of facts, illustrative of the sufferings of the Presbyterians under Charles II. and James II., might be parodied, but their truth could not be denied. A very different class from the Jacobites found fault with the "History." The Society people took exception to the manner in which he spoke of Renwick and others for declining to take advantage of the Indulgence, or to associate with the indulged ministers. But they did not challenge its statements. It was simply Wodrow's inferences or reflections that they found fault with. Wodrow's father had accepted of the Indulgence, and many of Wodrow's friends were in the same position. These friendships manifestly biassed the historian's judgment. The exceptions taken by the Societies will be found expressed in M'Main's preface to "Shields' Life of James Renwick," published in 1724. John M'Main, A.M., was a schoolmaster in Liberton's Wynd in Edinburgh, now pulled down. One or two of his pamphlets gave offence to the ministers of Edinburgh, and they proceeded against him with a rather high hand. In November 1721 they summoned him before them "to answer for your presuming at your own hand to take up, erect, and keep a school within the City of Edinburgh without a License of Warrant given you from any in authority, or producing any Testimonial of your good Conversation, or giving Evidence of your Orthodoxy or Loyalty." M'Main speedily replied in a 12mo of forty pages, entitled, "The Summons Dismissed; or, The Process of Edinburgh Presbytery against Mr M——n, Dismissed, with his Answers and Declinature." M'Main got the better of the Presbytery. He showed that the license required of him was a thing not known. There were at least forty teachers in Edinburgh in the same circumstances as himself teaching schools of their own, and not one of them had ever heard of a license, and why propose a license for him?

Patrick Walker, in his "Remarkable Passages of the LIFE and DEATH of * * * Mr Richard Cameron," appends "Remarks upon Twenty-eight gross Misrepresentations and groundless and scandalous Reflections in Mr Wodrow's History, and Answers thereto." These "Remarks," although vituperative to a degree, have much of the racy vigour for which Patrick Walker's curious books are noted. He certainly does not spare hard words in characterising Wodrow. In most of the twenty-eight instances of alleged misrepresentation, he succeeds in showing that Wodrow's reflections upon Cameron and Renwick, and others who refused to take the Indulgence, are to be taken for what they are worth, as the reflections of one who could not approve of this refusal without condemning his own friends.

[While giving all due credit to Wodrow for his important and laborious work, it is not out of place to put on record the fact, that at a much earlier period, the Societies had bestirred themselves with the view of rescuing from oblivion, the names and sufferings of their brethren who had fallen under the fierce wrath of the enemy. In the "Conclusions" of the General Meeting, April 1699, we find the following injunction: "That all the respective Societies send an Index of all the late martyrs' testimonies that are not in 'Naphtali' to the next General Meeting." In October 1701, a fuller deliverance was given, to the effect that 'all the Correspondences provide and make stones as signs of honour to be set on the graves of our late martyrs as soon as possible, and also that the names of the foresaid martyrs, with their speeches and testimonies, and by whom they were martyred or killed, in house or field, country or city, as far as possible, to be brought to the next General Meeting, in order for the epitaphs, and also on account of these martyrs' carriage and behaviour in the time of their martyrdom." This must have been to these devoted men a labour of love. Years elapsed before this sacred task was completed; but the result was the publication, in 1714, of that well-known book, so often referred to in these pages, the "Cloud of Witnesses," a book which from the first received a very hearty welcome from the Scottish people, as a worthy embalming of the memory of men to whose fidelity and sufferings succeeding generations owe so much. It has gone through a great many editions, and so long as it continues to be known and read, the principles for which our ancestors suffered will not be forgotten, nor the liberty for which they struggled tamely surrendered.—ED.]

But however exception may be taken to some of Wodrow's reflections, there can be no doubt that his "History" is a great work, which, so long as men hate tyranny, will not readily be forgotten. As to graces of composition, it has none. Its style is singularly slovenly, to have been written in the age of the *Spectator*, by one who enjoyed so many advantages as Wodrow for quiet leisure in his student career, and even in his ministerial life. The result was, that, although received with great favour on its first publication, the "History" speedily fell into disrepute, a disrepute which the indifference, if not the dislike, of the Moderatism of last century to its subject, did nothing to remove. Out of this disrepute it has gradually risen, and its merits as a careful collection of the facts relating to one of the saddest periods of our national history are now all but universally recognised. Its method of interweaving in the narrative large extracts from the public papers and documents of the period, which rendered it so distasteful to the contemporaries of Robertson, Hume, and Gibbon, gives it a charm to the multitude of readers who, in our time, with Carlyle and Froude, value a history just as it furnishes the words, and brings us into the presence of the men and women whose story it tells.

The "History of the Sufferings," etc., was republished in Glasgow in 1828, in four octavo volumes. The late Dr Robert Burns of Paisley, afterwards of Toronto, passed it through the press, prefaced it with a "Life," and added a note here and there. The notes are far from what they might have been; and the "Life" is an apology for a "Life," rather than a "Life" itself. But the volumes have the merit of portability, and the dozen or more of engravings they contain are copied from original portraits.

In 1828, the "Life of James Wodrow, A.M., Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow from MDCXCII. to MDCCVII., written by his son Robert Wodrow, A.M.," was published in a 12mo of two hundred and forty-five pages (Edin., Wm Blackwood).

Dr John Campbell and Principal Lee of Edinburgh took charge of its publication. The Preface states that it is "printed exactly from a manuscript in the author's own handwriting." It is written in the same unpretending style as the "History," and is an interesting record of the life of a good man, who, during the fifteen years he was Professor of Divinity, had under his care no less than seven hundred students who afterwards became ministers of the Gospel. Its chief value consists in the copious account it gives of the mode of instruction employed by Professor Wodrow in teaching divinity.

When Wodrow published his "History," he entered upon another work of still wider range, that had long been the subject of his thoughts—"Collections upon the Lives of the Reformers and most eminent Ministers of the Church of Scotland." He did not live to finish it. The manuscript, in ten volumes folio and four quarto, is preserved in the Library of the University of Glasgow. Four volumes of selections from these lives were published by the Maitland Club in 1834. The lives selected are Erskine of Dun, John Spotswood, John Willock, John Winram, Bishop Carswell, Bishop Gordon, Robert Pont, Archbishop Boyd, Archbishop Gladstanes, Robert Boyd, David Weems, and John Cameron. Although these "Collections" must have cost Wodrow a great deal of labour, they are of little value. The most competent of judges, Mr David Laing, has thus pronounced upon them: "The work is certainly not the most important of Wodrow's labours. The lives are compiled and filled with extracts from works now much better known and much more accessible than in his days, and being in most instances only first draughts, hastily put together, the style is remarkably careless and slovenly."

Along with these "Collections" Wodrow engaged in another work—"Analecta: or Materials for a History of Remarkable Providences; mostly relating to Scotch ministers and Christians." The gatherings Wodrow made for this work were published in 1842-43, in four volumes, by the Maitland Club. There is much that is curious in these volumes, but much that had better not been published—much that Wodrow himself would not have published, for they are merely a transcript of the note-books into which Wodrow transferred the materials out of which his proposed work was to be formed. It is not fair, therefore, to judge Wodrow from what he never intended should see the light, in the form in which it has been issued by the Maitland Club. The "Analecta" extend over a great part of Wodrow's life. The first volume begins with "March 3rd, 1701," and the last ends with "Dec. 25th, 1731." Although there is a large quantity of rubbish in the "Analecta," they yet contain some valuable matter—such as the "Recollections," in the third volume, of James Stirling, minister of Barony Parish, Glasgow, from 1699 to 1737. We give two specimens of the contents of the volumes—the first is from Stirling's "Recollections," and the second is by Wodrow himself.

DICKSON OF IRVINE AND THE ROBBER.

"Mr Dickson was travelling in the way with a young man, who proved a robber, and took his money from him. Mr Dickson said, 'This is a very bad way of living you are now following. Take my advice: if you will needs take my money from me, go and trade with it—follow some lawful trade of merchandising, and leave off this woeful course of yours.' What he said made such an impression on the man, that he forsook that way, went and merchandised with the money he took from Mr Dickson, till he came to be considerably rich, and came into Leith and inquired for Mr Dickson (my father told me it was at Glasgow), and found he was both Professor and Minister of Edinburgh; and he ordered a hogshead of wine to be sent up to Mr Dickson's house in the College. Mr Dickson and his family were astonished at it, and supposed there was a mistake in it. However, it was taken in till they should know whose it was, and whence it came. The gentleman himself came to visit the Professor, who was extremely civil to him, being a perfect stranger to him; and a glass of his best ale came. The gentleman commended it, but asked, 'if there was any wine in the house?' Mr Dickson said there was a hogshead of it come that day, he supposed in a mistake. The visitor asked him if he minded since a gentleman had taken his purse from him of four or five hundred merks, and had advised him as above. Mr Dickson minded it, and the gentleman told he was the man, and he had followed his advice, and now he was come to a considerable stock, and he brought him his money with interest—my father called it double interest—and had sent that hogshead of wine to him."—Vol. iii. pp. 5, 6.

SAMUEL RUTHERFURD AND ARCHBISHOP USSHER.

"My informer lived some time in the parish of Anwoth, in Galloway, where Mr Rutherfurd was minister, and had the account of Bishop Ussher's being there . . . with thir circumstances, which are firmly believed there; and it's not long since persons were alive who were in the parish at the time. They tell him in the year 1640, the year before the rebellion in Ireland (but I think Mr Rutherfurd was transported before that time from Anwoth, so that it must have been some years before), the Primate having read his books, that *De Gratia* was printed before, and his 'Letters' were in several hands, and having heard of his great success and sweetness in preaching, resolved to come to England by Scotland, and take Anwoth in his way, and came with a servant riding with him. There was no place near the church where he could stay that Saturday's night he came to Anwoth, but Mr Rutherfurd's house; and so he came to it, and called to know if he was at home? His wife told he was. He said he was a stranger come from some distance, and designed to stay till Monday, and could find no place to stay in, and asked if he might have access to Mr Rutherfurd's house? Mrs Rutherfurd seeing him a gentleman, and in good habit, desired him to alight.

and signified that she desired to know his name. He said his name was James Ussher. She went up and acquainted her hushand. The Primate struck none of them in the head—*i.e.*, none of them ever supposed the stranger to be the Primate—and Mr Rutherfurd came down and called for a drink, and made him welcome as a stranger, and left him till supper, where nothing passed to discover him. On the Sabbath early, he went out to the fields, and came to a thicket

RUTHERFURD'S WALK

of trees, a sweet retired place where Mr Rutherfurd used often to retire. There the Bishop spent some time his alone, and was fallen to prayer. When Mr Rutherfurd came out, as was his ordinary, knowing nothing the other was there, till he drew near and heard the voice of prayer; and listening he perceived a very extraordinary gift of prayer, and was wonderfully taken with it, and stayed till it was ended; and the other came out. Then when he saw him, his name his wife told him struck him in the head, and presently addressed him, 'Are you the great and learned Doctor Ussher?' The other answered, 'I am he whom some are pleased to term so.' Then Mr Rutherfurd embraced him most affectionately, and said, 'You must preach for me to-day.' 'Nay,' says the other, 'I came to hear you preach and to be acquainted with you, and I will hear you.' 'Well,' said the other, 'I shall take the forenoon, and you the afternoon;' and so the Primate preached in the afternoon to each other's great satisfaction."—Vol. iii. pp. 132-134.

We have often heard another version of this story of Ussher and Rutherfurd. It is in substance that Ussher came in the disguise of a beggar, and sought a night's lodging. The barn was given him, and, in the meantime, a seat by the kitchen fire. It was Rutherfurd's practice, on the Saturday evening, before family worship, to ask a few questions from the children. The beggar, too, was not passed over; he was asked how many commandments there were—both Calvin's Catechism and the Palatine Catechism were much used in Scotland at that time. The Palatine is divided into fifty-two sections, one for each Lord's Day in the year. The question on the Commandments is for the thirty-fourth Lord's Day in the year, which would make the time of Ussher's visit about the end of August—and he said eleven. Mrs Rutherfurd lifted up her hands in amazement at the ignorance of the man, come to such a time of life, and not to know how many commandments there were. To her still greater amazement the beggar defended his answer. After Ussher had gone into the barn, before laying himself down to rest he engaged in prayer. Soon Rutherfurd went round the manse to see if all were safe for the night. In passing the barn he heard a sound; he listened—it was the supposed beggar at prayer. The language of the prayer soon told Rutherfurd it was somebody very different from a beggar who was within. He opened the barn door, and at once declared that the inmate of the barn was something better than he said he was. It soon came out that the beggar was no less than the Archbishop. Rutherfurd would have him to lodge in the manse, but Ussher said he would remain where he was. He carried his point. It was agreed that Mrs Rutherfurd should not be told who the supposed beggar was, and that Ussher should preach in the afternoon. Ussher chose for his text the words, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another;" and began by saying that this commandment had been called the eleventh commandment. In the evening, when Rutherfurd was asking the children what they remembered of the sermons preached during the day, Mrs Rutherfurd, who was still not in the secret, is said to have remarked that it was an odd thing that the strange minister had begun in the same way as the beggar man last night, Complete as this story is, we fear that of the two stories Wodrow's is the more likely to be true. The second is perhaps too romantic to have really taken place. Indeed, it is more like a Scotch ballad in prose than a veritable narrative; yet it is too good a story to be omitted after transcribing Wodrow's.

In 1841, the reviving interest in the Reformers, consequent upon the increase of evangelical thought in the Church of Scotland, led to the institution of the Wodrow Society for the publication of the works of the fathers and early writers of the Reformed Church of Scotland. The Society soon numbered upwards of two thousand subscribers, and bade fair to enter upon a career of usefulness. Unfortunately it confined its attention too much to the department of Church history, and hence, after five years' existence, it came to an untimely end, without finishing the works of our great Reformer, or entering upon the period with which Wodrow's name is specially connected, save in the publication of three volumes of letters. Wodrow kept up a large correspondence; and he not only wrote many letters, but he transcribed these letters into books, as well as bound up in volumes the letters of his correspondents. His own letters occupied four thick octavos, of which three are in the Advocates' Library. These three contain copies of nearly six hundred letters. The letters of his correspondents amount to three thousand eight hundred and eighty, and extend to twenty-two quarto volumes. The three volumes issued by the Wodrow Society, under the title of the "Correspondence of the Rev. Robert Wodrow," contain six hundred and forty-seven letters. They were carefully edited by the younger M'Crie, who added a number of notes that, in most cases, are of more value than the text. Much as Wodrow wrote, he yet almost always wrote in a careless manner; hence his letters, as compositions, are of no value whatever; and the three volumes, the editor's notes excepted, are about as heavy reading as can well be imagined. Indeed, the principle upon which they are edited is a wrong one. Where the charm of a letter, as with Cowper, lies in the style, then every scrap is of value, and ought to be given to the world; but where it is simply in the facts, then a short statement of or index to these facts is all that is needed. Upon this principle the Master of the Rolls has proceeded in the volumes giving an account of the State Records, that of late years have been published under his superintendence; and the result has been a very valuable addition to the store of materials for the history of our country. Upon the opposite principle M'Crie acted, and in consequence has in no way added to the good name of Wodrow.

Not far from Wodrow's monument is the burying-place of the Maxwells of Pollok, a family that suffered much during the reign of Charles II. Sir George Maxwell was ordered, on the 4th of August 1668, to enter himself prisoner in the Tolbooth of Kirkcaldy, under the penalty of £500 sterling. Next day the place of imprisonment was altered to Stirling Castle. Under the year 1673 Wodrow gives an abbreviate of the fines imposed upon the heritors of Renfrewshire for withdrawing from public worship, keeping of Conventicles, etc., and Sir G. Maxwell is put down for the enormous sum of £93,600 Scots. His son, Sir John, who, after the Revolution, was a Senator of the College of Justice, and, for a few years, Lord Justice-Clerk, was, on November 28, 1684, fined £8000 sterling, on the charge of "irregularities ecclesiastical, and keeping suffering ministers in his house." Sir John refused to pay such a large sum, and was kept a close prisoner for sixteen months.

On the east side of the burying-place of the Maxwells of Pollok there is a marble tablet to the memory of Walter Stewart of Pardovan, the author of the well-known "Collections, etc., of the Laws of the Church of Scotland." He died March 8, 1719, when on a visit to Pollok. The inscription upon the tablet is somewhat lengthy. It will be found in the Statistical Account of the parish.

CHAPTER XII

CUPAR, MAGUS MOOR, AND ST ANDREWS

> The cause ye love,
> Though baffled oft, and by men's wrath opprest,
> Is dear to Him who rules the earth and sky.
> Onward it moves, through chequered scene and shade,
> To endless light and triumphs evermore.—Rev. J. MURRAY.

CUPAR, a royal burgh and the county town of Fife, is on the line of the North British Railway between Edinburgh and Dundee, and is some thirty-three miles from Edinburgh. It is a clean, tidy, thriving-like place. The parish church is about a quarter of a mile almost due west of the railway station. The gate to the churchyard we found closed, but on walking round to the south side we came upon a door in the wall standing open. The Martyrs' Grave lies to the south of the old tower of the church, and about twenty yards to the west of the door by which we had entered. The stone is an upright one, four feet in height by three in breadth. It had evidently been lately set upon a new base, and it bore the marks of recent painting. The inscription on the east side was:

A HEAD. AN OPEN RIGHT HAND. A HEAD. [IN LOW RELIEF.]

Here lies Jnterred the Heads of LAUR^{CE} *HAY*
and ANDREW PITULLOCH who
Suffered martyrdom at EDIN^{R} *July* 13th 1681
for adhering to the word of GOD, & Scotlands
covenanted work of Reformation, and also
one of the Hands of DAVID HACKSTON
of Rathillot who was most cruelly murdered
at EDIN^{R} *July* 30th 1680
for the same cause.

On the west side:

1680
Our persecutors fill'd with rage
Their brutish fury to aswage
Took heads & hands of martyrs off
That they might be the peoples scoff,

They Hackstons body cutt asunder
And set it up a worlds wonder
In several places to proclaim
These monsters gloryd in their shame.

RE ERECTED
July 13th 1792.

The Testimonies of Laurence Hay and Andrew Pitulloch are in the "Cloud of Witnesses." The "Cloud" describes Hay as a "weaver who lived in Fife," and Pitulloch as a "land labourer in the parish of Largo, in Fife." Wodrow says they were "intented," *i.e.*, prosecuted, "before the Justiciary, July 11." They were members of a Society in Fife for prayer and conference. This Society had issued a Paper styled, "A Testimony against the Evils of the Times." A copy of it was produced at their trial, and they owned that they had signed it. Citations from it formed part of the charge against them. Wodrow calls these citations "very wild." The probability, however, is that they are not more "wild" than their Testimonies; and the condemnatory language in them is not stronger than the tyrannies of their times warranted; and there is much that shows them to have been God-fearing men, whose trust was in the Divine mercy. Their Testimonies approve of the Torwood Excommunication, and the Paper brought against them at the trial doubtless did the same. The result was, they were found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged at the Grassmarket upon the 13th July 1681, and their heads to be severed from their bodies, and affixed to the Tolbooth of Cupar. The sentence was carried into effect, and their heads remained on the Tolbooth until the Revolution, when they were taken down, and buried at the spot marked by their gravestone.

David Hackstoun of Rathillet's capture has been detailed in the chapter on Ayrsmoss. Rathillet is in the parish of Kilmany, about four miles to the north of Cupar. He was executed at Edinburgh in such a way as to justify the words of the inscription, "And also one of the Hands of DAVID HACKSTON of Rathillet who was most cruelly murdered at EDIN^R."

The original order for his execution is in the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh, and its details are of the most revengeful and barbarous character. The construction of its clauses is in keeping with the barbarity they strive to express. And from all accounts the order was carried out to the letter. It sentences him to die that day, July 30, 1680, "at the cross of Edinburgh, and there upon a high scaffold erected a little above the cross have his right hand struck off, and after some time to have his left hand struck off, and then to be hanged up and cut down alive, and the bowels taken out, and his heart to be shown to the people by the hand of the hangman, and his heart and bowels to be burnt in the presence of the people, in a fire prepared for that purpose upon the scaffold, and afterwards to have his head cut off, and his body divided in four quarters, and his head to be affixed on the Netherbow, and one of his quarters with both of his hands to be affixed at St Andrews, another quarter at Glasgow, the third at Leith, the fourth at Burntisland, and that none presume to be in mourning for him, nor he to have a coffin, and that none be on the scaffold with him but two bailies, four officers, the executioner and his servants, and this sentence to be put in execution against him this thirtieth day of July instant betwixt three and five o'clock in the afternoon. And ordained his name, fame, memory, and honours to be extinct, and his arms to be riven and delete furth of the books of arms, so that his posterity may never be able to bruick [*i.e.*, hold] or joyse [*i.e.*, enjoy] any lands, heritage, offices, titles of dignities, within this realm in time coming." Nothing more savage or revengeful than this sentence can possibly have been written in the books of the Inquisition.

Cupar churchyard has little to attract besides the Martyrs' Monument. [The parish church was first erected on this site in 1415; but almost the whole of the present building dates only from 1785. The tower, however, is part of the original building; and the spire by which it is surmounted was added in or about 1620 by William Scot at his own expense, and, it is said, "according to his own design." He was a member of the Balwearie family, and was minister of Cupar from 1604 until his death in 1642, during which period he was a resolute opponent of Prelacy. "The Course of Conformitie," a small quarto, was written by him; as was also "An Apologetical Narration," printed for the Wodrow Society in 1846. His handsome monument, at the west end of the burying-ground, is now much decayed. There is a well-preserved recumbent effigy of one of the Fernies, of that ilk, inside the church.—D. H. F.]

From the east end of Cupar two roads lead to St Andrews. We chose the southern one, and as we crossed the Eden the wooded hills of Dura lay before us. It was the 1st of June, so that the fields and roadsides were putting on their summer dress. The poppy, with its red flowers, so seldom seen in the west of Scotland, was plentiful everywhere, and took its place alongside of the familiar daisy and dandelion and shepherd's purse. After a three miles' walk we came to the cross-roads and the entrance to Dura Den, and turned aside for half a mile to see its wonders, and found them as worthy of a visit as ever. Besides the sandstone rocks that are full of material for the geologist, the thickly-wooded glen down which Ceres burn, a tributary of the Eden, flows, is one of more than ordinary beauty. High up in the face of a cliff there is a small cave, known as the Covenanter's Cave. We reluctantly turned back to the cross-roads, beside the little hamlet, bearing the familiar name of Pitscottie. The adjoining farm was apparently occupied by Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie, whose "Chronicles of Scotland" are said not to be very trustworthy; but they are often very vividly written, and few readers will take them up without being led to read on to their close. The stories of Patrick Hamilton, George Wishart, and Walter Mill, are wonderfully well told. [Pitscottie's work has appeared in five editions, the first in 1728, and the last, printed for the Scottish Text Society, in 1899; but] among the books of the sixteenth century there are few more worthy of republication, in a popular form, than the "Chronicles of Scotland." If wisely annotated, it would be eagerly laid hold of by the students of Scottish history. A third of a mile from Pitscottie the road to St Andrews divides into two; the one goes to the north-east, afterwards to turn east, the other strikes off in an easterly direction, and both unite again before entering its streets. We took the road that turns to the north-east. For three miles it led us through a well-cultivated country. When about four miles from St Andrews, its tall towers and the sea beyond came in sight. A walk of about ten minutes brought us due south of the straggling village of Strathkinness. We were now at Magus Moor, which, in the seventeenth century, and perhaps down to the early part of this, must have included the rising ground to the south of the road on which we now stood. But no signs of moorland were visible, for all was under the plough. We were soon, however, to have ample evidence of its former nature. South from the road the ground gently rises for about four hundred yards, where a wood begins, and runs eastward. With the wood Magus Moor commences. We struck into the field by the hedge that runs straight up to the wood, and then gives place to a dry stone dyke. Afterwards we found that the better way is to go by the road from Strathkinness to Claremont, and at the top of the brae, to take a footpath that runs west through the wood, until the spot we were in search of is reached. But meanwhile we followed up the dyke for about a hundred yards, when a broken-down part caught our eye, as if it were often crossed over. On looking about us over the field, on the summit of the rising ground, we saw, nearly forty yards due west from the gap in the dyke, a part unploughed and bare, while all around it was the rising corn. On walking over it we found that it was about nine paces in length by three in breadth. It was the resting-place of the mortal remains of the five martyrs, Thomas Brown, James Wood, Andrew Sword, John Waddel, and John Clyde. At a visit in the close of the following August, we found that somebody had been there in the interval, and had dug some three or four inches into the ground, and laid bare what had evidently been the foundation of a tombstone, but to-day no trace of a monument was to be seen. In the third edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," there is the following:

"*Upon the Grave-stone of* Thomas Brown, James Wood, Andrew Sword, John Waddel, and John Clyd, *who suffered Martyrdom at* Magus-Muir, Nov. 25, 1679, *and ly buried in a Corn-Field near* Magus-Muir, *is this inscription*—

'CAUSE we at Bothwel did appear
Perjurious Oaths refus'd to swear
'Cause we Christ's Cause would not condemn
We were sentenc'd to Death by Men
Who Rag'd against us in such Fury
Our dead Bodies they did not bury;
But upon Poles did hing us high
Triumphs of Babel's Victory.
Our Lives we fear'd not to the Death
But constant prov'd to the last breath.

"When the Grave-stone was set up in *October* 1728 the Chains were taken out of their Graves, and some of their Bones and Cloaths were found unconsumed, now 49 Years after their Death."

Their "Joint or General Testimony" and individual Testimonies, and "A short sum of what was delivered upon the place of Execution by these five men who suffered at Magus Moor in Fife being sentenced to die in that place upon the account of the B. of St Andrews Death," occupy fully forty pages of the Appendix to "Naphtali." The whole will repay the reading, and will be found both to be well written and "full of a strain of piety and seriousness" that amply justifies the publishers of "Naphtali" in giving them so large a space in the volume. Thomas Brown had been a "shoemaker in Edinburgh." James Wood is said to belong to "the sherrefdom of Ayr in the Parish of Newmills;" Andrew Sword to be a "weaver in Galloway in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright and parish of Barry;" John Waddel to have lived "in the Parish of New Monkland within the Sheriffdom of Clyde." John Clyde says, in his Testimony, "I am but a very young man to have such a lot and dispensation cast in my way as is this day, and for mine age it is but small in account and few in number about twenty-one years of age. And I may say justly, as Jacob said to Pharaoh, 'My days are few and full of trouble,' although I have not come so far a length as Jacob came, nor have met with the hardships he met with."

All the five had been taken prisoners at Bothwell, and had refused to sign the bond in which, after an acknowledgment that the signer had been "apprehended for being at the late rebellion," he came under an obligation not to take up arms against his Majesty. They regarded the bond as a confession that the rising at Bothwell was rebellion, which they denied. In their esteem, it was simply a rising for the redress of grievances, an attempt to deliver his Majesty from evil counsellors, and bring him back within the sphere of law. None of them had been concerned in Sharp's death, and all were strangers to the east of Fife. They were tried in Edinburgh on the 10th of November, so that they had already been prisoners for nearly five months. Wodrow gives a copy of their indictment, as a specimen of the usual form served upon those who suffered at that period. It is a lengthy document, in which the motives and actions of those who were at Bothwell are travestied and misrepresented, as far almost as language will permit. All were found guilty of being in arms at Bothwell, and sentenced to be "carried to the Muir of Magus," "and there to be hanged till they be dead, and their bodies to be hung in chains until they rot, and all their lands, goods, and gear to fall to his Majesty's use." The sentence was to be carried into effect on the 18th, but for some reason or other—possibly the season of the year, and the distance from Edinburgh—it was not executed till the 25th.

It was a strange procedure to execute men at Magus Moor who had no connection in any degree with Sharp. With the same reason, the hundreds of others taken prisoners at Bothwell might have been executed in like manner, so that there is ground for Wodrow's remark—"It seems to have been a bloody freak to have some people executed in the place where the bishop had been killed." If the Government expected by their death to prevent the spread of the principles that led to the rising at Bothwell, they could not have taken a more effective way to disappoint such an expectation; for their Testimonies and last speeches were immediately published, and would, no doubt, be read by multitudes with the eager interest with which last speeches have always been read. And in addition to the interest attaching to the last utterances of martyrs for liberty, as a whole, they are an able defence of the rising at Bothwell; and their calmness, and the vein of humble piety that runs through them, contrast very strikingly with the extravagance and bombast of such documents as the indictment which the Government served upon these five men. Their Testimonies may be supposed to have been prepared with some care, during the fortnight that elapsed between their trial and execution; but on the ladder the confidence in the righteousness of their cause, so unflinchingly expressed in these documents, did not forsake them.

Thomas Brown was the first that was taken up the ladder. He said, "Some may judge our dying and hanging here is upon the account of the bishop's death; but I must tell you that I was never in this country before this time. The ground of my sentence is because I will not call my being with that party that was in arms at Bothwell Bridge rebellion, and because I will not take that bond so rigorously pressed." After he had prayed, he blessed the Lord, and affirmed that if this day every hair of his head were a man, and every drop of his blood were a life, he would heartily lay them down for Christ and the cause for which he was now sentenced.

Andrew Sword sang Psalm xxxiv., one of the Psalms in which David, though among the Philistines, a fugitive from Saul, gives utterance to his faith and joy in God:

"God will I bless all times; His praise
My mouth shall still express.
My soul shall boast in God: the meek
Shall hear with joyfulness."

After the Psalm was sung, he said, "The Bishop of St Andrews' death I am free of, having lived four or five score miles from this, and never was in this place before. My coming here is for refusing to take the bond. I bless the Lord for keeping me from that snare. I exhort you to seek the Lord, and not to fear suffering. I cannot but commend Christ and His cross to you. I would not exchange my lot for a thousand worlds. Farewell, all created comforts." And then he prayed before he was flung off the ladder.

James Wood's speech, when on the ladder, reads like that of one of the martyrs in the first ages of Christianity. "I never," he said, "was in this place of the country before. I am here this day to lay down my life that God hath given, because I could not call my appearance in arms at Bothwell Bridge rebellion, and because I would not take the bond. I am so far from thinking it rebellion, that I bless God I was a man to be there, though a man most unable for war, and unskilful because of my infirm arm—and all the arms I had was a halbert upon my shoulder—and it was not for anything I could do with it, but I behoved to be there to show my good will to the work of God, and the respect I had to the interests of our Lord. And now I am so far from rueing anything that I had done that day in my appearing for Christ and His cause, that I would heartily wish, if I were to live, to see as many men every year for the defence of the Gospel gathered together, and I would count it my honour to be with them. It was my desire to the Lord that He would let me die a martyr, and I sought it of Him; and, blessed be His name, He hath answered me according to that Scripture, 'Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desire of thy heart.' And now He hath granted me the desire of my heart on earth, and I shall have the desire of my heart throughout all eternity; and what would any of you have more, sirs? And now, my friends, I am not a whit afraid to go up this ladder, and to lay down my life this day; for it is the best day ever yet mine eyes saw; and I am as sure of my interest as the Word of God, and the Lord's Spirit by His Word, can make me."

John Waddel declared he had never before been over the Water of Forth, and that the reason of his death was the same as that of his friends. He protested against paying the cess that had been raised to maintain troops to put down the free preaching of the Word of God; and as he went to prayer, he affirmed he was not a whit discouraged to see his three brethren hanging before his eyes, nor to pray before all that multitude.

John Clyde, when on the ladder, compared their being there to Herodias asking Herod for the head of John the Baptist. Nothing would satisfy the lust of their persecutors but blood. "I bless the Lord," he said, "for keeping me straight, and I desire to speak it to the commendation of free grace, that there is none who will lippen to God and depend upon Him for direction, but they shall be keeped straight and right. But to be promised to be kept from tribulation, that is not the bargain, for He hath said, through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom." "He hath not promised to keep us from trouble, but to be with us in it, and what needs more? I bless the Lord for keeping me to this very hour, for little would I have thought a twelvemonth since that the Lord would have taken a poor ploughman lad and have honoured me so highly, as to have made me first appear for Him, and then keep me straight, and now hath keeped me to this very hour to lay down my life for Him." The narrative of his last words closes by recording, that "at the ladder foot he said to his brother, 'Weep not for me, brother, but weep for yourself and the poor land, and seek God and make Him sure for yourself, and He shall be better to you than ten brethren. Now, farewell, all friends and relations, farewell, brother, sister, and mother, and welcome, Lord Jesus. Into Thy hands I commit my spirit.' And lifting up the napkin off his face, he said, 'Dear friends, be not discouraged because of the cross, nor at this ye have seen this day, for I hope ye have seen no discouragement in me, and you shall see no more.'"

The bodies of the five martyrs were hung in chains. A zealous local antiquary, Mr Hay Fleming, St Andrews, tells us that the tradition of the district is, that at Bonfield, a small farmhouse not far from Strathkinness, there lived, two centuries ago, an old married couple. The inhabitants of Strathkinness were grieved to see the bodies of the martyrs hanging as if they had been criminals of the worst class, and the rattling of their chains by the wind at night often disturbed their slumbers. One very dark night the aged couple went up together to Magus Moor, and took down the bodies and buried them and their chains in the spot where they now lie. This act of daring enraged those in power, and strict search after its perpetrators was made. All the other inhabitants of the vicinity were summoned and examined; but the old couple, from their advanced age, were never suspected, and so escaped notice altogether.

In the account of the inscription given in the third edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," the gravestone is said to have been set up in 1728. A venerable father in the ministry assures us, that when he first visited Magus Moor, fifty or fifty-five years ago, there were three gravestones to be seen. So far as he recollects, their inscriptions were much the same. Mr Hay Fleming has made inquiries of several old people in and about St Andrews, and the substance of their statements is that three gravestones stood where the bodies of the five martyrs lie buried. About 1805 two bulls from neighbouring farms got into the field and fought with each other, and in the fight one of the stones was broken. About the same time the second stone was broken by the cattle grazing in the field. For safety the third stone was taken into the wood, and set up in the square, which we are soon to visit, where the bishop came to his end. This stone was accidentally broken, about thirty years ago, by two students, now ministers. When we visited Magus Moor for the first time in 1871, we were told that its remains had been carried away, piece by piece, by visitors, until all that remained of it was a fragment a few inches square, which the farmer at Claremont, an adjoining farm, had taken away for safety, and laid down at his front door, where we saw it lying. A few letters, but no complete words, were all that could be deciphered.

The five martyrs are worthy of a new monument. It might, however, be best to place it, as has been done at Inchbelly Bridge, Kirkintilloch, by the roadside, with an intimation that at a spot on the ridge to the south—the number of yards might be mentioned—their remains lie. This would prevent the farmer's crops being trodden down by visitors.

[In 1877 the late Mr John Whyte Melville enclosed the graves of the five martyrs with a low but substantial stone wall, and put up a new tombstone, bearing the same inscriptions as one of the old ones had done. On the obverse there is:

Here lies Thos Brown
James Wood Andrew Sword
John Weddell & John Clyde
who suffered martyrdom on Magus Muir
for their adherence to the Word of God
and Scotland's Covenanted Work of Reformation.
Nov. 25, 1679

On the reverse there is the metrical inscription which Mr Thomson has quoted from the "Cloud of Witnesses," and "Restored 1877." The Parish Council has recently put an iron railing on the top of the wall, to prevent people from cutting their names or initials on the tombstone.—D. H. F.]

From the resting-place of the martyrs it is not difficult to reach the place where Sharp was killed. The spot is marked in the Ordnance Map as in the wood north-east of the Martyrs' Grave. It is not more than a hundred yards from it, and is an enclosure about twenty-five yards square. A hedge, that had been cut to the ground shortly before we visited it, and was now springing up afresh from the stumps, separates it from the surrounding wood. The wood is evidently some forty or fifty years old, and is mainly fir, with the weeping birch and rowan tree encircling the scene of Sharp's death. Within the enclosure, and on the open places in the wood, the heather was growing luxuriantly, quite justifying its old name, Magus Moor. At the south side of the enclosure traces were to be seen of the old road that, in Sharp's time, ran along the ridge to St Andrews.

Sharp had long had an evil reputation in Scotland. At the Restoration he had been sent to London by his brethren to look after the interests of Presbyterianism in Scotland, and his letters, written with a kind of studied unctuousness, entirely deceived his brethren until the time for action was past. Their substance is given by Wodrow in the Introduction to his "History," and they more than justify the title of traitor, that his countrymen have so generally regarded as a synonym for the name of Sharp. In 1661 he was appointed Archbishop of St Andrews, and in the December of that year, in Westminster, he so demeaned himself as to be made a deacon, a presbyter, and then consecrated a bishop, all in one day. He had a chief hand in nearly all the tyrannical measures of after years. After Pentland, when other members of the Council pleaded for mercy to the prisoners, he urged an opposite course; and it was mainly by his influence that so many of them were tried and condemned to death. He was credited with keeping back a letter from the king ordering no more lives to be taken away, until as many as he had the mind should die were despatched. In his own diocese he had shown the greatest rigour to the Presbyterians. He had procured the appointment of one William Carmichael, Sheriff-Depute of Fife, to search for nonconformists and intercommuned persons, and procured him powers to fine, imprison, and distrain the goods of all who absented themselves from their parish churches. Carmichael was a man of broken fortune and of profligate life, and was said to have spent his means in riotous living. With a view of bettering himself and pleasing his patron, he far outstript the letter of his commission. He fined, imprisoned, and seized the goods of all he could discover who were absent from church; servants he tortured, to compel them to tell where their masters were hid; and women and children were beaten, to find out where their husbands or parents were, or their property was concealed. And with women he did not hesitate to commit worse crimes. To make matters worse, there was no legal remedy; to complain of him was only to incur more severe exactions. The result was that a number of those who were living in hiding, fugitives from his persecutions, resolved, if possible, to give him a fright, so as "to scarr him," says Russell, "from his cruel courses." Saturday, the 3rd of May 1679, when they learned he was to be out hunting, was fixed for the attempt. Early in the morning twelve of their number met together, among whom were David Hackstoun of Rathillet, John Balfour of Kinloch, James Russell, and Andrew Guilline. They scoured the country up and down around Cupar till near mid-day, but came upon no traces of him. The reason was, that he had been warned by a shepherd as he was setting out in the morning, that some gentlemen had been inquiring after him, and he, in fear, immediately returned homewards. Meanwhile the twelve, wearied and disappointed at not falling in with Carmichael, had come to a spot about a mile eastward from Ceres, and were about to separate—three of their number had already gone—when a boy, sent by a neighbouring farmer's wife, told them the bishop's coach was near. This at once changed their purpose. They had missed the servant, but the master, their arch-enemy, and the fountain of all the evil they had suffered, the traitor Sharp, had come in their way, and after some discussion—Hackstoun alone opposing, as he had had a difference with Sharp in a civil process wherein he thought he had been wronged, and whatever he did might be attributed to revenge, whereof he protested he was free—they resolved to cut him off as best they could. John Balfour then said, "Gentlemen, follow me;" which they did. While engaged in this discussion they had come near to a little village, Magus, now no longer in existence, when they saw Sharp's coach and its six horses leisurely taking the road to St Andrews. Russell, upon "a fleet horse," immediately rode up to the coach to see if its owner were inside. The bishop noticed him, and ordered the coachman to drive faster. Meanwhile the other eight joined their companion in pursuit. While thus pursuing, one of the bishop's five servants turned upon them, and was about to fire when he was dismounted, and his carbine taken from him. Shots were fired at the coach, but without effect; when the "fleet" rider rode up and cried, "Judas be taken!" and then called upon the postillion to stop. But the postillion only drove faster, so he struck him on the head with his sword, dismounted him, and cut the traces. The eight soon came up and secured the servants, and fired into the coach; but when they looked in they found the bishop was safe and whole, and they saw he must now be killed in due form. He was ordered to come out, and as he lingered and cried for mercy, Russell said to him, with the judicial gravity that marked even the wildest proceedings of the Presbyterians—as if debarred by iniquitous laws from arraigning him for his crimes, they would yet solemnly tell him of the misdeeds for which they were now taking away his life—"I take God to witness, whose cause I desire to own in adhering to the persecuted Gospel, that it is not out of any hatred of your person, nor from any prejudice you have done or could do to me, that I intend now to take your life, but because you have been, and still continue to be, an avowed opposer of the flourishing of Christ's kingdom, and a murderer of His saints, whose blood you have shed like water on the ground." One of the nine now charged him, "Repent, Judas, and come out;" but the bishop only answered, "Gentlemen, save my life, and I will save yours;" when Russell again said to him, "I know it is not in your power either to save us, or to kill us. I again declare it is not any particular feud or quarrel I have at you, which moves me to this attempt, but because you are an enemy to Christ and His interest, and have wrung your hands in the blood of His saints, not only after Pentland, but several times since; and particularly for your perjury and shedding the blood of Mr James Mitchel, and having a hand in the death of Mr James Learmont, and your perfidious betraying of the Church of Scotland;

these crimes and that blood cry with a loud voice to heaven for vengeance, and we are this day to execute it." He then ordered him to come out and prepare for death, judgment, and eternity. But Sharp refused, and cried for mercy, and offered him money to spare his life. "Thy money perish with thee," was the stern reply. A shot was now fired at him by one of the nine, while a second wounded him with a sword, at which Sharp cried out, "I am gone." He was again called to come out, but only answered, "I am gone already, what needs more." They now were about to pull him out, when he exclaimed, "I know you will save my life; I will come out." As soon as he was out they pressed him to pray, but he again fell on his knees before Russell, and offered him money, and besought him for God's sake to save his life, when he was told he had been without mercy, and need expect none, and was charged to prepare for death. Instead of praying, he crept on his hands and knees to Hackstoun, who kept aloof on horseback from the others, and cried on him as a gentleman to protect him. Hackstoun merely answered, "I shall never lay a hand on you," and rode away. Sharp now turned to the others, and entreated them to spare the life of an old man, and he promised them a free pardon. His entreaties were of no effect, and Russell warned him his time had come. If he did not address God immediately, they must proceed. He still begged for life, when a volley was fired upon him, and he fell back as dead. One of their number went up and put his sword into the body, when Sharp at once raised himself. At this his executioners, not proof against the superstitions of the age in which they lived, seemed to have fancied he was bullet proof, and Russell ordered them to draw swords. When Sharp saw the drawn swords he felt death was certain, and shrieked in the most piteous manner. But neither the frantic cries of the Archbishop's distracted daughter, who was travelling with him, nor the appeal of Hackstoun, who had drawn near—"Spare, spare these grey hairs," nor the shrieks of the unhappy prelate, were of any avail. Russell struck him on the face with his sword, and the others followed, and killed him outright, and then rifled his pocket and the coach of papers.

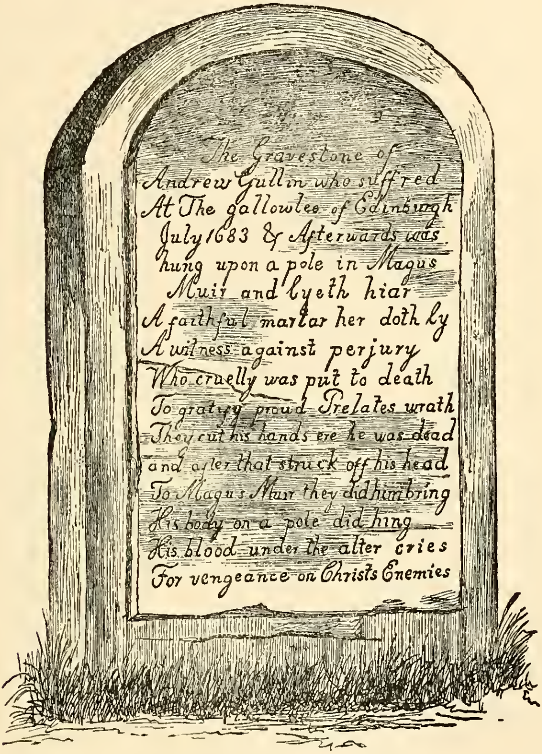
Three-quarters of an hour at mid-day, in a populous country, with soldiers scouring up and down its length and breadth, had been occupied in the work now finished, but no one interfered with them. The very servants, of whom there were five, stood and looked on till all was done. Indeed, besides Hackstoun, the only one who interceded for him was Andrew Guilline, who all the time, says Russell, pleaded for his life. The dead body was left to the care of the servants, and the nine rode away deliberately to the spot where they had left their cloaks. On the way they met a man well mounted, and finding he was one of Sharp's servants, they disarmed him, and set his horse loose upon the moor, as they had done with those of the other servants. From Magus Moor they rode to a place three or four miles distant, where they dismounted, and joined together in prayer, and gave thanks to God for what He had stirred them to do; for His wonderful assistance, and His restraining their adversaries on all sides until the work was accomplished. After prayer they refreshed themselves, and searched the papers they had taken, some of which were not of a character to make them repent of what they had done.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature about the death of Sharp was the deliberation with which it was done. The nine did not act as highwaymen, that shoot their victim without warning, and then plunder him of his all. They acted rather in the spirit of a judge that had both to sentence, and, himself, to carry the sentence into effect. Compared with the fortnight or three weeks that now generally elapses between sentence and execution, the thirty or more minutes they gave Sharp to prepare for death were short indeed. But the age was a cruel one. Sharp himself for years had been a chief supporter of a government that was in the habit of dealing in a harsh and summary way with Presbyterians who could not submit to its tyrannical laws; and on the Thursday of the week in which he was killed he had procured an Act of Council, empowering the officers and soldiers to pursue the faithful Covenanters to the death if they offered any resistance. When, therefore, they gave him a few minutes only to prepare for death—minutes, according to the testimony of Guilline, which he spent, not in prayer, but in vain entreaties to his executioners to spare his life, a life he had forfeited many times by his cruelties to his old associates,—they only paid him back in his own coin, and treated him as he had treated others whose single crime was that they held that "God alone is the Lord of the conscience, and hath left it free from the doctrines and commandments of men which are in anything contrary to His Word, or beside it, in matters of faith or worship."

Sharp's body was brought to St Andrews, and the tidings taken over to Edinburgh. The Council met next day, and took the depositions of some of the servants. A proclamation was issued, in which Russell and his associates are spoken of five times as "assassinates," and their friends as a company of "vagrant and skulking ruffians," field conventicles to be "rendezvouzes of rebellion, and forges of all bloody and jesuitical principles": while the deed itself is declared to be "the horrid and bloody murder," "a barbarous and inhumane assassination and parricide," "a cruelty exceeding the barbarity of pagans and heathens," "a cruelty exceeding the belief of all true

Protestants," in which "the assassinates" "acted by a spirit of hellish and insatiable cruelty," "and which murder is as far as possible rendered yet more detestable by the unmasked boldness of such as durst openly, with bare faces, in the midst of our kingdom at midday, assemble themselves together, to kill in our highway the Primate of our kingdom, and one of our Privy Council, by so many strokes and shots as left his body but one wound." "Since several of the said assassinates are known to have been tenants in the shire of Fife, whose faces will be known to such of the witnesses as were present," heritors and masters in Fife or Kinross are commanded to bring their tenants, cottars, and servants to St Andrews, Cupar, Kirkcaldy, or Dunfermline, there to continue and abide until examined by the sheriff-deputes. "Absentees are warned they shall be reputed favourers of said assassination." "A full indemnity" is offered to "any of the said assassinates who shall discover his complices," and ten thousand merks to any who shall give such information as shall lead to their capture. Five months afterwards a proclamation was issued containing the names of Balfour and Russell and the others, urging upon all to search for, apprehend, and secure them. In spite of these efforts not one of the nine was ever betrayed by his friends, or taken as concerned in Sharp's death. Hackstoun was captured at Ayrsmoss; Dingwall was mortally wounded at Drumclog; Guilline was apprehended while labouring in the fields in the parish of Cockpen, four years afterwards (June 11, 1683), on the charge of not being at church on the preceding Lord's Day. He was pressed to drink the king's health, but refused, saying he drank no healths. He was then taken to Dalkeith, and thence to Edinburgh, where he was examined, and put in what was called the iron house, a room on the second floor of the Tolbooth, specially set apart for felons. The iron bar or "gaud" to which they were chained—a bar of wrought iron, twelve feet long by two and a half inches in diameter—is still preserved in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh. While thus in prison a rumour reached the authorities that he was present at Sharp's death; but there was no evidence of the fact until, at one of his examinations, the unsuspecting man himself supplied it, whilst his examiner was bewailing the death of Sharp, and representing one of its enormities to be that the bishop was killed when upon his knees praying. This was too much for Guilline, and he innocently lifted up his hand and cried out, "O dreadful! he would not pray one word for all that could be said to him."

Guilline lies buried about half a mile to the south of the spot where Sharp was killed. We took a last view of the enclosed square in the wood. It had a much-frequented look. We followed the footpath which ran south-east, until it led us into the cross road, which, in a ten minutes' walk, brought us to Claremont. Here we went westward, on the road to Cupar, and past the farm of Claremont about a hundred yards, when a small copse of trees, fifty yards to the north of the road, caught our eye. A small burn here turns northward at right angles to the road. We walked up the side of the burn to the trees, which were enclosed by a dry stone dyke, and within the enclosure, towards the east end, was the tombstone of Andrew Guilline. The fifty or sixty trees were mainly fir or beech, about thirty years old. The spot had once been a garden, for here and there was a gooseberry bush growing wild. A more sequestered or a more desirable place for a graveyard could scarcely be conceived, and Andrew Guilline was its solitary tenant.


The Gravestone of
Andrew Gullin who suffred
At The gallowlee of Edinburgh
July 1683 & Afterwards was
hung upon a pole in Magus
Muir and lyeth hiar
A faithful martar her doth ly
A witness against perjury
Who cruelly was put to death
To gratify proud Prelates wrath
They cut his hands ere he was dead
and after that struck off his head
To Magus Muir they did him bring
His body on a pole did hing
His blood under the alter cries
For vengeance on Christs Enemies

ANDREW GUILLINE'S MONUMENT

The tombstone is erect. It is three feet in height by two in breadth. The lettering, very different from nearly all the martyrs' stones we have visited, is shallow, and bears no traces of ever having come under the deepening chisel of Robert Paterson, the "Old Mortality" of Sir Walter Scott. The letters of inscription were so filled in with moss that we made them out with great difficulty. They are:

The Grave Ston of
Andreu Gullin who Suffred
At the Gallowlee of Edinburgh
July 1683 & Afterwards was
hung upon a pol in Magus
Muir and lyeth hiar.

A FAITHFWL MARTYR HER DOTH LY
A WITNESS AGAINST PERJURY
WHO CRUELY WAS PUT TO DEATH
TO GRATIFY PROUD PRELATES WRATH
THEY CUT HIS HANDS ERE HE WAS DEAD
AND AFTER THAT STRUCK OFF HIS HEAD
TO MAGUS MUIR THEY DID HIM BRING
HIS BODY ON A POLE DID HING
HIS BLOOD UNDER THE ALTAR CRIES
FOR VENGEANCE ON CHRIST'S ENEMIES.

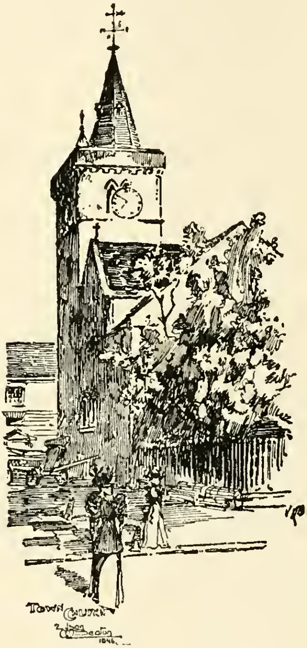
[Mr John Whyte Melville had the inscription re-cut, and the stone inserted in a base in 1876; but eight years later the base was burst, and the stone itself snapped in two. When Mr John Balfour Melville was apprised of this disaster, he at once gave orders to have the monument repaired, and this was carried out in the most satisfactory way. The old stone was "let into" a huge slab of sandstone, and it was then re-erected on its former site, 24th December 1885. As the stone which was broken at Magus Muir in 1848 was also in memory of Andrew Guilline, there must have been two monuments for him.—D. H. F.]

Guillin, or Guilline, Guillan or Gulon or Guilon, for in all these forms his name is spelt, was a weaver in Balmerino. He had been expelled from Dundee for not attending the parish church. He took no active part in the death of Sharp further than that he held the horses. According to Russell, he did what he could to save Sharp's life. "All this time Andrew Guilon pleaded for his life. John Balfour threatening him to be quiet, he came to Rathillet, who was standing at a distance with his cloak about his mouth all the time on horseback, and desired him to come and cause save his life, who answered, as he meddled not with them nor desired them to take his life, so he durst not plead for him nor forbid them." He was tried July 18th, and the jury found him guilty of the bishop's death, although really if there was guilt in the matter, the least share of it was attachable to him. He was sentenced to "have both of his hands cut off at the foot of the gallows, and then hanged, his head to be cut off, and his body to be carried to Magus Muir and hung up in chains." Wodrow says he has some letters written by him, that show him to have been "a countryman of some knowledge and seriousness." He suffered at the Gallowlee, between Edinburgh and Leith. His last speech is in the "Cloud of Witnesses," and it amply justifies Wodrow's cautious language regarding him. He urges the people to holiness, and to "cleave to the Son of God and His truths." He declares, "I die not as a murderer or as an evil-doer; although this covenant-breaking, perjured, murdering generation lay it to my charge as though I were a murderer, on account of the justice that was executed on that Judas that sold the Kirk of Scotland for 50,000 merks a-year." He closes in words similar to those uttered by M'Kail and not a few of the sufferers in that age: "Farewell, sweet Societies with whom I have been, whose company was only refreshful to me. Farewell, my mother, brethren, sisters, and all other relations. Farewell, all earthly pleasures. Farewell, sun, moon, and stars. Welcome, spirits of just men made perfect. Welcome, angels. Welcome, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, into whose hands I commit my spirit."

His sentence was carried out to the letter, but he bore it with undaunted spirit. The executioner was drunk, and it took nine strokes ere his hands were cut off. When the right was cut off he held up the stump in view of the multitude, and said, "As my blessed Lord sealed my salvation with His blood, so I am honoured this day to seal His truths with my blood." The "Cloud of Witnesses" further records: "Afterwards, being strangled a little, his head was cut off, and it, with the hands, placed upon the Netherbow Port of Edinburgh; and his entrails being taken out, his body was conveyed to Magus Muir, and there hung up in chains on a high pole."

The body of Guilline, like those of the five whose remains rest in Magus Moor, was not allowed by the people of the district long to hang in chains. It must have been taken down within ten months after it had been put up, for in the Council Records, of date May 27, 1684, "The Council grant a commission to the Earl of Balcarras to pass a sentence of banishment on the persons who took down Andrew Guilline's body from Magus Muir;" a commission that strangely contrasts, not to the advantage of the Council, with the Divine command, "If a man have committed a sin worthy of death, and he be to be put to death, and thou hang him on a tree; his body shall not remain all night upon the tree, but thou shalt in any wise bury him that day; for he that is hanged is accursed of God; that thy land be not defiled, which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance" (Deut. xxi. 22, 23).

From Claremont to St Andrews is a walk of about three and a half miles, and the road is a pleasant one. At first the ground and the trees conceal St Andrews from view, but at about two miles distance the city, with its tall tower and steeples, and the bay beyond, so feared by the voyager for its readiness to call forth *mal de mer*, came into view.



TOWN CHURCH, ST ANDREWS

St Andrews is one of the oldest of Scottish cities, but it must of late years have largely changed in appearance, for there is little ancient about its streets—all seems new. It is not until we come to its colleges and churches and churchyard, that we feel that we are within what must at one time have been in reality the capital of Scotland. Of its churches we chose to visit one of the more modern—the Town Church in South Street. It is destitute of architectural beauty. With the exception of the tower and the session-house, it was almost entirely rebuilt in 1800, upon the foundations of an older church. It contains the monument to Sharp erected by his son. It is a large structure of black and white marble, and creditable to the artist, whatever we may think of the designer, the best part of whose work is perhaps the marble slab that forms its basement, on which are depicted in bas-relief the attack on Sharp's carriage, and his death. Sharp on his knees, occupies the centre-piece. In front of him is his crosier, as if worshipping it. Above him an angel is putting a crown—*the crown of martyrdom*—on his head; and near the crown has very appropriately been placed the legend "PRO MITRA"—for the mitre—the object for which the poor man betrayed his former brethren, and at last came to an untimely end. Below the kneeling figure is a Latin inscription of twenty-two lines, in which an earnest effort is put forth to declare Sharp to have been a paragon of excellence. He is said to have been a most holy bishop, a most prudent senator, a most sacred martyr, a pattern of piety, an angel of peace, an oracle of wisdom, an example of gravity. Here also is said to lie what is left beneath the sun of the most reverend father in Christ, "Domini JACOBI SHARP."

The monument was thoroughly repaired in 1849. At the same time the vault was opened and was found to contain nothing but the coffin handles—all else had disappeared. In 1725 the church was broken into during the night by "certain ryotous and disorderlie persons," and the vault rifled of its contents. What was done with the contents no one now seems to know. For a century and a half, therefore, Sharp's mausoleum has contained nothing of what has been left beneath the sun of his remains, and it is now, like Jezebel's tomb, untenanted by the body it was intended to keep secure. An engraving of Sir Peter Lely's portrait of Sharp is in Burns' edition of Wodrow. Lely's power lay in faithfully putting upon canvas the weakness as well as the strength of those who sat to him, and he certainly has succeeded in preserving in Sharp's countenance the dissimulation, the treachery, and the feline delight he had in torturing his enemies who came into his hands, that his contemporaries had too much reason for ascribing to him.

"The Life and Times of Archbishop Sharp," by Thomas Stephen, was published in 1839. It is a large octavo volume of 640 pages, but is of no critical value. The author does not seem to have known of the Lauderdale Papers in the British Museum, which contain several of Sharp's letters, or to have made any special researches for his theme. He is a High Churchman of the most ultra type, and regards Sharp as one of the best and greatest of men; and the Covenanters and Scotsmen generally, save Scottish Episcopalians, as about as bad as bad can be. Of Sharp he says, "The sacred blood of that father of the Church still cries to heaven. Punishment soon followed this unparalleled crime, by having as a nation both the candle and the candlestick removed from the land. A moral cloud has hung over it for a century and a half." Indeed the volume is filled with such ravings.

Wodrow gives a full account of Sharp's death. In his notes there is the narrative "published by authority." It differs considerably from Wodrow's. Its style and spirit will be seen from its first sentence: "On the 3rd of May, a day remarkable in the Church kalendar for the invention of the holy cross, this excellent primate found his, and I hope obtained his crown, (in which month also Henry IV. of France and Cardinal Beaton, one of his predecessors, were assassinated), about nine of the clock in the morning he took his coach in Kennoway, a village ten miles distant from St Andrews, where he lay the night before, accompanied only with four of his servants, and his eldest daughter in the coach with him."

Defoe, in his "Memoirs of the Church of Scotland," gives a "relation of the action" "from the mouth of one of the actors." As might be expected, its clearness of statement is in striking contrast to the confused jumble of the narrative "published by authority." It substantially agrees with Wodrow. Russell's narrative, appended to Kirkpatrick Sharp's edition of Kirkton's "History," in the main bears out Wodrow.

The Town Church, which contains Sharp's monument, was that in which, in its earlier form, Alexander Shields, the associate of James Renwick, occupied for a time the second charge. Shields' early life was somewhat eventful. He took his degree of Master of Arts at Edinburgh in 1675. He was in Holland when the rising that ended at Bothwell Bridge took place. Sometime afterwards he was in London, where he acted as secretary or amanuensis to Dr John Owen, the well-known author of so many theological books. In 1684 he was ordained minister of a congregation that met in Embroiderers' Hall, but his ministry there was of short duration, for on the 11th of January 1685, while preaching in a private house upon "the stairs in the entry into two chambers, upon the words in Genesis xlix. 21, 'Naphtali is a hind let loose, he giveth goodly words,' he was apprehended, along with several others who were afterwards sent to Dunnottar." On the death of Charles II., Shields was also taken to Scotland, where he was kept for some months in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, until, when on the eve of being sent to the Bass, he managed to escape, disguised in women's clothes. In 1686 he joined Renwick, and the two soon became fast friends. He took part with Renwick in writing the "Informatory Vindication."

When the circumstances in which the "Informatory Vindication" was penned are taken into account, it must be regarded as a calmly written document, and it sets forth and defends with much ability, and in short compass, the position taken by Cargill, Cameron, and Renwick. It breathes the very spirit of liberty. "We testify and declare our cordial owning and approving of the *faithful* and *free preaching* of the Gospel *in the open fields* as well as in houses; and of the duty of defending the Gospel and ourselves by arms, and the lawfulness of defensive war against the usurpers of our ecclesiastical and civil liberties." It testifies against the doctrine often sought to be fathered upon the persecuted Presbyterians by their enemies, that magistracy is founded upon grace. "We say that, as it is not subjectively founded upon grace, so it is a holy and divine institution, for the good of human society, the encouragement of virtue and piety, and curbing of vice and impiety, competent unto, and honourable amongst both Christians and heathens."

The "Informatory Vindication" was read over at a meeting of the Societies, held on March 2, 1687, and the two following days, at Friarminion, a lonely farmhouse on a burnside nearly a mile to the south-west of Mount Stuart, a hill about six miles to the north of Kirkconnel station on the South-Western Railway. It was resolved to have it printed. £120 Scots—*i.e.*, £10—it was thought, would defray the expense, and Alexander Shields was desired to oversee the printing. He went to London, but failed to find a printer who would undertake it. He crossed over to Holland, where he succeeded. Here he remained until the close of the year, occupied in passing the "Informatory Vindication" through the press, and in writing and printing the "Hind Let Loose." A letter of his brother Michael, yet in manuscript, of date Utrecht, July 29, 1687, speaks of the "Informatory Vindication" as then printed, and asks from "Monsieur Rosin," at Embden, Friesland, to whom it is addressed, for a loan of 300 gulden, *i.e.*, £26, to print the "Hind Let Loose." "If you could get 300 gilders (I think it will take that much to get it printed) to borrow from any in that place, for which my brother or I, or both, shall engage to get thankfully paid again, you would send us word as soon as you can. The 'Vindication' is now printed, and we shall send you some of them." "If you get the money, you may convey it to Andrew Henderson, who will send it safe."

A second letter, dated Utrecht, August 25, 1687, also addressed, in Dutch, "to M. Rosin, in the house of Jan Claesen Duyn, in the New Street at Embden," acknowledges the receipt of the money, and speaks of "a printer here to whom he," *i.e.*, Alexander Shields, "gave in the first sheet but yesterday."

The "Hind Let Loose" is a bulky volume. It is seven times the length of the "Informatory Vindication." The edition of 1744 is a closely printed 12mo of 755 pages. Notwithstanding the rapidity with which it was written, for it seems to have been the work of a few weeks in Utrecht, and its extraordinary length, it contains pages that may be read even yet with interest; such as Part II., containing "A brief account of the persecution of the last period, and of the great suffering whereby all the parts of its testimony were sealed;" and Part III., Head iv., "The sufferings of people for frequenting field meetings vindicated," under section 6, where an account is given of the success that attended the "field preaching." "It being beyond all doubt that the assemblies of the Lord's people to partake of pure ordinances with full freedom of conscience in the fields, have been signally owned and blessed of the Lord, and have proven a mean to spread the knowledge of God beyond anything that appeared in our best times." As a whole, the book certainly answers to the promise of its title-page, which declares that it contains "A Vindication of the present Testimony against the Popish, Prelatical, and malignant Enemies of the Church of Scotland, as it is now stated for the Prerogatives of Christ, Privileges of the Church, and Liberties of Mankind."

While uncompromising in his condemnation of the lawlessness and tyranny of the times of Charles II. and James II., Alexander Shields was yet large-hearted and catholic in his sympathies. In a letter contained in Macmillan's "Collection of Letters," a volume more usually called "Renwick's Letters," written in June 1685, while he was a prisoner in the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, he expresses opinions which show that had he been living in our time, he would have been a zealous member of the Evangelical Alliance. "God is love," he says in his opening sentences, and the thirty or more pages that follow are on the same key, "and he that dwelleth in love delighteth in union, its native fruit and effect—the union that hath most of God and love in it, and hath a tendency to lead to and keep near God—the union that hath love for its cement, Christ for its centre, and truth for its foundation. Therefore, it follows that the closer a people cleave to Christ and His truths, the more inclinable they will be to union, the sooner they will obtain it, and the surer they will keep it. This is both the best means and the truest measures I can conceive either for attaining or for entertaining union. The union of enemies ought to be an upstirring motive to it; and the sense of our own pressures should make us leave nothing unessayed to accomplish it. It is one way of walking worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, to endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

John Howie's "Collection of Lectures and Sermons" contains three by Alexander Shields. Their sentences are much less involved than those of the "Hind Let Loose." As it is with many public speakers, the presence of an audience gave his preaching a lucidity and pith and directness often lacking in what came from his pen. The matter of his discourses is evangelical in a high degree, and accounts for his popularity as a preacher. The first of the three sermons is that preached at Cairntable, December 28, 1686. He had appeared before a General Meeting of the Societies on December 22, and given an account of his past life. The Societies expressed satisfaction with his statement, and "did call him to officiate in preaching the Word to the suffering remnant of this Church," so that the sermon may be regarded as introductory to his ministry in Scotland. Renwick preached in the forenoon. The sermon is somewhat marred by a superabundance of divisions, but in its closing sentences—which we transcribe from an old manuscript note-book, in which the text is given evidently in a more correct form than by Howie—he gets free from their trammels:

> "Now, sirs, I dare not but be plain with you about your souls' condition. Knowing the terror of the Lord, we desire you and persuade you to close with Christ. No escaping if you neglect this great salvation. We cannot promise you another offer of it in time. O sirs! take a look of precious Christ that is offered here, and give in your answer, and obey His call, or else we must denounce wrath and everlasting woe against you. Here, in His name, we call upon you to give in your answer. . . .
>
> "To persuade you, . . . consider how little price you can produce; for it is not over dear. It is on easy terms. Believe, and ye shall be saved. Take, and ye shall have. Open your mouths, and I will fill them. O sirs! these are easy conditions that heaven and glory may be had on. O make no excuses, but close the bargain with all your hearts, and let all your other lovers be gone, and embrace Him in this Gospel, lest ye perish everlastingly.
>
> 'Consider the misery of this neglect. It is unavoidable. O sirs! Scotland's hell will be a hot hell, and especially of professors that had the offer of the Gospel and the offer of salvation on so easy terms. O sirs! where will you flee to hide yourselves on that day, you that have been Gospel proof, that will not be moved for all that we can say to you? O ye professors in Scotland that will not embrace this offer of Christ, ye are in as great hazard of losing heaven and happiness as the wicked enemies. Ye that are not doubting your conditions, ye are in a sad case. And ye that cannot read, O but ye are in a sad case! Ye say ye have no leisure to learn to read your Bibles. But can ye take leisure to damn your

souls, and will not take leisure to learn to go about the means of saving your souls? And ye that can read your Bibles, and will not give more pains to read them, and pray for the saving knowledge of them, ye are in hazard eternally to lose your souls. O give more diligence for heaven to your souls. Now ye have had a day of the Gospel on great hazard, and amongst enemies, and ye know not if ever ye have another day. O study the right improvement of the same, that it be not a lost day, or a day of accusation against you.

"Now I shall say no more, but give you a word of advice. O sirs! seek the Lord in the ordinances. He is a Lamb and a Lion. A Lamb speaks forth His meekness to penitent sinners that come to Him and accept of Him on His own terms. But O, He is a Lion also, and that speaks out His power and strength and boldness. If ye refuse Him in His lambly meekness, in His offers, in His Gospel, then ye shall be caught in the paws of this Lion of the tribe of Judah. O who dare rouse Him up or offend Him? Now O take Him and embrace Him, and if ye will not, He will come and say, 'Go, take these rebels and kill them before mine eyes, that would not that I should reign over them.' O come under His yoke, ye rebels! O come under His yoke! O but there be many rebels to our Lord in this land that will not consent to His kingly government in both Popery and Prelacy, and also many professors that have not given consent to His reigning in and over them.

"Now, what shall we say to you? We here, in His name, from the terror of the Lord, desire and persuade you to be reconciled to Christ, lest He come against you when there is none to plead your cause or excuse you in that great day of account, when ye must appear before the great God for what instructions ye have had, and this day amongst the rest. O study to be found in Him. Amen."

In 1715, "A true and faithful relation" of Alexander Shields' sufferings, "written with his own hand," was published in a quarto of 140 pages. It gives an account of his imprisonment and examination in London, his being sent down to Scotland, and his examinations before the Privy Council. It is curious as showing Shields' powers of fence, and the readiness with which the officials of the Government of that age sought to proclaim the doctrine of passive obedience. They assert it so often that they seem to have believed in it, although it would be difficult to conceive of monarchs more unworthy of unconditioned allegiance than Charles II. and James II.

When after the Revolution the Societies, March 3, 1689, renewed the Covenants at Borland Hill, near Lesmahagow, Shields took a chief part in the services of the day. At the meeting of the General Assembly in October 1690, he presented a long paper, entitled, "The Humble Proposals of Mr Alex. Shields." But the Committee of Bills and Overtures regarded it as tending rather to kindle contentions than compose divisions, and so it was never read to the Assembly; and the paper is too long, for it occupies sixteen closely printed octavo pages. Along with Thomas Lining and William Boyd, two young men who had been educated by the Societies for the Christian ministry, he speedily drew up a shorter "Paper of Submission and Subjection," and presented it to the Assembly, when the three were admitted into the fellowship of the Revolution Church. Although Shields had thus separated from the Society people, he seems always to have maintained friendly relations with them. When they raised a regiment, now the Cameronian or 26th Regiment of Foot, he was chosen as its chaplain, February 4, 1691. He accompanied it to the Netherlands, and served through its campaigns before Steinkirk and Namur. At the treaty of Ryswick he returned home, and was inducted minister of the second charge of St Andrews. But he was not permitted to remain long its minister. The directors of the unfortunate "Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies," appointed him their senior minister in the second expedition to Darien, and the appointment was sanctioned by the Commission of the General Assembly, July 21, 1699. The instructions given by the Commission to Shields and his three brethren do not in any way anticipate the disasters that overtook the young colony. They are written in the full confidence that success would attend it. Perhaps their chief value now is the illustration they give, that in 1699 good people in Scotland had thoughts of missionary labour among the heathen. The memorial to the General Assembly besought that ministers might be sent to "instruct and edify our countrymen in said colony;" "and who also might, through the blessing of God, be useful in propagating the glorious light of the Gospel among the pagan nations, and contribute to their conversion." And among other counsels the Commission charges the ministers, "particularly that you labour among the natives for their instruction and conversion, as you have access."

Alexander Shields died in Jamaica, June 14, 1700. John Borland, his colleague, and the solitary survivor of what was to have been the Presbytery of Caledonia, in what Lord Macaulay justly calls "his curious and interesting narrative" of the unhappy expedition, speaks of him almost as lovingly as James Renwick himself did. He says, and the passage is a fair specimen of the quaintness that characterises the one hundred and two pages of his "Memoirs of Darien":

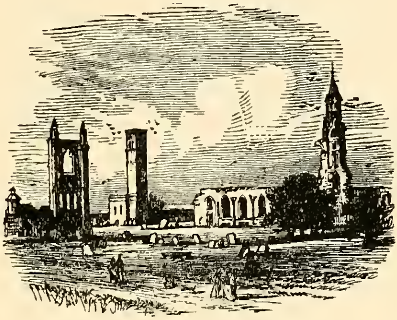
> "Among others of our countrymen that died here in Jamaica, the Reverend Mr Alexander Shields was one. He departed this life at Port Royal, in Jamaica, on June 14, of a violent and malignant fever, much lamented of all who knew his worth and parts, and had the occasion of his acquaintance. He had been

heart weary and broken with this company of men, among whom he had laboured and conversed so long with so little success, and therefore left them and went up to Port Royal, designing, it seems, to take passage thence homeward by the way of London. But men propose, and God disposeth; for he had now done his work, and it pleased his Master here to call for him, and to put an end to his weary and troublesome pilgrimage in this spot of our Lord's earth; and now he rests from his labours, and his works follow him. His worth was little known or prized by the most of these he had sojourned and laboured among in the work of the Gospel, of whom they were not worthy. This stroke was an awful frown of Providence upon that poor company which he was taken from, and had so often and affectionately exhorted, reproved, and admonished; for the righteous are taken away from the evil to come. He was decently buried by some kind and discreet English inhabitants in Port Royal, in the burial-place near Kingston, in Jamaica, a kind countrywoman, Isabel Murray, paying the expenses of his funeral. He had only preached one Sabbath at Port Royal, upon that text, Hosea xiv. 9, 'The ways of the Lord are right;' which proved his last sermon in this world. When he was in Caledonia, he preached mostly on that text, Acts xvii. 26, 27, 'God hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of our habitation.' He had a strong impression for some years before (as I have heard from some who were intimate with him) that he should die about the middle of June, and so it came to pass."

Thomas Lining of Lesmahagow, one of Shields' associates when received into the Established Church, published, in 1706, "Church Communion enquired into; or, a Treatise against Separation from this National Church of Scotland," which, he says, he "published" from Shields' "own manuscripts without any material alteration." It is more tersely written than the "Hind Let Loose," and with some skill, and his wonted earnestness, seeks to combat the objections his old friends had to entering the Established Church. He denies the charge of Erastianism brought against "the Church as now established." But the events that brought about the Disruption of 1843, not to speak of previous separations, have shown that the Societies had cause for their objections. A highly competent authority, Mr Taylor Innes, in his "Law of Creeds," p. 245, has said that the "long contest" which "the Reformed Presbyterian Church, or Cameronians, who would not enter the Established Church on account of the alleged defects in its reconstitution," had "with the party which most resembled them in the Establishment as to the legal import of the Revolution Settlement, has now, after one hundred and fifty years, been decided in favour of the malcontents by the courts of law themselves."

Alexander Shields' brother, Michael, was an excellent penman. His manuscript is one that would delight the eyes of a printer. He seems to have been a man of some education. He acted as clerk to the Societies from 1681 to 1691, and he has left a record of their meetings in the "Faithful Contendings Displayed." Macmillan's "Collection" contains fifteen of his letters. He went out with his brother in the expedition to the Isthmus of Darien, where, with so many of his countrymen, he seems to have died.

St Mary's College is nearly opposite the Town Church, and outside and in, has a venerable academic air about it. It contains much that is full of interest to the student. But we must hurry on to the burying-ground, in which the Cathedral stands. The Cathedral is majestic even in its ruins, and must have been a magnificent building in the days of its glory. Its very size—356 feet in length within the walls—must, after the Reformation, have been its ruin. Like most cathedrals, it would not be well adapted for the purposes of Protestant worship. The seizure of the Church lands by the nobles took away the means of keeping the building in repair, and when once it began to need repair, and no one to repair it, ruin would speedily set in.



RUINS OF ST ANDREWS' CATHEDRAL

St Regulus' Tower, which also stands in the churchyard, is a noble-looking object. With scarcely a break of intercepting ornament, it rises sheer up from the ground 108 feet. It obviously is of great antiquity. Some markings on its southern side were declared to be runes by a learned archæologist, who ingeniously made them out to be a couplet of some beauty, in which a little girl laments the early death of her brother. The churchyard is full of monuments, many of them over the remains of men whose memories their countrymen will not willingly let die. Among the oldest of these monuments we noticed one over Christiane Brydie. The inscription plays upon her name. It is:

THOVGH IN THIS
TOMBE MY BONES
DOE ROTTING LY
YET READ MY NAME
FOR CHRIST ANE
BRYDE AM I . 1655.

Another of like nature, upon a flat stone that must have covered the remains of a Henry Sword, is:

HEIR . LYES . THE . CORPS . OF . HEN
RIE . SVORD . ANE . OF . THE . BAILLES
OF . THIS . CITIE . WHO . DEPAIRTD . THIES
LYFE . VPON . THE . TENT . DAY . OF
IANEVARIE . IN . THE . YEARE . 1662
AND . OF . HIS . AGE . 50 . YEIRES.

IN.S . NAME . A . SVORD . WAS . SEIN
INS . OFFICE . IS . THE . LYKE
EVEN . IVSTICE . SVORD . I . MEANE
EIVELL . DOERS . FOR . TO . STRICK
THE . SVORD . DOETH . OFTEN . KILL
AND . SHEDDE . TH . GUILTLES . BLOOD
THIS SVORD DOETH NO SVCH EIVELL
BVT TO THIS CITIE GOOD.

A third, of the same century, is:

HIER . LAYIS . INTERE
D . IN . THIS . GRAWE . ANE . PIOWS . WERTEOVS . HONEST .
MAN . THOMAS . DVNC
CONE.IN.KINGASK.WHOS.LYF.VAS.BETER.THEN.HIS.DAYS.VAS.
LONG
AND . OF . HIS . AGE . 59
1 6 6 8
HIS . SOVL . IS .
NOT . HIER . BVT .
RESTS . ABOWE .
REPLENIST . WITH .
ETERNAL . LOWE .
HIS . BODY . FRAL .
DOTH . STIL . REST .
HIER . TILL . CHRIST .
OWR . SAVIOVR .
SHAL . APPIER .

Of the beginning of the eighteenth century, we noticed one not remarkable for its humility:

HERE LIES BENEATH THIS STONE CONFIN'D
JOHN DUNCAN LAIRD OF STONYWYND
HE WAS A MAN OF GREAT RENOWN
GUILD BROTHER OF ST ANDREWS TOWN
HE HAD EVERY VIRTUE THAT CAN
DENOMINATE AN HONEST MAN
HE DIED SEPTEMBER TWENTY ONE
A.D. 1711.

Another, a century later, over the remains of an Ann Herd, who died in 1829, reads a useful homily:

Often i stood as you stand now,
To view the dead, as you do me;
Ere long, and yow shall be as low,
And others stand, and look on thee.

There is a lyric beauty, as well as the expression of resignation and faith, in one on the tombstone of a Mary Lyon Campbell, who died, in her twenty-ninth year, in 1829:

Meek and Gentle was her Spirit,
Prudence did her life adorn.
Modest, she disclaimed all merit.
Tell me am I not forlorn.
Yet I must and will resign her,
She's in better hands than mine.
But I hope again to join her
In the realms of love divine.

But the part of the churchyard which had most attraction for us, is that where rest the remains of many of the professors and ministers of St Andrews. Here are the tombstones of Samuel Rutherfurd, of Thomas Halyburton, and Principal Hill. Rutherfurd was appointed, in 1639, to the chair of Divinity in St Mary's College, and in 1647 he was made Principal. When Charles II. reascended the throne, Rutherfurd, as the author of the famous book "Lex Rex," was among the first that was aimed at. The book was burned at Edinburgh by the common hangman on the 16th October, and, a week after, at the market cross of St Andrews. It received the same treatment in London. Rutherfurd himself was deprived of his Principalship, and his stipend confiscated. He was ordered to be confined to his house, and cited to appear before the coming Parliament on the charge of treason. He had long been a sufferer from disease, and died in March 1661, the day after the Act Rescissory was passed in Parliament. His last words were, "Glory, glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land."

The inscription upon Rutherfurd's tombstone is said, in the fourth edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," to have been the work of William Wilson, where it bears the date October 9, 1735. William Wilson, besides his prose writings and his publication of Renwick's sermons, tried poetry. A posthumous 12mo volume, of 144 pages, was published in 1759, entitled, "Some Select Meditations in Spiritual Songs, by William Wilson, sometime Schoolmaster in the Parish of Douglas."

The poetry of the epitaph, like that of the "Meditations," we fear, cannot be regarded as rising above doggerel. Its only merit is its truth. It is:

M
S . R
Here lyes the Reverend M^{r}. Samuell
Rutherfoord Professor of Divinity in
the University of S^{t} Andreus who Died
March the 20 1661.

What tongu what Pen or Skill of Men
Can Famous Rutherfoord Commend
His Learning justly rasid his Fame
True GODliness Adornd His Name
He did converse with things Above
Acquainted with Emmanuels Love
Most orthodox He was And sound
And Many Errors Did confound
For Zions King and Zions cause
And Scotlands covenanted LAws
Most constantly he Did contend
Until His Time was At An End
Than He wan To the Full Fruition
Of That which He Had seen in vision.

The tombstone next Rutherfurd's is that of Thomas Halyburton. The inscription is:

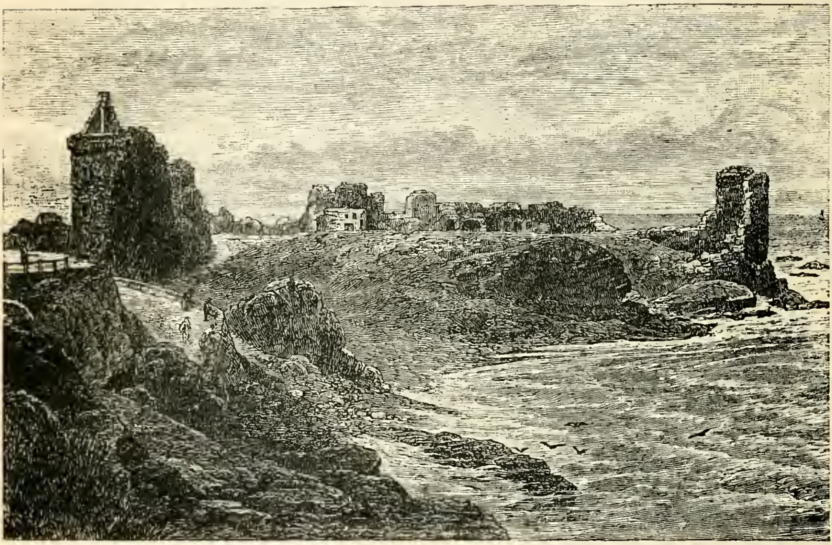
Here Lies the Body of
Thomas Haliburton,
Minister of the Gospel.
He was Born at Duplin Decr. 25, 1674,
And Ordained Minister of Ceres
May 1, 1700
In April 1710, He was Admitted
Professor of Divinity
In the New College St Andrews,
And on Sept. 23, 1712,
At 7 in the Morning He Fell Asleep
In Jesus.

Halyburton was a man of kindred spirit with Rutherfurd. He had a very large amount of the learning of his age; and he had what few Scotsmen of that age possessed—the art of clothing his thoughts in nervous English. Hence his books are still readable, and, indeed, are well worth the study of the Christian student. His "Natural Religion Insufficient, and Reveal'd Necessary to Man's Happiness in his Present State," though posthumous, and a refutation of an opponent of Christianity—Lord Herbert, now well-nigh forgotten—contains a great deal of matter admirably expressed, and not by any means unsuitable for the times in which we live. We transfer the opening sentences of his introduction, that we may tempt the lovers of good books to inquire after the volume:

> "In this sceptical age, which questions almost everything, it is still owned as certain that all men must die. If there were any place for disputing this, there are not a few who would spare no pains to bring themselves into the disbelief of a truth that gives them so much disturbance in the courses they love, and seem resolved to follow. But the case is so clear, and the evidence of this principle so pregnant, which is every day confirmed by new experiments, that the most resolved infidel is forced, when it comes in his way, though unwilling, to give his assent, and moan out an Amen. The grave is the house appointed for all the living. Some arrive sooner, some later; but all come there at length. The obscurity of the meanest cannot hide him, nor the power of the greatest screen him from the impartial hand of death—the executioner of fate, if I may be allowed the use of a word so much abused. As its coming is placed beyond doubt, so its aspect is hideous beyond the reach of thought, the force of expression, or the utmost efforts of the finest pencil in the most artful hand. It in a moment dashes down a fabrick, which has more of curious contrivance than all the celebrated pieces put together which the most refined human wits have invented, even when carried to the greatest height which the improvements of so many subsequent generations, after the utmost of application and diligence, could bring them to. It puts a stop to many thousand motions which, though strangely diversified, did all concur, with wonderful exactness, to maintain and carry on the design and intendment of the glorious and Divine Artificer."

The ruins of the Castle of St Andrews are within five minutes' walk from the churchyard. However a past generation may have neglected these ruins, it is certainly not so with the present. Everything has recently been done to keep them from falling to pieces; and they are now cared for as if they were flowers in a garden. Ruinous as they are, they are not the ruins of the castle in which Patrick Hamilton, Henry Forrest, and George Wishart were confined before being led out for execution, and in which Cardinal Beaton was killed. This older castle was destroyed in 1547 by the French, while the present ruins are chiefly the remains of a castle built by Beaton's successor, Archbishop Hamilton. But these ruins embody large portions of the earlier one, and include the frightful dungeon in which prisoners were confined in pre-Reformation times. This dungeon in the Sea Tower is fully 20 feet in depth and 15 in width at the bottom. It is entirely cut out of the freestone rock. The prisoners were let down as if into a coal-pit, by a windlass. As we looked down, the keeper lowered candles attached to a cord, and lightened up its dark recesses. They seemed a poor abode for rats, not to speak of men of whom the world was not worthy.

The Martyrs' Monument is about five minutes' walk from the Castle along the shore. It is a freestone obelisk, and is said to be 45 feet in height. It was erected in 1843. The words of the inscription do not say much for the historical knowledge of the erectors of the monument; for the name Protestant was first heard of in the Diet of Spires in 1529. And the name of Paul Craw, who suffered in 1433 at St Andrews, might have been included, as Patrick Hamilton has been, although a pre-Protestant martyr. The inscription on the east side is:



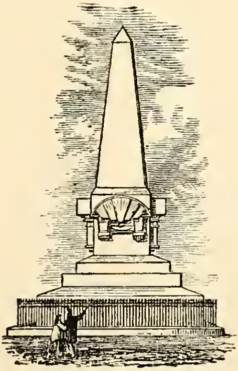
THE CASTLE, ST ANDREWS

IN MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS
PATRICK HAMILTON, HENRY FORREST,
GEORGE WISHART AND WALTER MILL,
WHO IN SUPPORT OF THE PROTESTANT FAITH
SUFFERED DEATH BY FIRE AT ST ANDREWS, BETWEEN
THE YEARS MDXXVIII AND MDLVIII.
The Righteous shall be in Everlasting
Remembrance.

The inscription is repeated on the west side. The story of these martyrs is well known. Foxe, in his "Acts and Monuments," has told it with the simplicity and the power that, in addition to the interest of the theme, has raised his work to the rank of a classic, that is likely to last as long as our language is spoken. Recent historians have added one or two facts to the narrative of the martyrologist. Dr Lorimer, in his "Life of Patrick Hamilton," has thrown light upon his marriage; and in his "Scottish Reformation," has made several other additions to our knowledge of the Reformer; while Mr Froude has directed attention to a letter of the Mayor of Bristol regarding Wishart that he had found among the State Papers in the Rolls Office.

According to Maitland's "History of Edinburgh" (Edinburgh, 1753, p. 202), there seems, at the date of its publication, to have been a monument to Walter Mill in Greyfriars Churchyard, with the Latin "epitaphium" upon it by Patrick Adamson, given in Foxe's "Acts and Monuments." No trace of this monument seems now to exist in Edinburgh.

After a pleasant day spent in seeing the sights of St Andrews and visiting Magus Moor, in the company of a zealous antiquary whom we happily met in the railway carriage, we visited the parish church of Leuchars. The churchyard is singularly barren of tombstones of interest; but the church by itself we found worthy of a journey from Edinburgh, and one which no one who finds himself in the neighbourhood should omit to visit. [It is hardly the church in which Alexander Henderson preached for the first twenty-five years of his ministry, for the nave was entirely rebuilt about the middle of last century; but to lovers of architecture, the chancel and apse present one of the finest specimens of pure Norman work to be found in Scotland. Since Mr Thomson's visit, a memorial to Alexander Henderson has been inserted in the south wall of the nave.—D. H. F.]



MARTYRS' MONUMENT, ST ANDREWS

CHAPTER XIII

DRON, ECCLESMAGIRDLE, AND FORGANDENNY

> The life and death of martyrs,
> Triumphantly displayed in records left
> Of persecution and the Covenant—times
> Whose echo rings in Scotland to this hour.—WORDSWORTH.

DRON is about two miles to the south of the Bridge of Earn station on the North British Railway, between Perth and Ladybank junction. The road to it runs almost for a mile in a straight line due south-east from the station, when a cross road leads away to the south-west. In another mile's walk, this somewhat winding road brought us to Dron Church. The trees that surrounded the church hid it from view until we came quite near it. The churchyard lies round about it; and it stands on a kind of knoll that rises up from the strath, through which we had gone since we left the station. The church is a modern structure; but the churchyard bears the mark of antiquity, and seems to be little used. It does not contain more than twenty-five or twenty-six gravestones, and nearly all of them are of last century. The stone we were in search of we found in its south-east corner. It is three feet in height by two in breadth. When we visited it—August 1876—it was sloping half-way over. On the east side the letters are deeply cut, and had the appearance of having been recently cleaned. On the west side they are shallower, and so filled in with moss that we had difficulty in making them out. The inscription on the east side is:

An angel's head and wings.

17 51
HERE LYES THE REV
EREND MR JOHN WEL
WOOD MINISTER OF
THE GOSPEL IN THE CHU
RCH OF SCOTLAND
WHO DYED AT PERTH
APRIL 1679 ABOUT
THE 30 YEAR OF HIS
AGE.

On the west side:

HERE LYES
A FOLLOUER OF THE LAMB
THRO' MANY TRIBULATIONS CAME
FOR LONG TIME OF HIS CHRISTIAN
RACE WAS PERSECUTE FROM
PLACE TO PLACE A SCOTTISH
PROPHET HERE BEHOLD
JUDGEMENT & MERCY WHO FORETOLD
THE GOSPEL BANNER DID DISPLAY
CONDEMN'D THE SINS OF THAT SAD
DAY. AND VALIANTLY FOR
TRUTH CONTENDED UNTIL
BY DEATH HIS DAYS WERE ENDED.

John Howie has a life of Welwood in the "Scots Worthies." Its materials are taken from Patrick Walker's "Some Remarkable Passages of the Life and Death of these three famous Worthies, signal for piety and zeal, whom the Lord helped and honoured to be faithful unto the death, viz., Mr John Semple, Mr John Welwood, Mr Richard Cameron, ministers of the Gospel, according as they were taken off the stage; who were all shining lights in this land, and who gave light to many, in which they rejoiced for a season."

His father, James Welwood, was settled as minister of Tundergarth in Annandale in 1659, but was deprived by the Act of Council, 1662. John had two brothers—Andrew, author of what was once a favourite book among good people in Scotland, "Meditations representing a Glimpse of Glory;" and James, a doctor of medicine in London, and a man of mark in his time. His "Memoirs of the most material transactions in England for the last hundred years preceding the Revolution in 1688" has been often reprinted.

Walker's "Passages" in Welwood's life are shorter than is usual with him, and are mainly occupied with prophecies not dissimilar to those he has recorded of Alexander Peden. Most of these prophecies are of evil, and do not sound very appropriately in the lips of servants of Him who came not to destroy men's lives but to save them. But the probability is that they owe a good deal of their prophetic character to the telling of Walker; and where they are not the shrewd forecasts of a discerning mind, would be disowned by Welwood or Peden, could we interrogate themselves. John Howie has given four sermons of Welwood in his "Collection of Lectures and Sermons." The first three seem to be abridged, for the fourth is as long as the three put together, and its different divisions are much more fully illustrated. All four show that Welwood must have been an effective preacher. His sentences are short, and sometimes are nearly in the form of proverbs. A fiery earnestness runs through all the sermons.

The last three months of his life were spent in Perth, in the house of "an honest man," John Barclay. Walker records that, while he was able to speak, he laid himself out to do good to souls. None but such as were looked upon to be friends to persecuted truths knew that he was in town; and his practice was to call them in one family after another, at different times, and to discourse to them about their spiritual state. On the morning that he died, as the light broke in, his last words were, "Now, eternal light, no more night nor darkness to me."

When the magistrates heard that an intercommuned preacher had died in the town, they sent a messenger to arrest the dead body, and forbade it to be interred in the burial-ground of Perth, but gave his friends liberty to bury it outside of the civic bounds wheresoever they pleased. The magistrates watched who of the town-people accompanied the funeral, and apprehended them and put them in prison. Welwood's friends sent two men onwards to Dron to prepare a grave, but here the parish minister would not give them the keys of the churchyard. They settled the matter by going over the churchyard dyke and digging the grave in the corner now marked by the stone. A quieter spot for a grave could not well have been found, and it has the beauty common to so much of Perthshire. The churchyard is encircled with tall trees; immediately to the south is a range of wooded hills, rising from seven hundred to upwards of a thousand feet, while to the north is the narrow strath through which the Earn meanders along; and in the background is Moncreiffe Hill, richly wooded from near the water's edge to its summit.

From Dron churchyard we took the road for Ecclesmagirdle. We went due west for about two miles, the road still keeping near Balmanno Hill and Glenearn Hill, outlying parts of the Ochil range, when we came to Glenearn, a pleasantly situated mansion-house embowered among trees. Five minutes more brought us to the offices connected with Glenearn House. The old churchyard of Ecclesmagirdle is enclosed within the garden. It is walled round; and the old church, roofless, and almost hidden from view by the ivy with which it is covered over, stands in its midst. Near the entrance is a flat stone, with the letters deeply cut, bearing the following inscription:

HEIR LYIS ANE VER
TOUS HUSBAND
MAN THOMAS SMAL
WHO DIED FOR
T S

E D
RELIGION COVENA
NT KING AND CO
VNTRIE THE I
OF
SEPTEMBER 1645
HIS AGE 58.

Death's head and bones.

Nothing seems to be known of Thomas Smal. It is not unlikely that he fell in one of the contests with Montrose, that took place about that time. The church looks as if it had not been used for at least a century, and the few gravestones, with one or two exceptions, are of old date. One of the most modern, an upright one, attracted our notice. Its inscription was:

LIKE A BARE GRAIN THAT'S THROWN INTO THE EARTH
DEAD FOR A WHILE AND MIXED WITH KINDRED DUST
THE BODY LYES BUT AT THE AWFUL BLAST
OF GODS LAST TRUMPET TEEMING WITH NEW LIFE
SHALL RISE IN NOBLE SPLENDOR GODS GREAT HARVEST
NOW WEAK CORRUPT DISHONOURABLE NATRAL
POWERFUL THEN IMMORTAL GLORIOUS SPIRITUAL.

At Ecclesmagirdle or Glenearn we were about two miles from Forgandenny. The road was to the north-west, and for the first mile over Dumbuils, a hill of 300 feet in height. As might be expected from the height of the hill, it is an old road made in an age when pack-horses were the chief mode of conveyance for goods from one place to another, and is all but impassable for the carts and carriages of modern times. From its deserted look and the gates we had to open, it seemed as if it were little used now, even by foot passengers. For the second mile the road was through a pleasantly wooded country. Forgandenny is a clachan rather than a village, and the church is to the south of its single row of houses. The Martyr's Stone is on the south side of the church. It is an upright one, three feet in height by two in breadth. The inscription is:

HERE LYES
ANDREU BRODIE WRIG
HT IN FORGUNDENNY WHO
AT THE BREAK OF A MEETING
OCT 1678 WAS SHOT BY A
PARTY OF HIGHLAND MEN
COMMANDED BY BALLECH-
EN AT A CAVES MOUTH FLY
ING THITHER FOR HIS LIFE &

THAT FOR HIS ADHERENCE
TO THE WORD OF GOD & SCO-
TLANDS COVENANTED
WORK OF REFORMATION
Rev. 12 c. v. 11.

The Statistical Account relates that Brodie was shot at a cave, or rather what in Forgandenny is called a deigh or dell, on the boundary between that parish and Dron, and not more than two or three hundred yards from the hill of Culteuchar. Some of his descendants were resident in the parish when the Statistical Account was drawn up; and their tradition was, that after he had been shot, his wife, who had been with him at the conventicle, immediately went and covered the body with her scarlet cloak. One of the soldiers came up to her and asked her what she now thought of her husband. "I think more of him than ever," was her reply.

The churchyard is about a mile to the south of the station of Forgandenny, on the railway between Perth and Stirling.

CHAPTER XIV

DUNNOTTAR

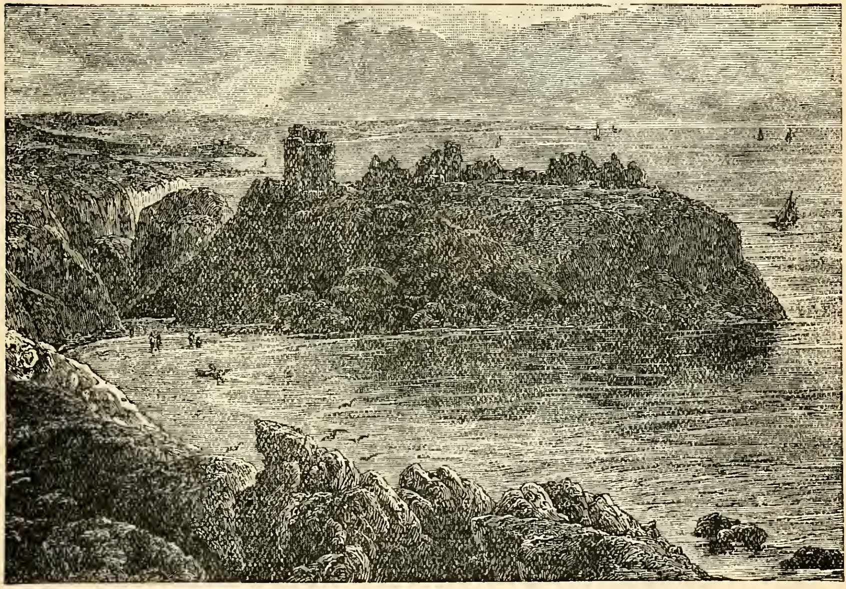
Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for a hermitage.—JOHN BUNYAN.

STONEHAVEN is on the sea-shore, sixteen miles to the south of Aberdeen. It is easily reached by the railway that runs southward from Aberdeen. After leaving the Granite City, the railway skirts the Dee and then crosses it, and soon reaches the edge of the raised beach, that for so many miles forms the special characteristic of the shores of Aberdeen and Kincardine. Now and then the deep indents of the sea—the "goes," as they are called in Caithness—almost break in upon the line of railway, and enable the passenger to look down upon the waves as they come and go upon the wild cliffs far below him. In less than three-quarters of an hour Stonehaven comes in view, and rising behind it is a headland jutting out into the sea, and a second beyond it, and then a third, crowned with some ruined walls, which we recognised from photographs previously seen, to be Dunnottar Castle.

Stonehaven lies a little above the level of high water, at the upper end of a small bay that opens to the east. The ground to the west of the town slopes gently down to it, but on the north and south the raised beach comes forward, until for a great part it is a wild perpendicular cliff, rising straight up from the water's edge. On the north side the cliff is pierced with caves, and ruggedly juts out into the sea. Our path, after going down to the town, began to rise; and as we went on the narrow foot-road two large gravestones by the way-side attracted notice. On one of them we read: "HEIR LEYS ANE HONEST MAN MAGNUS TAILLIOVR SEYMAN QVHA DIED IN STANEHAVEN IN THE TIME OF PEST 1608." We were passing the spot where it is said those who died of the plague were buried. As we went southwards our path continued to rise until we were again upon the high table-land, and we could look from the edge of the raised beach to the town and the bay beneath, with its little harbour besprinkled with boats unloading the herrings captured the preceding night. Here and there were piles of barrels, and, not far from them, the herring curers were busy gutting or packing, with wonderful rapidity, the denizens of the sea that had come into their hands.

As we gazed upon the scene below, a small church caught our eye, and we were told that it was the Episcopal, and that in Stonehaven, and in the villages immediately to its north and south, Episcopacy still had a hold upon the fishing population. The conservatism that appears to some degree in the dress of the people, is seen in their withstanding the advance of Presbyterianism that has made Aberdeen, once the stronghold of Episcopacy, the most Presbyterian large town in Scotland. From the end of the bay and the edge of the raised beach we turned away south-east, along a path gently rising, and which took us up through a corn-field, and in its rise hid from us the sea, which we knew must not be far away before us. The rising ground to the left was the Black Hill, marked on the Ordnance Map as having the remains of a camp. A little farther on was Dunnicaer, where sculptured Standing Stones, engraved in Stuart's magnificent volumes, have been found; but meanwhile we had another object in view. We soon reached the summit level, and there, right before us, on a mass of conglomerate projecting into the sea, on the other side of a small bay, that bears the name of Castle Haven, was Dunnottar Castle. We went down by a sloping footpath on the face of the steep raised beach at the west end of the bay, until we were at the water's edge. The day was one rare on the east coast of Scotland. Scarcely a breath of wind stirred the air, and the waters of the bay were almost without a ripple, and were as transparent as they could well be. We seemed to see far into their depths, and the fishing boats on their surface, out where the bay became part of the German Ocean, would, save for the hard rowing of their crews, have lain as idly on the water as Coleridge's becalmed ship in his "Ancient Mariner." But smooth as the water now was, we had only to look at the beach of water-worn stones, among which not a shell was to be seen, and the timbers of a wrecked fishing-boat that lay up on the shore, and the wild precipitous cliffs of conglomerate that rose sheer out of the sea to the north of the bay, and the stern look of the mass of rock before us, on the top of which were the ruins of Dunnottar, to see how certainly destruction must be the end of the ship that should come in here, when the waves were in the fury of a storm.

Although Dunnottar Castle on the map seems only a mile and three-quarters from the railway station, what with turning into the bookseller's shop in Stonehaven to purchase the needed tickets of admission, and the climbing up to the summit of the raised beach, and the descent down to the bay, and the slow walking over the smooth rolled stones of the beach, an hour had passed away ere we found ourselves rising up from the water's edge and making for the castle gate. As we came near and looked before us, it was easy to see that the castle rock was nearly cut off from the land by a ravine on its west side, and that with its height all round—for it rises up from the sea little less than 160 feet—it must, before the invention of the long range weapons of modern times, have been practically impregnable. At the end of the rock, facing the land, is a tower, the most ancient part of the castle, several stories in height, but now, like all its other buildings, roofless. The entrance is on the north side, near where the neck of connecting land is narrowest. We go up to it by a flight of steps that takes us, nearly half way up the rock, to a low arched gateway in a wall 34 feet in height. We pull a rope or wire attached to a cracked bell far above us, and while we wait the keeper's approach, we see that the arched gate is flanked by a building that, according to Dr John Longmuir's carefully compiled "Guide to Dunnottar Castle," is 50 feet in height. It has three ranges of embrasures, and must



DUNNOTTAR CASTLE

have had other two stories above the three. The arrows or balls from the tiers of embrasures would, in the days of strife in olden times, have made an end of us in the three or four minutes that elapsed ere we heard the key turning in the lock and saw an opening before us.

The opening was not particularly inviting. It was half dark, and a damp-smelling current of air came down upon us, and a few feet before us was a grated gate—that of the portcullis—and the breadth of the entrance was only 6½ feet, while in the gloom we had difficulty in making out the height of the arch above us, which at the middle, according to Dr Longmuir, is 9½ feet. But the friendly voice and peaceful-looking face of the Aberdonian who took our tickets of admission, and pointed out the visitors' book in which to sign our names, plainly told us we had nothing to fear. And no sooner had we signed our names and he locked the door behind us, than he disappeared and left us to wander at our will over the castle. The dark passage under the gate tower slopes upward. At its end we see the sky above us, but the rock confronts us, and in it has been scooped out a large room, some 30 feet in length, that has received the name of the Guard-House. At its far end, on the east side, is said to be the commencement of an underground passage, several miles in length, to the Castle of Fetteresso, once a residence of the Earls Marischal. So far as we could see in the dim light, it seemed to be closed up with rubbish. Between the gate tower and the Guard-House is the end of another large room, the Magazine. As yet, however, we are only entering the castle, for, according to Dr Longmuir, who has been very particular in his measurements, the entrance now runs nearly parallel to the side of the Magazine for 33 feet. It then turns, and always rising upwards, for about 73 feet in a south-east direction, when we reach the first sally-port, an arched gate, 4 feet 9 inches in width. Entering the sally-port we go through a passage of some 25 feet in length. At its end we are again in open daylight. But about 8 or 9 yards before us is a second sally-port, somewhat wider than the first. Here we ascend through an archway of nearly 30 feet in length. At its end we find that we have risen to the top of the castle rock. Looking around us, we are struck with its extent, which the beautiful Ordnance Map, which gives a ground-plan of the whole, shows to contain three or four acres. Five or six ruined houses, the remains of the stables, barrack rooms, and smithy, line its south-western edge; but we make for a range of buildings, all roofless, 100 feet to the east of the second sally-port, skirting as we go a smooth grass-grown lawn or bowling-green nearly 200 feet square. The range of buildings, we find, forms a kind of quadrangle, although the four sides do not exactly lie square to each other. The western side, that looks out upon the bowling-green, is 140 feet in length. The northern, or rather north-north-eastern side is 116 feet in length and 24 in breadth. It is said to have been the dining-room. Underneath are three dark vaults. The eastern side of the quadrangle is less than half the length of the opposite side. The upper floor is said to have been the Countess's rooms. Beneath it also are vaulted apartments. The south side—the chapel—is about the same length as the eastern. Towards the north-east corner of the quadrangle is the well, now a circular green-looking pond of some 30 feet in diameter. Here and there on the walls were seen slight remains of plaster or sculpture, but everywhere were desolation and ruin. In many cases the chiselled stones at the windows and doors had been carried away. In a few years rain and frost will evidently bring the whole level with the ground. It was impossible not to look with regret, and even with wonder, at the ruin around us, for so late as 1693 or later, judging from "the prospect" given of it in Slezer's "Theatrum Scotiæ," it was all in a habitable condition; and so far as the size of the buildings and the view of the sea are concerned, it must have been a magnificent coast residence, worthy of an earl in the olden time. Had we, however, been there in mid-winter and seen the raging waves beneath us, and heard the wild roar of the surf, and felt the cold east wind sweeping over the rock, without a vestige of shelter from its fury, and considered its isolated condition, and the difficulty of getting people, and provisions to keep them alive, into it, we would have realised that the position had some serious drawbacks. And remembering that we live in peaceful times, when we do not need to flee to castles on hill-tops for safety, but may choose our residence on the plain or the valley, and live in perfect security, we could not greatly regret that it had gone to ruin, and that the successors of its old inhabitants were living in quieter and more accessible abodes.

But we had yet to see the building which brought us to Dunnottar. At the corner of the quadrangle, where the north-east and east sides meet, there runs out due east, for about 50 feet, on to the extreme point of the rock, a pile of building of the same character as the sides of the quadrangle. Its upper floor is divided into two apartments, which once formed the Marischal's library and bedroom. Over the fireplace in the bedroom are the arms of the Earl and Countess, sculptured on the stone, with the date 1645. Underneath these two rooms is what has been called "The Whigs' Vault." According to Dr Longmuir it is 54 feet 9 inches in length, by 15 feet 6 inches in breadth and 12 feet in height. It has two windows, one of them is 5 feet in height by 4 in breath, but some of its hewn stones have been torn out, so that it is now considerably larger, and lets in much more light than in its former condition, when it was iron-barred and narrowed with woodwork. The other is only 15 inches by 16. About 7 feet from the ground are horizontal niches, into which it is said the keepers forced the hands of refractory prisoners, and compelled them to hang there with the whole weight of their body.

Into this ill-lighted and gloomy-looking dungeon, one hundred and sixty-seven persons were thrust on the 24th of May 1685. News of the arrival of Argyle's expedition from Holland had reached Edinburgh from the Orkneys, where it had very unwisely anchored on the 6th of May. The authorities got alarmed, and suddenly ordered that all the prisoners for religion, especially those from the south and west, should be sent to Dunnottar. On Monday, the 18th, about five o'clock in the afternoon, nearly two hundred prisoners, without any previous warning, were taken out of the Edinburgh and Canongate Tolbooths, and hurried away down to Leith. Here they were joined by about twenty more who had been confined in the Leith Tolbooth, and all were put into open boats, while their friends, who had heard of their removal, were not allowed to come near. Next morning, at break of day, they were landed at Burntisland, where they were kept for two days pent up in the two rooms in the Tolbooth, and were denied all liberty, and had great difficulty in procuring bread and water for money. Here a messenger came from the Council in Edinburgh, with orders to bring back those who would take the oath of allegiance, with an acknowledgment of the royal supremacy in all causes civil and ecclesiastical. The whole of the prisoners expressed willingness to take the oath of allegiance, but about forty only, overcome by the miseries of the past two days, agreed to the qualifying acknowledgment. The remaining hundred and eighty were hurried away on foot as far as Freuchie, a distance of not less than sixteen miles. Here, with very poor accommodation, they rested for the night. Next day, Thursday, they travelled a not less distance, until they reached the shores of the Firth of Tay, opposite Dundee, where they were crowded for some hours into three little rooms. Next morning, Friday, they were ferried over and arrived at Dundee about sunrise, and were confined for seven hours; but liberty was given them to buy provisions. That afternoon they were marched to Forfar, where they seem to have been put into the Tolbooth for the night. Next day, Saturday, they came to Brechin, where they were allowed to buy food, and lie down in the fields. At nightfall they arrived at North Esk, half-way between Brechin and Laurencekirk. They were kept on the bridge all night, with soldiers to guard them at either end. The night was exceeding cold and stormy, as it sometimes is in the north in May, but no one was allowed to seek for shelter. They started next morning between three and four o'clock, and reached Dunnottar in course of the day. A few had managed to escape on the way, so that when they entered Dunnottar they were one hundred and twenty-two men and forty-five women—a hundred and sixty-seven in all. Worn out with the week's travelling and privations, they were thrust into the vault, only to find that the sufferings of the past were nothing to what they were now to endure. For several days the hundred and sixty-seven men and women were kept together in the dark den. Nothing was allowed them, not even water, but what was paid for at extravagant rates. In our time, British law requires 300 cubic feet for each lodger in a lodging-house, in which he merely passes the night, but the vault only allowed 58 feet for each prisoner. What with foul air and filth and want of food, it is not to be wondered at that seven ot them died. The marvel is that any survived. At last the governor relented a little, and forty men were removed to a vault, or rather dungeon, below that in which we were standing.

To this dungeon we now went down from the outside. It was a still darker and more frightful-looking place than that which we had left, for while about the same length and breadth, the roof is about a third lower—it is without a window, and is lighted only by a hole above the door, and by a horizontal chink close upon the floor. Near its end is a small spring of brackish water. Here the forty were soon no better than they had been; and they were glad to lie down on the ground by turns near the chink to get a little fresh air.

After a few days the governor's wife came to see the prisoners in the vault and dungeon, and at her intercession twelve men were removed from the dungeon to a vault in another part of the castle, where they had air and room enough, and the women were taken away to two rooms or vaults by themselves. But their miseries were far from being at an end—the summer heat increased the closeness of the air in their dens, and though their friends and the country people outside brought them changes of clothing, blankets, and provisions, no one was allowed near them, and not an article reached them but what was bought from the governor's brother, and he charged, according to a petition presented to the Council by the wives of two of the prisoners, twenty pennies for a pint of ale not worth a plack a pint—a plack is four pennies Scots

—and eighteen shillings for a peck of sandy, dusty meal. And while half starved and stifled, the soldiers were always ready to scoff as the prisoners sought to worship Him who hears the groaning of the prisoner, and looses those that are appointed to death.

These barbarities at last led them to try to escape, and twenty-five managed to get out at the window of the vault and creep along the rock until they were noticed by some women, and the alarm given to the guard, but ten contrived to get away. Fifteen were overtaken and beaten, and when brought back to the Guard-House, tortured, by being tied to a form, and a lighted match, such as was used for the matchlocks then in use, kept for hours between their fingers. Several lost their fingers by these cruelties, and one Alexander Dalgleish died.

In the early summer the Government was freed from all anxiety caused by the expedition of Argyle,—it had come to an untimely end, and Argyle himself had been beheaded in Edinburgh on the 30th of June, a martyr for civil and religious liberty. Meantime rumours of the ill-treatment of the prisoners reached Edinburgh, and in the middle of July the Earls Marischal and Kintore came to Dunnottar, and offered them liberty on condition of taking the oath of allegiance asserting the King's supremacy in all causes. The prisoners had the courage to decline the offer. In the third week of August they were brought from Dunnottar to Leith. Most of those who had money were allowed to hire a horse, but the others were compelled to walk, with their hands tied behind their backs, for the sixty-six miles they had to travel. At Leith the prisoners were again examined, and the offer made in Dunnottar renewed. A very few, overcome by their past sufferings, complied; some others, who were very weakly, and had friends to intercede for them, upon signing a bond to appear when called upon, under a penalty of five thousand merks, were set at liberty. The rest were banished to what was called His Majesty's Plantations, with certification that if they returned to the kingdom they would incur the penalty of death.

Dr Burns, in a note to the account of the sufferings of the prisoners at Dunnottar, in Wodrow, says a list of their names is kept in the Sheriff-Court's Office in the county of Kincardine. The list merits publication. Wodrow, and after him Dr Longmuir, give some of their names. Perhaps the two most notable were John Fraser and Patrick Walker. Fraser had been in London, and was seized there along with Alexander Shields, in January 1685, as has been detailed in the chapter on St Andrews. These two were kept chained together for months, until Fraser was sent to Dunnottar, and Shields reserved for the Bass. Fraser was soon to pass through sorer trials than even those of Dunnottar. He survived the Revolution, and became minister of Alness, in Ross-shire, where he was succeeded by his son James, the author of a Commentary, still sought after, on the sixth and seventh chapters of the Romans, under the title of "A Treatise on Sanctification." Patrick Walker, with four others, was taken while in bed, on June 29, 1684, and hurried away to Linlithgow "Thieves' Hole." Two days afterwards they were brought to Edinburgh, and were sentenced, July 2nd, on the charges, says Walker, of "owning our covenants, defensive arms, hearing the Gospel in the fields, especially Mr Cargill and Mr Renwick, not owning the authority as then called, refusing to call Bothwell Bridge rebellion, and the bishop's death murder, and such like nonsense," and condemned to be banished. He was kept in prison till the 18th May 1685, when he was taken out for Dunnottar. "I was brought," he says, "back to Leith the 18th day of August, and I escaped at eight o'clock at night, in a confusion, out of Leith Tolbooth."

It was well for Walker that he thus escaped, for his fellow-prisoners had sorer sufferings than those of Dunnottar in store for them. In number about a hundred, twenty of whom were women, they were handed over by the Council as a free gift to a George Scott of Pitlochie, in Fifeshire, who secured a Newcastle ship to take them to America. In addition to the prisoners, there were a considerable number of passengers, most of whom were fleeing from the tyranny of their native land. One of the prisoners, a Robert M'Lellan of Barmagechan, who had been concerned from its commencement in the rising that ended in the battle of Pentland, who had also been at Bothwell Bridge; and after much suffering and privation had been seized in the close of 1684, and one of the passengers, Archibald Riddell, an indulged minister, who had been imprisoned for four years, and been repeatedly examined before the Council, have both left accounts of the voyage. These are interesting, as showing what sufferings men and women, in the seventeenth century, had sometimes to endure for their religion; and what a frightful thing a voyage to America must often have been in those times of slow sailing and ill-furnished ships, when, indeed, the art of navigation, so perfected in the nineteenth century, was all but unknown.

The prisoners went on board in the last week of August, but it was the 5th of September before the vessel left Leith Roads. They had scarcely sailed when the beef was found to be ill cured, and in a few days it was not eatable. Fever broke out as they left Land's End behind them, and the deaths soon averaged three and four in a day. The crew all died except the captain and the boatswain. Pitlochie and his wife and many of the passengers died. The prisoners, as might be expected, did not escape. At least twenty-two of them fell victims to the fever. In all, between sixty and seventy of the passengers and prisoners died at sea. Sailing in September, they caught the equinoctial gales, and twice were near perishing by the vessel having sprung a leak. Calms were not better for them in their pestilential condition than storms, and they had several of them; so that it was the 15th December, after a fifteen weeks' voyage, that the ship reached New Jersey, whither the wind drove them, rather than to Jamaica, where the captain proposed to take them. When they landed, the prisoners appear to have been left at large, and were at first in some straits through the unkindness of the people. But the inhabitants of a town not named, up the country, heard that they had been banished for their religion, and invited all able to travel to come and live with them, and sent horses for such as were not, and gratuitously entertained them for the winter. In the spring of the following year—1686—Pitlochie's son-in-law claimed them as his property, and sued them before the court of the province. The governor sent the case before a jury, who found that the accused had not, of their own accord, come to the ship, and had not bargained with Pitlochie for money or service, and, therefore, according to the laws of the country, they were free. Most of the prisoners retired to New England. "So," concludes Wodrow, "Pitlochie proposed to be enriched by the prisoners, and yet he and his lady died at sea on the voyage. He sold what remained of his estate to pay their freight, and much of the money remaining was spent upon the lawsuit in New Jersey. Thus it appears to be but a hazardous venture to make merchandise of the suffering people of God."

The adventures and sufferings of M'Lellan and Riddell were not yet at an end. What was to come was of a more romantic character than anything that had yet befallen them. When tidings of the Revolution came to them, they resolved to return to Scotland. In June 1689 they set sail for England. They had favourable weather, and came in sight of the coast of England on the 2nd of August, when their vessel was captured by a French man-of-war, and they were carried prisoners to Nantz. Thence they were taken to Rochefort, on the Charente, at that time one of the chief naval stations of France. Here they were thrown into a common gaol, where there were already two hundred prisoners, English and Dutch. In a short time nearly all were sent to Toulon, the arsenal of France, and its principal harbour, on the Mediterranean. They were marched, chained to each other, two and two. Six weeks were occupied on the journey of from five to six hundred miles, and several died of fatigue on the way. At Toulon they were sent on board the galleys. Here M'Lellan and his son, and a few others, who were all more or less enfeebled with sickness, were kept for nineteen months. Riddell and the others, after a month's rest, were sent back the way they came to Rochefort, and thence to Dinan, an old town on the Rance, in the Côtes du Nord, in Brittany. Here they were kept, with some hundreds of others, in the vaults of the ancient citadel. They lay on straw changed once a month, and were overrun with vermin. After two-and-twenty months' imprisonment, Riddell and his son were exchanged for two Popish priests. About the same time the prisoners at Toulon were exchanged; but Louis XIV. would not allow them to return through France, but ordered them to be put on board a ship bound for Genoa. At Genoa M'Lellan got a passage in a vessel to Cadiz, in Spain. From Cadiz he found a ship for Amsterdam, but a storm drove it out of its course, and it was forced to put into Bantry Bay, in the extreme south-west of Ireland. Here the wild Irish plundered the ship and stripped M'Lellan of his clothes, and for eleven days he suffered great hardship at their hands. At last the authorities came to their rescue, and compelled the Irish savages to bring back the prisoners, and the ship in due time arrived in Dublin. M'Lellan lay ill for some weeks in Dublin, and did not reach Barmagechan till the 31st of October 1691, nearly two years and a half after he and Riddell had left America.

From the Whigs' Vault we turned to the chapel dedicated to St Ninian. It is now a roofless ruin. It lies due east and west, and is in length 63 feet by 20 in breadth. The ruin is obviously of great antiquity; indeed, it is held by antiquaries to be the oldest part of the castle. On the south side of the chapel is the churchyard, with its somewhat high wall still standing. All within is silent, and time has levelled its graves, although, after rain, they are said still to be marked by a darker green. Here, it is not improbable, some of the bodies of the prisoners who died in the vault or dungeon, and were not buried in Dunnottar churchyard, still rest.

Dunnottar has an earlier history than that of those who suffered under the tyranny of the last of the Stuarts. Blind Harry graphically describes its capture by Sir William Wallace in 1297. In 1336 it was held by the English under Edward III., but was taken and burned by Sir Andrew Murray. After the coronation of Charles II.

at Scone, in 1651, the Estates of Parliament handed over the regalia of Scotland to the Earl Marischal, to be kept in safety in Dunnottar. Here they remained until the troops of Cromwell, under Lambert, encamped on the Black Hill—which we passed as we came from Stonehaven—and on January 3, 1652, summoned the castle to surrender. Two months afterwards the wife of James Grainger, minister of the parish of Kinneff, the parish immediately to the south of Dunnottar, asked permission of a Major-General Morgan, in command of the besiegers, to visit Mrs Ogilvie, the wife of the governor, one of her husband's parishioners in the castle. The request was granted, and she returned with the crown concealed in some clothing which she had with her, and her servant carried the sceptre and sword enclosed in bundles of flax. So little did the Major-General suspect her errand, that when she left the English camp, on her return, he helped her on horseback. When she arrived at Kinneff the crown and sceptre were buried under the pavement before the pulpit, and the sword in the west end of the church. When the castle surrendered, May 24, 1652, the Republicans expected to find the regalia, but they were nowhere to be found. Mrs Ogilvie, two years after the surrender, came to die, and on her death-bed she charged her husband inviolably to keep the secret, which he faithfully did till the Restoration in 1660. The story of their preservation will be found told in detail, with his wonted skill of narration, by Sir Walter Scott in his "Provincial Antiquities of Scotland."

In talking about the regalia, we have reached the tall tower which forms so prominent an object on Dunnottar Castle, as seen from the mainland. Its ground-plan is an oblong space, 37 feet in length by 25 in breadth, with a second by its side, 19 feet by 16. Besides the ground flat it has three storeys above. Its walls are of great thickness—not less than 4 or 5 feet. The regalia was kept in a recess on the ground floor, in the passage between the two rooms. A winding staircase of 68 steps took us to the top, from which a fine view is to be had of the outline of the rock and its ruins, and the Old Hall Bay to the south. The walk round the top is a path 3½ feet in breadth, but it is without a parapet, and by no means a very pleasant promenade to one not accustomed to such heights, so that we were soon again at the foot of the stair.

From the castle we now made our way to Dunnottar churchyard, about two miles to the north-west. Our road was first by a footpath that passed by St Ninian's Den and St Ninian's Well, a pleasant spring of water, provided with a large iron ladle, for the refreshment of the traveller. About half a mile from the castle we passed the Mains of Dunnottar. The road runs north-west for half a mile until we reached the main road from Brechin to Stonehaven. A footpath through the woods around Dunnottar House took us on for about a mile, until we joined a country road which soon led to Dunnottar church. The gravestone is on the east side of the church. It has recently been set in an iron frame, filled in with Roman cement, to prevent its being chipped away by the Goths and Vandals in the form of barbarian tourists. It is an upright stone, and, including its iron frame, is 2 feet in height by 2 feet 5 inches in breadth. We afterwards saw, in the Free College Library, Aberdeen, a cast of it as it was before it was set in its iron frame. The lettering has become somewhat shallow through repeated painting. The inscription is:

HERE . LYES . IOHN . STOT . IAMES . ATCHI
SON . IAMES . RUSSELL . & WILLIAM BRO
UN . AND . ONE . WHOSE . NAME . WEE . HAVE
NOT . GOTTEN . AND . TWO . WOMEN . WHOSE
NAMES . ALSO . WEE . KNOW . NOT . AND . TWO
WHO . PERISHED . COMEING . DOUNE . THE . ROCK
ONE . WHOSE . NAME . WAS . IAMES . WATSON
THE . OTHER . NOT . KNOWN . WHO . ALL . DIED
PRISONERS . IN . DUNNOTTAR . CASTLE
ANNO . 1685 . FOR . THEIR . ADHERENCE
TO . THE . WORD . OF . GOD . AND . SCOTLANDS
COVENANTED . WORK . OF . REFORMA
TION. REV . II CH . 12 VERSE.

It was here that, about the beginning of the present century, Sir Walter Scott fell in with Robert Paterson, busily engaged in following his favourite occupation. He was deepening the letters on the monument. Paterson did a great service in travelling over Scotland, and wherever he came upon a martyr's grave, practising his art as a mason, and putting the tombstone in proper order, and even, it seems, substituting a better one when it had fallen into decay. Had he not done so, in many cases, there is reason to fear, that many of the monuments would have altogether disappeared; for the time when he lived—the close of last century—was one when Moderatism had benumbed the spiritual life of our countrymen, and there was little regard for the memory of the men who had suffered for "their adherence to the Word of God and Scotland's Covenanted Reformation." All honour, therefore, be to the memory of Robert Paterson for his disinterested and self-denying labours; and he has, unsuspectingly to himself, obtained one of the highest of earthly honours, for he has had himself associated with the genius of Sir Walter Scott, in the greatest of the novelist's works—"Old Mortality."

The elder M'Crie perhaps goes too far when he says that Sir Walter Scott's object in his novel was to hold up the persecuted Presbyterians to derision. It was rather to tell a story in the most effective way. But Sir Walter could not well do so without his Jacobite and anti-Presbyterian prejudices coming into play, and giving a bias to all he said. Hence, whenever these prejudices come into operation, he describes the Presbyterians, especially their religious teachers (as a High Church Episcopalian would have said they were, or wished they were), as canting hypocrites, rather than what they really were—pious men or women, of whom the world was not worthy. But when he writes apart from prejudice, he depicts the life of persecuting times as no one else has ever done. The result is, that in spite of its mawkish admiration for courtly Jacobite gentlemen, whom he calls Evandale or Grahame, as it may suit his purpose, but who are as unlike the originals as two opposites can well be, "Old Mortality" has done more to awaken sympathy for the persecuted, or to call forth spirited expositions of their real character, than its author ever dreamed of.

Dunnottar churchyard is within three-quarters of a mile of Stonehaven station, whence the train speedily took us back to the Granite City.

CHAPTER XV

SHETTLESTON, KIRK OF SHOTTS, AND BATHGATE

> Where they fell shall be their grave,
> Meetest burial for the brave;
> Though the wintry tempests rave,
> Calm shall be their slumber!—DODDS.

UNDER the guidance of a venerable father full of memories of bygone days, we set out from Glasgow for Shettleston and Sandyhills. As in most of the towns in Britain, the east end of Glasgow has seen better days. People, as they rise in the world, like to turn away from the smoke amid which their money has been made, and to catch the fresh breezes that for two-thirds of the year, in our island, blow from the west. The Gallowgate and its neighbourhood seem now largely tenanted by emigrants from the Emerald Isle, who, by their ignorance and poverty, tell too plainly that they have come from a land under the blighting rule of the Pope. Eighty years ago it was far otherwise. The Gallowgate was the business mart of sturdy Protestants. As we went along we passed by the "Saracen's Head"—now dwelling-houses and shops, but last century one of the leading inns of Glasgow Here sojourned, when on his tour to the Western Islands, Samuel Johnson, the early pioneer of countless thousands of his countrymen, that year after year were to visit our Highlands and Islands, and to carry back to England pleasant recollections of the wild beauty and rugged grandeur of much of the land of the mountain and the flood. Johnson's "Tour" is now little read, but it will still repay perusal. His commendation of the long session then kept at the Glasgow University reads like an anticipation of modern discussions upon the curriculum. His remarks upon the treeless aspect of Scotland were reckoned at the time offensive in the highest degree. But the Scotland he visited was the barest country in Europe; for in preceding centuries it had succeeded in clearing from its surface the forests that, as in the backwoods of America, had encumbered its soil, and it had not yet entered upon the third state of a civilised country—it had not yet thought of planting trees for beauty. In a few years Scottish proprietors took Johnson's remarks in good part, and now Scotland is again becoming a richly-wooded country.

It is not easy to say where Glasgow ends, and the villages that hang on its eastern outskirts begin; for brickfields, and quarries, and houses here and there, take away all line of demarcation. But it cannot be said that its outlying regions are picturesque. The tumble-down look of the brickworks, and the deserted air of the quarries, and the begrimed look of the houses, and the puddles and heaps of refuse in their front, bring one more in mind of Hogarth's wonderful picture of the "End of all Things," than of the neighbourhood of one of the most flourishing cities in the world.

A walk of some three miles brought us to Shettleston, a village that irregularly lines each side of the road for about a mile. Showery as it was, we soon found our way to the churchyard, which surrounds the parish church, a plain-looking building, erected about 1760. The monument we were in search of is on the west side of the churchyard. The inscription is somewhat lengthy, but is free from the fulsome eulogy so common upon monuments over the dead. It is:

The Righteous shall be in everlasting Remembrance

This MONUMENT is Erected by the
Congregation of Old PRESBYTERIAN Dissenters,
in Glasgow; and its Neighbourhood,
in humble Testimony, of the high esteem they
had of their late Worthy Pastor,

*THE REV^d^* JOHN M^c^MILLAN,
Who died on the 11th day of February 1808,
in the Seventy ninth Year of his Age,
and fifty eighth of his Ministry.

It is remarkable that his Ministry
With that of his Father
*THE REV^d^* JOHN M^c^MILLAN of Balmagie
Compleated the Period of one hundred years,
as Publick Witnesses, for the whole
Covenanted Reformation, in its purest
State in these Lands between
the years 1638 & 1649.

Endowed with a Sound constitution
and Strong mental abilities, he laboured
beyond many, with much acceptance,
and Success in the Gospel.

His Sermons replete with Solid matter,
were always enriched with a vein of piety
and experimental Religion.
In the private Relations of life,
he was eminently exemplary.
He lived Universally Respected,
and Died regretted by all who knew him.

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness
of the firmament; and they that turn many to
Righteousness as the Stars for ever and ever.
DANIEL xii. 3.

As there was little else to be seen, we turned our back upon Shettleston for Sandyhills, the site of the church in which the Reformed Presbyterian congregation in and around Glasgow used to assemble during the latter part of last century and the beginning of this. The road was now by a pleasant footpath through the fields. When half way, our venerable guide pointed out to us the spot, about a hundred yards to the east, where, tradition records, the Covenanters lay the night following the unsuccessful attempt upon Glasgow a day or two after Drumclog.

A walk of half a mile brought us to Sandyhills; but Sandyhills, as it was in the days of Mr Macmillan, exists no longer. The church in which he preached has long since been taken down, and the site of his manse is occupied by Sandyhills House, a mansion possessed by one of the merchant princes of Glasgow; while the Sandyhills, from which the place derives its name, are now all under the plough. Sandyhills, therefore, derives its chief interest from its memories of the past, and from its connection with one of a family that for nearly a hundred and twenty years did much to mould the character of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, now happily united with the Free Church.

The North British Railway from Glasgow to Edinburgh by Bathgate runs through Shettleston. This line of railway we now took for West Craigs, nineteen miles to the east of Glasgow. The station is a solitary house, but it stands in the centre of a coal and ironstone district. We took the road that runs nearly south from the station to the village of Harthill. When about half a mile from the station, we turned aside to the farm of Loan, in search of a Covenanters' flag. We soon found we had come to the right place, and the farmer took down a bag from the top of a wardrobe and brought the flag out of it. It is somewhat similar to the flag at Lochgoin, although a little smaller and in a better state of preservation. It is browner in appearance, but this has arisen from its present possessor very wisely having forbidden its being washed. The tradition is that it was at the battle of Bothwell Bridge. It originally belonged to a family of the name of Thomson, before it passed into the hands of the ancestry of the present possessor. It is made of two pieces of linen sewed together, and is five feet six inches in length by four feet six inches in breadth. The inscription is:

Open Bible. *Crown.*
verbum Dei. *Thistle.*
FOR THE PARISH OF SHOTS
FOR REFORMATION IN CHURCH
AND STATE ACCORDING TO
THE WORD OF GOD AND OUR
COVENANTS.

It is pierced in one or two places by what looks to have been small shot.

From Loan we walked for about two miles to Benhar Moor, passing through the thriving village of Harthill on the way. Here and there round about were the tall chimneys of coal or ironstone pits, and rows of miners' houses generally not far away. The new schoolhouse and a commodious Free church gave evidence that the intellectual and spiritual interests of the people had not been neglected. All, however, was of recent origin. Ten years ago it was little else than a lonely waste of moor, and as in persecuting times it had been a spot where Peden and others sometimes preached, the inhabitants of the district erected a monument to commemorate these heroes, little dreaming that it would ever be anything else than a wild solitude. But now the Benhar iron-pits are close upon the monument, and the clank of the engine, the burning of ironstone, and the coming and going of workpeople, scarcely ever cease.

The monument is between Benhar farm and Benhar ironstone pits, and stands in a kind of hollow. This hollow is not seen until it is come upon in the moor, and must have been admirably fitted for an open-air meeting in persecuting times, when it was desirable to conceal the audience from the view of enemies who might be in the distance. The monument is an iron obelisk, five feet six inches in height. The inscription runs thus: "This spot according to tradition is one of the places where Peden and others preached to the Covenanters—'Of whom the world was not worthy: they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.'"

From Benhar we struck across the country in the direction of the Kirk of Shotts. For three miles, until we came near Shuttlehill, our path was through moorland, but along lines of railway or near them, and always in sight of coal or ironstone pits. The whole country had the undulating surface characteristic of a district rich in treasures beneath. At Shuttlehill the road went over a hilly range—the Cant Hills—upwards of nine hundred feet in height. From the summit of the road we had a fine view of the country around and of the Highland hills away to the north, while down below us were the Kirk of Shotts, and, at some little distance beyond it, the high road between Edinburgh and Glasgow.

The Kirk of Shotts is hardly a village, for there are only the church and manse, and one or two houses. It stands upon a knoll that overlooks the high road that runs in a valley about two hundred yards to the north of it. Rising up on the other side of the valley is a range that corresponds to the Cant Hills. The churchyard is on the east side of the church, and has recently been considerably enlarged. The older part contains few old monuments. The oldest we noticed is one which marks that "here lyes Thomas Thomson, who departed this life in year of God 1676." The monument we were in search of we found within ten or twelve feet of the small iron gate that leads into the old churchyard. It is an upright stone, three feet in height by two feet two inches in breadth. The inscription on the upper edge of the monument is:

> Repaired from the proceeds of a sermon
> preached here 1836 by the Rev. Mr Graham.

On the west side:

> HERE . LYES . THE . BON
> ES . OF . WILLIAM . SMITH
> WHO . LIVED . AT . MOREMELL
> EN . WHO . WITH . OTHE
> RS . APPEARED IN A
> RMS AT PENTLAND
> HILLS IN DEFENCE OF SCOT-
> LANDS COVENANTED W
> ORK OF REFORMATION IN
> ANNO 1666 AGREEABLE TO
> THE WORD OF GOD IN O
> PPOSITION TO POPERY
> PRELACY AND PERJURY
> AND WAS MURDERED IN HS
> HIS RETURN HOME NEAR
> THIS PLACE.

The story of William Smith is told by John Howie in his tract, "The Judgement and Justice of God Exemplified," usually attached to the older editions of the "Scots Worthies." William Smith was returning from the battle of Pentland, when he turned aside to a neighbour's house, not far from Muirmaillen, a farm about a mile to the north of Murdostan. His brother went back to seek for him. As he passed the neighbour's house he looked through the window, and saw two men and a woman round his brother, and what Howie calls a spit, but which may have been a rapier, through his throat. He fled for his own life, and durst make no inquiries. Some years after the Revolution, the headless body was found in the moss. On exposure to the air and at the touch, it crumbled away. The remains were gathered together, and laid where they now are in the churchyard. All the three murderers came to an untimely end.

It was in this churchyard, "on a Mondoy," he says, "after a communion, 21st June 1630," that John Livingstone preached the sermon that kindled the flame of revival that spread over a large part of Scotland, and which was not even extinguished by the persecutions in the next generation.

Bathgate is easily reached by the North British Railway from either Edinburgh or Glasgow. It lies to the north of the railway station, and is made up of an old part, with streets very narrow, and sometimes steep, and a new part, with the streets broad and tidy-looking, and shops that seem to say they serve a thriving population. The tall chimneys to the south, and the coal waggons at the station, tell that the town is located in a coal district. The Bathgate Academy has some fame as an educational institution, but the building itself, which is a prominent object from the station, is of a nondescript style of architecture, and destitute of beauty.

The aim of our visit was the old churchyard, about a mile and a quarter on the road to Edinburgh, to the east of the town. It was a warm day in the latter part of June, and the season had been late, so that the hawthorn was yet in full blossom in the hedges that lined the road, and the air was fragrant with the sweet odours cast forth by its flowers. In about half an hour's leisurely walking from the station, we came to the churchyard, and got the keys from an old man of eighty, who lives hard by in a house that looks like as if it had once been the manse. The church stands in the centre of the burying-ground, which rises up by a gentle slope from the plain that stretches away to the south. The church is roofless, and has evidently been so for many a day. It is of the type by no means uncommon in Scotland—long and narrow. It is thirty-one paces in length by six and a half in breadth, and its walls are about nine feet in height. All the space within the walls is occupied as a place of burial.

The tombstone we came to see lies in the centre of the churchyard, to the south of the church. It is a flat stone, seven feet in length by three in breadth. The inscription is:

Here lies the Body
of JAMES DAVIE
who was Shot at
Blackdub April
1673 by HERON
for his adhering to
the word of GOD
and Scotlands co-
venanted work of
Reformation in
Opposition to POPE
RY PRELACY PER
JURY and TYRANNY
Repair'd by a Few Men
in this PARISH.

Davie formed one of a congregation that had assembled to worship their God and Redeemer in a hollow on the farm of Blackdub, to the west of the parish, when they were dispersed by a party of dragoons. The congregation had got timely warning of their approach, and fled across a strip of deep moss, which stopped their pursuers. When they crossed, they stood still, and looked over to their enemies, and fancied they were now in safety. The soldiers fired at them. The only shot which took effect was that which killed James Davie.

The churchyard is well filled with gravestones. Two inscriptions arrested our attention. The one was:

Nor wealth, nor want, nor youth, nor age,
  can death's strong arm arrest.
Some with a sudden stroke he smites,
  like him who here doth rest.
Through life beloved, in death bewailed,
  his dust in hope here lies
Till Jesus shall in clouds appear
  And bid the dead arise.
Ye mortals, hear the warning voice,
  That from the tomb doth cry,
Make haste, prepare, to mercy fly,
  To Jesus live and die.

The other was over the mortal remains of a man with the unusual name of Burd:

O SONS OF MEN, COME & BEHOLD,
THE PLACE APPOINTED FOR THE OLD.
AND BY MY SIDE THE YOUNG DOTH LY,
DRAW NEAR, AND SEE, AS YOU GO BY.

CHAPTER XVI

KIRKINTILLOCH AND CAMPSIE

> The memories o' her martyred dead
> May Scotlan' dearly cherish ever ;
> They sowed the seed, we reap the grain—
> Their names, their deeds shall perish never !
>
> —JANET HAMILTON.

KIRKINTILLOCH is best reached by the North British Railway from Glasgow. At the Kirkintilloch station we asked for Inchbelly Bridge, and were directed to take the road to the right, that leads to Kilsyth. The day was fine, and, late as it was in the season, the trees were still clothed with foliage, although its sere and yellow aspect told that its end was near. As we took the road to the right, we left Kirkintilloch behind us, and a rich-looking country spread itself out to view. To the left, in the background, two miles away, were the Campsie Hills, and all between was under the plough. The hedgerows were dotted here and there with trees, while an occasional farmhouse told of the presence of man. To the right, rising some twenty feet above us, was the embankment of the Forth and Clyde Canal. For nearly three-quarters of a mile it runs parallel to the road. The trees that cover it must have been planted soon after it was made, for they are now of a stately size. A walk of about a mile brought us to Inchbelly Bridge, where the road leaves the canal, and strikes away north-east for Kilsyth. Three-quarters of a mile farther from the bridge brought us to the object of our search, under an iron grating, on the right hand side of the road. It was two flat stones, six feet by three, lying side by side. The one was new, and the other evidently not above forty years old. A stone parapet, rising a few inches above their surface, surrounded them, and supported the iron grating that covered the whole. The effect of the parapet is, that the stones were nearly buried under an accumulation of leaves and dust. The inscription on the older stone is still legible, but from the superincumbent mass that lay on its surface, it was only here and there that we could make it out. That on the newer stone, after clearing away its covering, we read and copied. It is:

Twas Martyrs Blood Bought Scotlands Liberty
ERECTED
FEBRUARY 1865
IN ROOM OF THE OLD TOMBSTONE BY THE PEOPLE
OF KIRKINTILLOCH AND NEIGHBOURHOOD—

ORIGINAL INSCRIPTION—
IN THIS FIELD LIES THE CORPS OF JOHN WHARRY AND
JAMES SMITH, WHO SUFFERED IN GLASGOW, 13 JUNE
1683, FOR THEIR ADHERENCE TO THE WORD OF GOD—
AND SCOTLANDS COVENANTED WORK OF REFORMATION
And they overcame them by the blood of the lamb,
And by the word of their testimony; and they
Loved not their lives unto the death.—Rev. xii. 11.

Halt courteous passenger, and look on
Our bodies dead, & lying under this stone.
Altho' we did commit no deed, nor fact
That was against the Bridegroom's contract,
Yet we to Glasgow were as prisoners brought,
And against us false witness they sought.
Their sentence cruel and unjust they past,
And then our corps on scaffold they did cast.
There we our lives and right hands also lost.
From Glasgow we were brought unto this place
In chains of iron hung up for certain space,
Then taken down interred here we ly—
From 'neath this stone our blood to heaven doth cry.
Had foreign foes, Turks, or Mahometans,
Had Scythians, Tartars, Arabian Caravans,
Had cruel Spaniards, the Popes blood seed,
Commenced the same, less strange had been the deed,
But Protestants, profest our Covenants to,
Our countrymen this bloody deed could do.
Yet notwithstanding of their hellish rage
The noble Wharry stepping on the stage
With courage bold and with a heart not faint,
Exclaims, This blood now seals our covenant—
Ending, They who would follow Christ should take
Their cross upon their back, the world forsake.

It will be seen that the inscription differs very considerably from that given in the "Cloud ot Witnesses" as being on the stone. The words on the old stone, so far as we could make them out, seem to have been exactly transferred to the new by its side. The inscription in the "Cloud of Witnesses" is three lines shorter, and has all the appearance of being a correct copy. The probability is that it is the original, while that now on the stones is modern. The lettering on the old stone has evidently been cut considerably within this century. It seems that the old stone at one time lay in the field some fifty yards to the north of its present site, and was removed to the roadside by the farmer, who was not fond of people walking over his ground and spoiling his crops. The following is the inscription in the "Cloud of Witnesses":

Halt, passenger, read here upon this stone
A tragedy, our bodies done upon.
At Glasgow cross we lost both our right hands,
To fright beholders, th' en'my so commands,
Then put to death, and that most cruelly,
Yet where we're slain, even there we must not ly;
From Glasgow town we're brought unto this place,
On gallow-tree hung up for certain space;
Yet thence ta'en down, interred here we ly
Beneath this stone: our blood to heaven doth cry.
Had foreign foes, Turks or Mahometans,
Had Scythian Tartars, Arabian Caravans,
Had cruel Spaniards, the pope's bloody seed,
Commenced the same, had been less strange their deed;
But Protestants, once covenanters too,
Our countrymen, this cruel deed could do;
Yet notwithstanding this their hellish rage,
The noble Wharrie leapt upon the stage,
With courage bold, he said, and heart not faint,
This blood shall now seal up our covenant.—
Ending, They who would follow Christ should take
Their cross upon their back, the world forsake.

The story of Smith and Wharry vividly tells of the lawlessness of the reign of the last of the Stuarts. One Alexander Smith, of the parish of Cambusnethan, had been taken to Edinburgh, some time in 1681, on the charge of being at Bothwell. He was not long in prison until he escaped, disguised in a woman's dress. He was afterwards caught, but when again on the way to Edinburgh, was rescued by a party of friends at Inchbelly Bridge. In the scuffle that ensued, several were wounded, and a soldier was killed. Smith and his rescuers got away in safety. The soldiers soon after rallied, and went in search of them. Not far from the bridge they found John Wharry or Macwharrie and James Smith sitting on the ground, without arms; there was no evidence that they were concerned in the rescue, but they were carried to Glasgow. They were tried on June 13th. The "Cloud of Witnesses" says the 11th, but Wodrow shows that the compilers of the "Cloud" have been misinformed. It is said the soldiers suborned two of their number to declare that they saw them kill the soldier at Inchbelly Bridge. They were condemned to have their right hands cut off, and then to be hanged, and their bodies to be taken to Inchbelly Bridge, and there to be hung in chains—a barbarous practice with dead criminals, that continued down almost to within living memory, as all acquainted with Hogarth's pictures of the "Idle and Industrious Apprentice" will well remember. The sentence was carried into effect that very day. "Their carriage at their execution was cheerful and gallant." Wharry was ordered to lay his hand on the block; he supposed it was his head they wanted, and so he courageously knelt down. Major Balfour, evidently the same man who was afterwards concerned in the murder of Thom, Cook, and Urie, at Polmadie, near Glasgow (see page 69), in a great rage, exclaimed, "It is not your head, but your hand we are seeking!" Wharry replied, "Then I had heard wrong; but I am most willing to lay down not only my hand but my neck, and all the members of my body, for the cause of Christ." When his hand was cut off, he gave no sign of shrinking, but immediately held up the stump, and said, "This, and other blood now shed, will yet raise the burned Covenants." "James Smith died in much peace and comfort." When they were half dead, they were cut down, and carried away to Inchbelly Bridge. "Some honest people" had provided coffins for them; but Balfour, in great wrath, ordered them to be broken in pieces. From the shortness of the time between their sentence and its execution, they had no opportunity to leave any formal statement behind them. Wodrow says, "I have some of their letters to their friends from the prison at Glasgow, dated June 11th and 12th, full of pious matter, and discovering a very great measure of divine joy they were under." The "Cloud of Witnesses" contains a letter from Wharry to his mother, brother, and sisters, as well as one from Smith to his father and mother. Both letters afford ample evidence that Wodrow has not gone too far in his commendation of their piety.

On a Monday in June we started from Glasgow for Campsie. The sun remained all day behind clouds, but there was no rain, and a slight breeze rustled the leaves, and gave the coolness of April to the air. The train soon brought us to Lennoxtown, where the Campsie Hills, clad in the rich green of the last days of spring, burst upon our view. From Lennoxtown the railway, which runs on to Balfron, passes in a minute or two the clachan of Campsie, but we preferred to walk the short distance. Less than half an hour's time brought us to the object of our visit—the old churchyard at the clachan. The clachan is in keeping with its name. It is made up of a few cottages, with the manse and the inn. The churchyard was easily found. It is close to the inn, and a woman from a neighbouring cottage soon came out to us with the keys. Somewhat to its north side stands the old church. It is in ruins, The west gable and part of the south wall are all that remain. The ruins are strikingly like those in the churchyards of Loudon and Glassford, and, as in these two parishes, the new church has been erected elsewhere, where the population has centered. We passed this church as we came out of the station at Lennoxtown, but it is in no way worthy of notice. The churchyard itself, like so many of our country churchyards, has neither road nor footpath through it, and from the very gate is all but covered with tombstones, chiefly flat, reminding one of the times, not so long ago, when the graves of the dead were watched during the night by the parishioners in turn, and everything done to prevent the eager students of anatomy stealing the bodies away. Many of the stones are old, and have inscriptions that sometimes say little for the powers of correct spelling possessed by the bygone generations of Campsie.

We searched and looked about for the martyr's grave. In our search we came upon a stone that must have been put up last century over the mortal remains of the Rev. John Collins, minister of the parish 1641-48. He was murdered not far from Glasgow, as he was returning from a meeting of Presbytery. The body was found next day, and, as the watch and a small sum of money were missing, it was naturally concluded that the deed had been committed by some lawless highwayman. But the murderer, a proprietor in the neighbourhood, had taken away the watch and money merely to send suspicion elsewhere. He soon after paid his addresses to the unsuspecting widow. In course of time they were married, and they lived together for several years. One day she entered a private room where her husband was sitting, and there, lying on the table, saw the minister's watch. He made such an awkward explanation about it, that, to her horror, the truth flashed on her mind that he was the murderer. She taxed him with the crime. Overwhelmed with confusion at the discovery, he said not a word, rushed out of the house, and was never heard of more.

The inscription over the minister's grave is:

THIS IS THE BURING
PLACE OF THE REV
M^r^ JOHN COLLINS
HE WAS ADMITTED
MIN^R^ OF CAMPSIE
THE 2^nd^ OF NOV^R^
1641 AND THE
TRADITION IS
THAT HE WAS
MURDERED IN
RETURNING FROM

GLASGOW ABOVT
MARTIMASS
1648.

Near the gate, on the right hand, we came upon two flat stones, of dates 1604 and 1606, to the memory of ancestors of the Kincaid family—a family still represented by a large proprietor in the parish. We give the inscription on one of them, with the exception of the armorial bearings, which occupy the centre. Its words, running along the edge of the stone, are after a fashion that was evidently common in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century.

HEIR-LYIS-ANE-HONORABIL-MAN-JAMES
-KINCAID-OF-
THAT-ILK-QVHA-DESISIT-YE-9-OF JANUAR-
ANNO-1606-

After copying the foregoing inscription, we again set out to seek for the martyr's grave, but so many are the stones, and so like are they one to another, that, after seeking for some time, we had at last to go and ask the woman who gave us the keys where the grave was to be found. A word of direction sent us at once to the place. It lies on the south side of the churchyard, and is a flat stone, five feet four inches in length by two feet in breadth. It is in good preservation, and has evidently been renewed within the last thirty years. The inscription is:

ERECTED
IN
MEMORY OF
WILLIAM BOICK
Who suffered at Glasgow
June XIV. MDCLXXXIII
For his Adherence to the
WORD OF GOD
AND SCOTLANDS
COVENANTED WORK
OF
REFORMATION.

Underneath this stone doth lie
Dust sacrificed to tyranny
Yet precious in Immanuel's sight
Since martyr'd for his kingly right
Rev. chap. 7. verse 14

Nothing seems now to be known of William Boick. His name does not occur in Cruickshank or Wodrow. This is somewhat remarkable, as Wodrow records at length the case of Wharry and Smith of Kirkintilloch, who were tried at Glasgow the previous day, June the 13th, and executed an hour or two after receiving sentence. All that we know is, that five of the Lords of the Justiciary Court sat on the 14th of June, in Glasgow, and may have condemned him as summarily as they had done Wharry and Smith. There are nine names upon the stone in the High Churchyard of Glasgow, but not that of Boick. This may have arisen from his connection with Campsie as his birthplace. It may be, however, that his name is included in the "others" referred to in the line upon the Glasgow monument,—

"These nine, with others in this yard."

From Campsie churchyard to Campsie Glen was a walk of only a few minutes. From the railway the glen has no great appearance. But once within it, its waterfalls, its deep pools, its rugged precipices, its many noble trees that skirt its sides, and the magnificent view of the country away southwards, to be had at its upper end, will charm the traveller, and make him marvel that it is not more visited than it is by those who go to far-away lands in search of romantic beauty.

CHAPTER XVII

HAMILTON, STRATHAVEN, GLASSFORD, AND STONEHOUSE

> That cause, as their immortal souls, was dear
> To your heroic fathers,—ardently
> They fought—they bled—they fell, but knew not fear,
> What time a tyrant's myrmidons drew nigh;—
> Hence Freedom's sacred tree spreads its green branches high.
>
> —DAVID VEDDER.

HAMILTON has many sources of attraction in its palace—so stored with the treasures of art—its villas, and its fine scenery; but the churchyard was the object we had come to visit. It was easily found, for it stands in the centre of the town. Originally the church was connected with the palace, but this was found inconvenient, and in the early part of this century the present building was erected. It is a spacious edifice, but with few or none of the graces of architecture. The churchyard has one martyrs' monument. It is built into the east wall, and, from its grotesque appearance, is one of the first objects to arrest the eye of the visitor on entering the enclosure. It is a slab of freestone, four feet two inches in length by two feet eight inches in breadth. It has the following inscription:

At Hamilton,
lie the heads of
JOHN PARKER, GAVIN HAMILTON,
JAMES HAMILTON,
and
CHRISTOPHER STRANG,
who suffered at
EDINBURGH.
Dec. 7th 1666.
Four heads in basso-relievo.
Stay, passenger, take notice.
what thou reads.
At Edinburgh ly our bodies,
here our heads.
Our right hands stood at Lanark,
these we want,

Because with them we sware
the Covenant.

Renewed
MDCCCXXVIII.

The four heads in basso-relievo are sculptured in the rudest manner. Indeed, so grotesquely criminal are the features, that they look like the work of an enemy rather than of a friend.

John Parker was a waulker, *i.e.*, a fuller of cloth, in East Kilbride; Gavin Hamilton, a tenant in Carluke; James Hamilton, tenant in Killiemuir; and Christopher Strang, tenant in East Kilbride. All four were taken prisoners at Pentland. They were tried at Edinburgh before the Council. Sharp was president, and, with his native ferocity, urged on their condemnation. It was pleaded on their behalf, that since quarter had been given them by such as had the king's commission to kill or save, and Grotius, in those days the great authority upon such matters, had, in his treatise, "De Jure Belli et Pacis," determined that "faith is to be kept even with rebels," they could not be put to death. But Sharp secured that this pleading be put aside, and that the trial take place. It is said that even Dalziel, blood-thirsty as he undoubtedly was, when he heard of this pressing on of the trial, cursed and swore terribly, and declared, were he to serve the king ever so long, he should never bring in a prisoner to be butchered. The record of the trial is given at length in Wodrow, Book II., c. i. s. 3. Its replies, its duplies, its triplies, and quadruplies, are interesting as a specimen of the mode of procedure in a Scotch court in the seventeenth century—a mode of procedure which actually continued to the beginning of this century—as well as for their able reasoning. The advocates for the prisoners seem to have done what they could in their defence; but all was of no avail. They were sentenced to be hanged at Edinburgh on the next Friday, December 7th, 1666; and after they were dead, their heads to be cut off, and "affixed at Hamilton"; and "their right hands" on "the public ports" of Lanark, "being the place where they took the Covenant." "Naphtali" contains the "Joint Testimony" of the four and other six condemned along with them, a second Testimony, and three other individual Testimonies. The close of the first Testimony is remarkable for its confidence in the ultimate triumph of the cause for which they suffered and died. It is:

"And further, we are assured, though this be the day of Jacob's trouble, that yet the Lord, when He hath accomplished the trial of His own, and filled up the

> cup of His adversaries, He will awake for judgment, plead His own cause, avenge the quarrel of His Covenant, make inquiry for blood, vindicate His people, break the arm of the wicked, and establish the just; for to Him belongeth judgment and vengeance. And though our eyes shall not see it, yet we believe that the Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing under His wings; and that He will revive His work, repair the breaches, build the old wastes, and raise up the desolations; yea, the Lord will judge His people, and repent Himself for His servants when their power is gone, and there is none shut up or left. And, therefore, rejoice, O ye nations, with His people; for He will avenge the blood of His servants, and will render vengeance to His adversaries, and He will be merciful to His land and people. So let Thy enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

Mr Dodds has ferreted out, in the State Paper Office, a letter from Mein, the postmaster in Edinburgh, to the Government in London, giving an account of their death. "All of them died adhering to the Covenant, declaring they never intended in the least any rebellion, and all of them prayed most fervently for his majesty's interest, and against his enemies." "They prayed to forgive their judges and the noblemen, and declared their blood lay only at the prelate's door—would not be hindered to express themselves in such a manner—which expressions had too great dipping in the heart of the commonalty."

The "Cloud of Witnesses" contains a Testimony by an Arthur Tacket, a native of Hamilton. He was a lad of scarce seventeen when the battle of Bothwell Bridge took place. He had gone out with his gun on the day of the battle, but after the defeat got back again to his mother's house. The Laird of Raploch shortly afterwards heard that he had been present at the battle, and had him seized and carried prisoner to Edinburgh. He seems speedily to have been set at liberty; but he, as a heritor, had some little property, and so, two years afterwards, in his absence, March 1681, he was adjudged to be a traitor. In 1684 he was apprehended when coming from hearing sermon by Renwick. In the Council Registers, under July 1, Wodrow relates: "Duke Hamilton informs the Council that Arthur Tacket, now a prisoner, is a heritor, and forfeited for the rebellion. The lords leave to the justices to proceed against him according to their sentence of forfeiture." Under July 22, the lords ordain him to be questioned by torture to-morrow at nine o'clock, before the Committee for Public Affairs. Tacket would not tell who had preached, or whom he had seen at the sermon, and hence the order that he be put to the torture. When he was brought before the Council, the advocate for the Crown assured him that if he would tell all, it should never militate against himself or any other man; but he boldly answered he would not credit their assurances, since they had broken their promises and oaths to God and man, and he could not think the lords would press him so much to declare who preached, if they were to make no use of what he said, "whereupon," relates Wodrow, "the hangman was commanded to open the boot, and he laid his leg in it." But now the surgeon present desired him to wait a little, while he talked with the advocate. The delay was granted, when the surgeon stated, that from Arthur's youth and the slenderness of the limb, a few strokes would crush it to pieces, and, since they were determined to take his life, and nothing would likely be got out of him, it would be better not to proceed. Upon this statement the advocate ordered the thumbikins to be brought, which Tacket heroically endured without making any disclosure. He was condemned upon his old sentence, as present at Bothwell Bridge, and was hanged in the Grassmarket on the 30th of July. His Testimony is remarkable for its fervour and unction. He died, says the "Cloud of Witnesses," with a spirit of meekness, and declared that he forgave his enemies all the wrongs they had done him.

After a short stay in Hamilton, we took the train for Strathaven, a town which lies about eighteen miles to the south of Glasgow. Like many old towns near a castle, Strathaven is very irregularly built. Some of the houses seem as if they had been sown at random upon the ground, rather than built upon a regular plan. The churchyard is situated upon the face of a hill that commands a fine view of the surrounding country. The church no longer stands in the churchyard. Many years ago it was taken down, and the present one erected on a piece of ground, as we enter the town from the railway. Strathaven is manifestly a town of some antiquity. It was a burgh of barony so far back as 1450. The churchyard contains two martyr monuments. The first we come to is that of William Dingwall. It is a stone two feet in height by two feet six inches in breadth. On its edge are the words:

Erected in the year 1732, and renewed 1833.

On the one side is the following inscription:

Heare LYS The CORPS OF WILLIAM
Dingwall who was shot in a Rancounter at Drumclog. Jun. 1st 1679,
By BLOOdy Grahm OF CLaverhouse.
For adhearing To The Word of God,
And Scotland's Covenanted WORK
OF ReFormation.

On the other:

> This Hero Brave, who Here doth lye
> Was Persecute By Tyrrany
> Yet To The Truth He Firmly StooD
> Gainst Foes Resisting To The BLOOD
> HimSeLF & Th' GOSPEL did deFenD,
> TILL FOR Christ's cause HIS LIFe
> DID enD—

Dingwall came from Fife. He died of his wounds sometime after the battle. Nothing further is known of him. From his name and county he may have been a brother of the Robert Dingwall who was concerned in taking away the life of Archbishop Sharp.

Higher up the churchyard is a second monument. It is a large flat stone. Its inscription begins at the top, reads round, and continues in the second line. It is:

> Here Lyes The Corpses
> Of William Paterson And John
> Barrie Vho Vas
> Shot To Death For Ther Adhering To The
> WORD OF GOD AND
> OUR COUENANTS
> ANNO 1685.
> HERE LYS TUO MAR
> TYRS SEUERALLY
> WHO FELL
> BY CAPTAINS
> INGLELS AND BY
> BLOODY BELL
> POSTERITY SHALL
> KNOU THEYRE SHOT
> TO DEATH
> AS SACRIFICES
> UN TO POPISH
> WRATH.

On the pedestal of the stone:

> Renewed by the Reformers of
> Avondale at the passing of the Reform
> Bill—ANNO DOMINI. 1832.

William Paterson was the son of Robert Paterson, who was killed at Ayrsmoss. He had been driven out of his house for nonconformity some years previous to his death. His name occurs in the long list of fugitives issued in 1684—a list that contains about 1900 names. His family was scattered, and he was often in great straits, until at last he was taken and sent abroad to be a soldier. He was not long in foreign service when he made his escape, and came home, but he was soon again caught. He, with thirteen others, had been gathered together for religious exercises at a place called Charon-heugh, upon the Lord's day. Ten of them escaped, but Paterson and other three were taken. The three took the Abjuration oath, which Paterson refused, and the soldiers carried him away to Strathaven Castle, where, in the afternoon of the same Sabbath, without trial, he was shot by a Captain Bell.

As to John Barrie, or Burrie, as he is called both by the "Cloud of Witnesses" and Wodrow, less is known of him than even of Paterson. He was met, sometime in the month of April 1685, by Peter Inglis—the same who cut off the head of James White. "He had his pass in his hand, and had showed him it," says Wodrow; but it was of no service to him; Inglis would have it that he was one of the wanderers, and shot him dead.

Although these three are the only martyrs commemorated by monuments in the churchyard, Strathaven had many others who suffered during the long years of persecution. In common with the great part of the west of Scotland, its people were largely spoiled of their goods by the Highland host in 1678. Thirty years after, those then living reckoned the losses they had sustained at £1700; and this large sum cannot have been more than a third of what had been taken from the parish, for in the thirty years a great proportion of the sufferers must in the course of nature have been dead.

The spoliation made by the Highland host had no effect in lessening the attachment of the parish to the persecuted cause. Drumclog is within the parish. Many of its good people were in the Covenanting army at Bothwell Bridge. In the list of such of the prisoners as were banished, but who perished by shipwreck off the Moul Head of Deerness, there are eight belonging to Strathaven. Wodrow tells of six who were shot dead by the soldiers. In ignorance that the battle was over and lost, they were on their way to hear sermon in the camp, when the soldiers met them, and on a frank avowal of their errand, all were at once put to death.

The "Cloud of Witnesses" contains two Testimonies, one by Archibald Allison, and the other by William Cochrane, both of whom belonged to Strathaven. Archibald Allison was taken at Ayrsmoss, and was hanged at Edinburgh on the 11th of August 1680. His Testimony breathes the very spirit of liberty. Three sentences, taken from near its commencement, will show what was the aim of himself and fellow-sufferers, in contending against the then existing civil government:

> "They charged me with rebellion, for joining with those whom they call rebels, and declared enemies to the king, and enemies to all good government. For my part I never called them so. I declare here, where I stand, before Him who will be my Judge within a little, my design in coming forth with arms was to hear the Gospel preached truly and faithfully; and I know it was the design

> of that poor handful to defend the Gospel, and to keep up a witness and testimony against the abounding corruptions with which this land is filled from end to end, and to plead with the Lord that He would not make a total removal therefrom."

Wodrow says that he and a John Malcolm of Dalry, executed along with him, "died in great assurance, and comfortable hopes of well-being."

William Cochrane is merely said to have been of the parish of Evandale. Wodrow gives the questions that were put to him. "Being interrogate if it be lawful for subjects to rise in arms against the king, refuses to answer. Being interrogate whether the king be lawful king, answers these are kittle questions, and will say nothing of them, being a prisoner. Being desired to say, 'God save the king,' refuses to say anything. Can write, but refuses to sign his answers." On these answers, which simply say nothing, he was actually declared guilty ot treason, and sentenced to be hanged at the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, four days afterwards, Friday, December 15th, 1682. His Testimony explains why he would not say "God save the king":

> "Which, as they have now stated him an idol in the Mediator's room, I could not do, without being guilty of saying, Amen, to all that he hath done against the Church and people of God, and true subjects of the kingdom, and the ancient and fundamental laws thereof. . . . Besides, ye know that taking the name of God in our mouths is a part of worship, and so a worshipping of their idol; for before our faces, they said that he was king over all persons and over all causes, which is putting him in God's room."

Wodrow tells of a William Young, a good man, but distempered and much crazed in his judgment, who was taken from Strathaven to Hamilton, and from Hamilton to the Canongate Tolbooth, Edinburgh. He managed to get out of the Tolbooth, and would have escaped altogether, had he not told the soldiers who were searching after him that he was the person they were in pursuit of. He had been cruelly used on the way to Edinburgh, but he fared even worse when sent back to prison. He was tried next day, and condemned to death, and was executed in an hour or two after sentence, August 27, 1684. A James Nicol from Peebles was hanged along with him. Nicol's Testimony is in the "Cloud of Witnesses," and is one of the most spirited in the volume.

In the same year Wodrow records that thirty-six "of the common sort," belonging to the parish, were imprisoned for nearly half a year in Glasgow and elsewhere, because they refused to take the Test—

an oath of the most contradictory kind, which in the beginning owned the Scots Confession, and in a few lines farther on, the king's majesty as the supreme governor over all persons, and in all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil; and from which, by a strange inconsistency, the king's brother, the Duke of York, was exempted. About the same period, four proprietors were fined £1300, mainly for non-attendance at the parish church, and refusing the Test, which they held in law they were not obliged to take. In fact, it will be found that scarce a parish in Scotland suffered more during the years of persecution than that of Avondale.

From the churchyard of Strathaven we retraced our steps through the town, passing, on the way, the monument to Wilson, the political martyr—an obelisk, in a plot of ground by itself—until we came to the railway station, when we took the road for the village of West Quarter, in which the church of the parish of Glassford stands. We had a walk of a mile through a country well wooded—but the small fields tell that it is yet a stranger to high farming—and along a road lined with well-trimmed hedges, when the steeple of the parish church, embowered among trees, rose before us a mile away. A few minutes more, and the sound of the smith's hammer told us we were approaching the village. West Quarter is made up of a street some three or four hundred yards in length, that bends as it goes westward, and ends in one or two small rows of houses that jut out from it. The click of the loom audibly proclaims the occupation of the people; and the appearance of decay upon the houses tells that, like most handloom weaving villages, it has seen better days. The church is a modern structure, built in 1820, and is as plain in appearance as it could well be. We asked about the burying-ground, and found that it was half a mile to the eastward. As we left the village behind us, we passed, rising above us, a height, the site of an old castle, that must, in the troublous times of old, have commanded the surrounding district. The walls have disappeared long ago, and the space they enclosed is now a bowling-green. Soon we came upon the churchyard, on the opposite side of the road to the manse. It had the untrimmed, neglected appearance so characteristic of churchyards in the country districts of Scotland. Its gate stood open, and we were told was always so in West Quarter. As in Loudon, the gable walls of the old church still stand. It dates from 1633, and must have been a building of half the size of the present parish church. On the west wall of the churchyard was the object of our visit—the monument over the grave of Gordon of Earlston or Earlstoun. It is some seven or eight feet in height. It is built into, or rises out of, the wall of the churchyard. Although it bears to have been once repaired since it was first erected, yet it is now much in need of repair again. The inscription is somewhat lengthy, and is as follows:

To the memory of the very *Worthy Pillar* of the
church, *M^r William Gordon of Earlston in Galloway*, Shot by a partie of dragoons on his
way to Bothwellbridge, 22 June. 1679.
aged 65, inscribed by his great grandson, *Sir John Gordon*, *Bart*, 11 June. 1772.

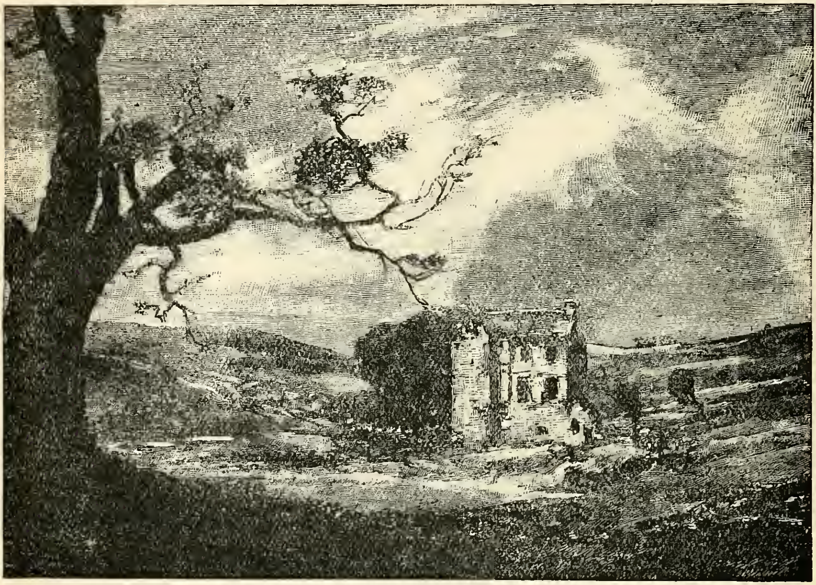
Silent till now full ninety years hath stood,
This humble Monument of Guiltless Blood.
Tyranick Sway, forbad his Fate to name
Least his known Worth should prove the Tyrant's shame.
On *Bothwell* road with love of *Freedom* fir'd,
The Tyrant's minions boldly him requir'd
To stop and yield, or it his life would cost.
This he disdain'd not knowing all was lost.
On which they fir'd. Heaven so decreed His doom.
Far from his own laid in this silent Tomb.
How leagu'd with Patriots to maintain the Cause
Of true RELIGIOUS LIBERTY and Laws,
How learn'd, how soft his manner, free from Pride,
How clear his Judgement, and how he liv'd and dy'd
They well cou'd tell who weeping round him stood
On *Strevan* plains that drank his Patriot Blood.

REPAIRED
By Sir *John Gordon Bart.*
of Earlston.
His Representative.
1842.

On the other side of the monument, facing the road that runs past the manse, are the lines:

IF A HARD FATE DEMANDS,
OR CLAIMS A TEAR,
STAY, GENTLE PASSENGER,
AND SHED IT HERE.

William Gordon belonged to a family that, for several generations, had been distinguished for their attachment to the cause of the Reformation. His father, Alexander Gordon, was a man of great piety and worth. Livingston, in his "Memorable Characteristics," says, "He refused to be made a knight when it was offered him. For wisdom, courage, and righteousness, he might have been a magistrate in any part of the earth." In 1635, Sydserf, the Bishop of Galloway, took steps to place a curate in Dalry, Gordon's parish, without consulting the parishioners. This intrusion Gordon opposed, and, in consequence, was summoned before the High Commission, and, not appearing, was fined for absence, and banished to Montrose. This arbitrary stretch of power, and some similar acts of tyranny on the part of the bishops, about the same period, did much to rouse Scotland to the vigorous measures in defence of her liberties, for which the year 1638 was so noted. He was one of the three elders sent by the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright to the famous Assembly of 1638. Along with Dickson of Irvine and his co-presbyter, Samuel Rutherfurd, then of Anwoth, he was objected to, by the bishops, as incompetent to be a member of the Assembly, because lying under the censure of the Church. The three were heard in their defence, and Argyle supplemented Earlston's statement by showing how, on his intercession, the bishop had cancelled the sentence of banishment, and yet soon afterwards restored it, until Earlston obtained from the Privy Council a dispensation, upon the ground of payment of the fine. The General Assembly at once accepted their defence as a full vindication from the charge of the bishops. Rutherfurd's connection with Alexander Gordon as a co-presbyter, and as a companion in suffering from the High Commission, as well as Earlston's own



EARLSTON CASTLE, GALLOWAY

excellence of character, doubtless led him to take a deep interest in his family. Five of Rutherfurd's letters, one of a date so early as 1637, are addressed to Alexander Gordon's son, William, the martyr, whose monument we have just seen.

William would, in all probability, have passed a peaceable life, little known beyond his own neighbourhood, but persecution dragged him into fame. In 1663 the people of Kirkcudbright and Irongray demonstratively expressed their dislike to the curates thrust in upon them, in the place of their ministers, outed by the Act of the preceding year. The women of Irongray, headed by a Margaret Smith, beat off a party of soldiers who were guarding the curate; and the women of Kirkcudbright were charged with similar "very great insolences." Commissioners, accompanied by three hundred soldiers, were appointed to examine into the matter. Gordon was known to be firmly attached to the liberty Presbytery demands for the Christian people, and so was ordered to assist the bishop in settling a curate at Dalry. Gordon respectfully replied, that, as patron, with consent of the people, he had already taken steps to secure "a truly worthy and qualified person." For this answer he was cited, in the month of July, to appear before the Council. In November he was again cited, under the charge of keeping conventicles and private meetings in his house. In March 1664, the Council came to a decision regarding him—a decision that strikingly tells of the arbitrary and tyrannical procedure of the bishops and their friends. The alleged crimes were:

> "That he had been at three several conventicles, where Mr Gabriel Semple, a deposed minister, did preach—viz., one in Corsock Wood, and the other two in the Wood of Airds, at all which there were great numbers of people; that he did hear Mr Robert Paton, a deposed minister, expound a text of Scripture, and perform other acts of worship in his mother's house; and that Mr Thomas Thomson, another deposed minister, did lecture in his own house to his family on a Sabbath day; and that being required to abstain from all such meetings in time coming, he refused to do the same."

The punishment was:

> "To be banished, and to depart forth of the kingdom within a month after the date hereof, and not to return under pain of death; and that he enact himself to live peaceably and orderly during the said month under the pain of ten thousand pounds, or otherwise to enter his person in prison."

It must not be forgotten that the being present at family worship had not been declared by any Act of Parliament to be a crime. Gordon seems to have obeyed the sentence. In Blackader's "Memoirs," under the year 1665, there is an interesting account of the baptism of a daughter of Lady Earlston, at Drumshinnoch, by Blackader, when no other minister within the bounds would venture to engage in such a service. Earlston is then said to have been in London. Although he was not at Pentland, his house was, soon after, taken possession of by the soldiers, and made the centre from which they scoured the surrounding country. Out of the parish of Dalry alone, "Naphtali" states they levied, from forty-three families, no less a sum than £9577 Scots. How long he remained in banishment is not recorded, but in 1679 he was again in Scotland. When the tidings came of the rising consequent upon the battle of Drumclog, he prepared to join the Covenanters, but affairs at home detained him, and so he sent his son Alexander in his stead. He soon followed, and was on his way to Bothwell, when, ignorant of the defeat that had been sustained, he was met at Crookedstone, about three miles to the north of the village of West Quarter, by a party of English dragoons, and, refusing to surrender, was killed on the spot. He would have been buried in Earlston beside his ancestors, but permission was refused, and so his body was laid in the churchyard of the parish where he fell. The present monument was erected over his grave shortly after his death, but the times were too troublous for an inscription. It remained without a line engraven upon it until, as it tells, the year 1772. The year after his death his estates were declared to be forfeited; but at the Revolution they were restored to his family. His Bible and sword have been preserved, and are now in the possession of the Gordons of Greenlaw.

His son Alexander, afterwards Sir Alexander Gordon, made a narrow escape after the battle. In riding through Hamilton he was recognised by one of his tenants, and made to dismount, and disguise himself in feminine attire, while the horse's furniture was concealed in a dunghill. In this disguise he betook himself to the rocking of a cradle in which a child lay asleep, and so escaped detection. For several years after Bothwell, he had to keep himself in close concealment. The house at Earlston was made a garrison by the troopers, so that he dare not enter it. But he found a refuge in the woods, in a small narrow building in the heart of the thickest underwood. This building, says Dr Simpson in the "Traditions of Scottish Persecutions," was discovered of late years by an inhabitant of Dalry while searching the woods not far from the castle. At the second General Meeting of the Societies, at Priesthill, March 15, 1682, he was selected "as the man of greatest repute, and best qualified among them" to go "to foreign nations, to represent their low case to the Reformed Churches there." Supplied with money, collected by the Societies, to defray the expenses of the undertaking, he went by way of London for the Netherlands. The Societies were not unanimous in sending him. A small minority stood out against him, and then first began to show the pertinacity and unyielding temper that did so much to trouble Renwick, and those who thought with him, during the next six years of the persecution. Earlston was soon associated with his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Hamilton, and the result of their labours was, that James Renwick went over to Holland to finish his studies for the ministry, and to receive ordination. In 1683 Earlston returned home, and was present at the eighth General Meeting of the Societies, held at Edinburgh, May 8, where he gave an account of his labours, greatly to the satisfaction of those present. He was again sent abroad. He went to Newcastle, and set sail for Holland; but just as the ship was leaving the Tyne, it accidentally stood still, and some officers coming on board, they challenged Earlston and his servant, who were travelling under the names of Alexander Pringle and Edward Livingstone. In fear, they cast a box containing their papers into the sea, but it floated upon the surface, and was soon seen, and brought on board. Both were taken prisoners, and sent up to London to Newgate. Great discoveries were expected to be made from the box of papers, but it contained nothing save the commission from the Societies to the Foreign Churches, and a few letters of no importance. Earlston was sent back to Scotland, and was examined by the Council again and again, to see if he had any connection with the Rye-House Plot; but nothing was found against him. At last, August 21, they condemned him to be beheaded at the Cross of Edinburgh on the 28th. After sentence had been recorded, the idea of torture suggested itself to the Council, but they soon suspected that there was no law for torturing a criminal under sentence of death. As there were three only of their number in Edinburgh, they wrote to London for information. In a month an answer came, that although he could not be put to the torture for matters relating to the cause for which he was condemned, yet he might be tortured with respect to plots, conspiracies, and combinations that had happened since the commission of the crimes, for which he had been sentenced to death. Accordingly, the Council met to examine him, with the instrument of torture standing by; but it was not applied, as Earlston protested he would be more full in his statement without torture than with it. The questions and answers are in Sprat's "Account of the Rye-House Plot," but they contain nothing that implicates either Earlston or the Society people, in any attempt against the king's life. But Earlston was not yet out of the hands of his enemies. On November 23, another letter came from the king, ordering the Council to put him to the torture; but when he was brought in, he was so ill that physicians had to be sent for, and they pronounced it would endanger his life. Thrice over was he reprieved, and in the following May was sent to the Bass; where he was kept till the happy Revolution of 1688 set him free.

His wife, Janet Hamilton, daughter of Sir Thomas Hamilton of Preston, was no ordinary woman. She accompanied him abroad, and shared largely in his sufferings. She was a correspondent of James Renwick, who had a high esteem for her. At the close of this chapter is one of Renwick's letters to her, copied verbatim from the original autograph. It has already been printed in the collection of Renwick's letters, but, like most of those in the collection, in an imperfect form without the postscript, and wanting several words, as well as clauses, that do much to complete the sense. The letter is addressed in Dutch to Lady Earlston, at Leeuwarden, and still retains the mark of the seal. Its tone and its command of expressive language are a striking contrast to the bald, ill-spelt letter of Claverhouse, after Drumclog, given on page 34. The first volume of the Wodrow Society's "Select Biographies" contains "An Account of the particular Soliloquies and Covenant Engagements, past betwixt Mrs Janet Hamilton, the defunct Lady of Alexander Gordon of Earlstoun, . . . which were found in her cabinet, among her papers, after her death, at Earlstoun, Feb. 26, 1696: being all written and subscribed with her own hand, and thought fit to be discovered for the encouragement of others to do the like duty." The "Account" gives ample evidence that she was a pious, accomplished, and patriotic woman, in every way a worthy helpmate to her husband in his sufferings, and in the ultimate prosperity and the honour he enjoyed after the Revolution.

There is a short road through the fields from West Quarter to Stonehouse, but we took the long one, that, in about a mile's walk, brought us to a mill situated on the Avon, a river that gives its name to the district—Avondale—and, after a winding course, joins the Clyde at Hamilton. After two miles more, we were in Stonehouse. The church stands half a mile to the west of the town, and is pleasantly situated on the rising ground above the Avon. It contains two monuments to the memory of James Thomson—an old one, and a new one, in the form of a large flat slab, containing all the inscriptions upon the old, and an intimation that the monument has been "*Renewed* by the descendants of the *Thomsons*, late in *Tannahill*, *Lesmahagow*, 1832." The descendants have done a good deed in erecting the new monument, for in a few years the old will have crumbled away. The inscription on the old monument is:

> Here lays or near This Ja^{s} Thomson
> Who was shot in a Rancounter at
> Drumclog, June 1st 1679
> By Bloody Graham of Clavers
> House for his adherence to the
> Word of God and Scotland's
> Covenanted Work of Reform
> ation.—Rev. xii. 11.

On the other side:

> This hero brave who doth lye here
> In truth's defence did he appear,
> And to Christ's cause he firmly stood
> Until he seal'd it with his blood.
> With Sword in hand upon the field
> He lost his life, yet did not yield.
> His days did End in Great Renown,
> And he obtained the Martyrs
> Crown.

The churchyard contains one or two monuments as old as the seventeenth century, such as:

> MEMENTo
> MoRI
> REMEMBER
> THoW MoST
> DIE . AND
> CoM . To
> JVDGMINT
> ANDRoW
> HAMILToNE
> 1 6 6 3.

One of the longest testimonies in the "Cloud of Witnesses" is that of James Robertson, who belonged to Stonehouse. He was a travelling packman, and while in Kilmarnock, in October 1682, had gone to see a prisoner of his acquaintance, when, without provocation on his part, he was seized, his pack taken from him, and he was confined close prisoner in the guard-house for ten or twelve days. While in prison he was treated with great cruelty. In a few weeks he was taken to Edinburgh, and examined by the Committee for Public Affairs. His answers were very guarded. The first is a fair specimen of the rest. He was asked, "Is the king your lawful prince, yea or nay?" His reply was, "Since you have made your questions matter of life and death, ye ought to give time to deliberate upon them; but seeing I am put to it, I answer—As he is a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well, he is; or, he is not." Although his answers contained nothing really treasonable, he was found guilty of treason. In his Testimony he gives free utterance to his thoughts. We give two paragraphs from it. The first is a successful defence of the refusal of the Covenanters to say "God save the king," and the second illustrates his faith:

> "The refusing to say 'God save the king,' which we find was the order that was used among the children of Israel at the king's anointing to that office; and used in our own nation at the coronation. Now, this being due only to a lawful king, ought not to be given but to a lawful king, and so not to him, being a degenerate tyrant. For, if I should, I thereby had said Amen to all that he hath done against the Church, and liberties thereof, and to all his oppression, by unlawful exactions and raising of armies for no other purpose but to deprive us of the hearing of the Gospel, and troubling or molesting the subjects, both in their consciences and external liberties; and also to their bloodshed, and murders made upon the people of God and free subjects of the kingdom; and so bid him God-speed, contrary to that in 2 John 10. And seeing it cannot be given to any that have thus used their power to a wrong end, in such a measure and manner, so much less when they have set him up as an idol in the room of God incarnate. And shall I pray to bless that man in his person and government which God hath cursed? for it cannot be expected but that he shall be cursed, that thus ventureth upon the bosses of the buckler of God Almighty."

. . . .

> "I declare I am free of the blood of all men; and though man had never public scandal to charge me with, yet I am one of the chief of saved sinners. And in respect of original, actual, and omissional sin, there hath been as much guiltiness in me as might and would have weighed down to the pit the whole world; but my lovely Lord hath showed me warm blinks of His love. Oh, for love to give to this lovely Lord Jesus; according to that Scripture, Come, and I will tell you what the Lord hath done for my soul."

He was executed along with William Cochrane and John Finlay, from Kilmarnock, on December 15, 1682, in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh. When he offered to speak upon the scaffold the drums beat, and drowned his words; and when he complained, the town-major beat him, says Wodrow, in a most barbarous manner.

From the churchyard we went through the village or town of Stonehouse. It is about the same size as Strathaven, although more regularly built, and has a thriving appearance, as if its people had work to do, and something for it. But our day's work was over, and the railway soon landed us again in the Metropolis of the West.

LETTER OF JAMES RENWICK TO LADY EARLSTOUN.

"GRONINGEN, *May 5th*, 1683.

"WORTHY MADAM,—I received your ladyship's letter, But I am sorry that I had not the time to write sooner back to you; however I hope ye will excuse me, considering the circumstances, I stand in at this time. Your letter represents unto me a troubled case, but (I think) not a sad case, because you have the lively sense of it on your Spirit: You say, a hyding God, who can bear it? O that I could see those pleasant days, to hear many crying that cry; to hear many signifying their desire after himself, by crying out that they could not want him, that they could not be content without him, yea and that they would not be content with any thing else, being willfull in the matter. It is true indeed, they who know what his sensible presence is, they will not get borne up in his conceived absence; and if I could, I would desire to mourn over their unperceiving temper who can equally bear up in both: But when the soul, not being filled with sense, pants after him as the hart after the brooks of water, and getting up and running through the whole fields, crying out, Saw ye him whom my Soul loveth? I cannot but think that the Lord is eminently present with that Soul, though not to its own apprehension: Yea, and though there be no changes in the Lord nor in his Love, yet of all times (as to the out-letting thereof) he is at such a time most fasht (troubled) to keep it in: And who knows not that Love the more it is covered, the more it burns; as fire the more it be covered, the more it smoaks, unless it be extinguished? But here is our comfort; he cannot change his Love, nothing can extinguish it; For whom he loves, he loves unto the end. O let us not misconstruct him, for he dow (can) not abide it; and for mine own part, I am made many times to go and bless his holy name, because of his withdrawing, for I see much more of his Love manifested therein, than if he were sensiblie present; because then I am made to see many things in my self which I saw not before: For it is most difficult to carry aright upon the mount: Do we not finde this in such cases that we forget ourselves, many times? As Peter when he was with our Lord, on the mount, and saw his Glory, said, It is good for us to be here, let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses and one for Elias, which Luke notes with that, that he knew not what he said. O let us study that noble Life of faith which the Lord is at so great pains to teach us; For it is faith followed with holiness that all the promises are made unto; not one unto sense. Your Ladyship writes that since ye came to this land, the Lord's way hath not been ordinary with you; and I think it looks the liker it is his way, that it is so: And though (possiblie) at the time you cannot see what is the Language thereof, yet I am sure, that afterwards he will let ye see it; we have the swellings of Jordan to pass thorow yet, and the Lord seems to be training you up for what may be before your hand, and learning you only to live the Life of faith. O let us wait on him, for we many times losse our almes, because we want patience to wait on but a little: Let us ly near himself, that we may not be surprised or confused in a day of fyrie tryall, not knowing whither to run. And as for that trouble which ariseth from the finding of friends like to take offence at your not going to the Kirk; I confess in its own place, it is some matter of Concernment, but we have one who is higher, whom we must look unto that we offend not; And to seek their Countenance such a way, I dare not nor will not counsell you to it: Labour to follow the Lord's leading of you, for I think your case in that particular must be of himself, although that ye are not humbled with your Sabbath days being your worst days, for the Lord herein seems only to be trying you: And if Sathan get in his foot, and make you to question Duty, for your want of Sense, he will get his end mightilie gained. O what is the matter though all the world should forsake, though all men should forsake, though all men should turn against us, if he be for us what need we care. O sweet word! Though father and mother should forsake, yet he will not: And though our flesh and heart fainteth and faileth, yet he never faileth us. O Madam, I have no time to say what I would, but shall omitt the rest untill meeting which (if the Lord will) shall be shortly. Our ordination is going on, but for ought I think Mr John Flint will not go thorow. O pray, pray that the Lord may let his hand be seen with poor weak unworthy me: without him I can do nothing. O what excessive madness will it be to go on without himself: If he go not with me, I pray that he may not carry me up. My Love and Service to your worthy sister and all your familie.—I am, Your Ladyship's Servant to serve you in all things in the Lord

"JAMES RENWICK.

"I have written a short line to your worthy husband, but I durst not be very particular with him, lest he should be troubled; but if the Lord so order it, I shall be free at meeting: I have left it without a Direction because I know not how to direct it: your Ladyship may do it but if ye fear that it will be miscarryed, I entreat not to send it lest it do harm."

By comparing the foregoing transcript with that contained in Mr Macmillan's edition of "Renwick's Letters," p. 40, and Dr Houston's, p. 106, a good idea will be had of what Renwick's other letters are, as he wrote them. Twenty of the autograph letters that we have examined are similar to the above. Words, sentences, and whole paragraphs have been omitted from the printed copy.

CHAPTER XVIII

CAMBUSNETHAN AND LANARK

> And from his secret haunt by Justice torn,
> Away by that remorseless band is borne.
> And whither? to the Judgment-hall? ah! no,
> It needs not even the form—the outward show
> Of justice, ere the sentence pass on one
> Who dares to bow before another throne
> Than Cæsar's.—Rev. J. G. SMALL.

CAMBUSNETHAN is a continuation of Wishaw, and lies about a mile and a half to the north-east of Wishaw station, on the Caledonian Railway. The church is a prominent object on the roadside. The churchyard is on the opposite side of the road. It lies around the ruins of the old church, which is now enclosed as a private burying-place. Over one of the doors, now built up, is the following inscription:

AL . MY . VAIN . THOWGHTS . STAY . YE . HEER
BECAWS . MY . GOD . I . DO . DRAW . NEER . 1672.

The churchyard is of considerable extent, and is in fine order. It is nearly studded over with monuments, but all are modern. After going over the churchyard and finding nothing like a martyr's stone, we did what we should have done at first when we entered, we asked the superintendent where it was; and he told us it was in the old churchyard down near the banks of the Clyde. On looking at the Ordnance Map, we found it marked as "Church, site of," and three miles to the south-west of where we had strayed to. We retraced our steps to Wishaw station, and followed a road on its south side that runs for a mile in a straight line, and then turns to the north-west; a hundred yards from where it turns, a road goes off from it in a south-westerly direction. Along this road, which leads downhill between hedgerows, that were casting forth sweet odours from the hawthorn in full blossom, we went for nearly a mile, until it was crossed by a gate. On asking at a house near the gate, for the churchyard, we were told to go through by the wicket at the side. We did so, and the churchyard lay two hundred yards before us. We entered it by a small iron gate. Its distance from the populous part of the parish has given it few tenants in recent times, and over a great part of it the ground has not been broken for many years. In the centre, where the old church stood, is the burying-place of the Belhaven family, and close by the walls of the church is the mausoleum of Lord Belhaven, who for twenty-seven years was Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Established Church.

The gravestone we were in search of we found on the south side of the church, within a railed enclosure of some three yards square. The stone is an upright one, about two feet in height. On its east side is the inscription:

HERE LYES
ARTHUR INGLIS IN NETHERTON
VHO UAS SHOT AT STOCKLTON
DYKE BY BLOODY GRAHAM OF
CLAVERSHOUSE JULY 1679
FOR HIS ADHERANCE TO THE
UORD OF GOD AND SCOTLANDS COVE
NANTED WORK OF REFORMATION
REV. 12 and 11.
Erected in the year 1733.

On the west side:

Memento mori
When I did live such was the
day
Forsaking sin made men a
prey
Unto the rage and tyranny
Of that throne of iniquity
Who robbed Christ and killed
his saints
And brake and burn'd our
covenants
I at this time this honour got
To die for Christ upon the spot.

At the east end of the enclosure there is a cross about six feet in height; on the one side of the centre-piece are the words:

IN
MEMORY OF
ARTHUR INGLIS
1837.

On the other:

SOLEMN LEAGUE
AND
COVENANT.

Wodrow's account of him is: "Arthur Inglis, a pious, sober, honest man in the Nethertown of Cambusnethan," a hamlet a mile to the south-west of Wishaw. "He had not been at Bothwell, but upon Monday, June 23rd, he was looking after his own cattle feeding upon a ley"—*i.e.*, a piece of lea or pasture ground—"and had sit down in a fur among his own corn, and was reading upon the Bible; the place was two or three miles from Bothwell, and the high road came near it. Some of the soldiers were coming that way, and, perceiving him reading, concluded he was a Whig; and when at a little distance, one of them discharged his piece at him, but missed him. The good man, conscious of no guilt, and probably not knowing the shot was directed at him, only looked about to the soldiers and did not offer to move; they came straight up to him, and without asking any questions clave him in the head with their swords, and killed him on the spot."

The spot where he was murdered is called on the tombstone, Stocklton Dyke. This dyke is said, in the Statistical Account of the parish, to be a hedge that runs between the old churchyard and the adjoining Muirhouse.

From Wishaw station we took the train to Lanark,—eight miles away as the crow flies, but thirteen by railway. St Kentigern's Church is within five minutes' walk, to the south of Lanark station. The churchyard surrounds it. The church is a ruin. Six of its arches remain, and are of the early Gothic. Their severe simplicity at once arrests the eye.

The martyr's tombstone is at the south-east corner of the church. It is a small upright stone, two feet two inches in height by twenty-two inches in breadth. On the west side, there is a rudely-carved skull, with cross-bones. Two lines of the inscription are on the upper edge, and the rest is on the east side of the stone. The inscription is:

HEIR . LYES . WILLI
AM . HERVI . WHO

SWFERED . AT
THE . CROS . OF
LANERK . THE
2 OF . MARCH
1682 AGE 38
FOR HIS ADHERENC
TO THE WORD OF
GOD AND SCOTLANDS
COVENANTED WORK
OF REFORMATION.

William Hervi, or Harvey, was a weaver in Lanark. On February 20, 1682, he was before the Justiciary Court in Edinburgh, on the charge of being "at the late rebellion," and for being present at the publication of "the treasonable Declaration" at Lanark, May 29, 1679—one of the declarations issued before the battle of Bothwell Bridge—and also for taking part in the publication at Lanark on the 12th January 1682, of the Declaration emitted by the Societies. The Justiciary Court delayed pronouncing sentence upon him till ordered to do so by the Council, when he was condemned to death, and a party of guards ordered to take him to Lanark, and there to be present at his execution. He was hanged at Lanark, according to the inscription, on March 2, but Wodrow says March 3. He emitted a Testimony, which Wodrow describes as very short. He declared himself a Presbyterian, and "for kingly government according to God's Word." "He believed what was in the Scriptures, and adhered to the Confession of Faith, National Covenant, and Solemn League, the Catechisms, and all the faithful Testimonies since 1660." At the place of execution—the Cross of Lanark—he prayed fervently. He then went up the ladder, and spoke to the people. He charged them to make their peace with God sure, and to serve God and the king so far as the Word allowed, and no further. He again prayed, and committed himself to the mercy of the Lord, and forgave all who had a share in his death. "He died with a great deal of composure;" and truly, according to the inscription on his gravestone, "for his adherence to the Word of God, and Scotland's covenanted work of Reformation." Wodrow is not sure as to what was the immediate cause of his death; but there can be little doubt that it was the desire of the Government to make a demonstration against the Declaration published by the Societies in the preceding January.

The Societies, so often mentioned in these pages, have left on record an account of their proceedings from 1681 to 1690, in "Faithful Contendings Displayed," published by John Howie of Lochgoin in 1780. Howie professes to have transcribed it from the original manuscript, now in the possession of the Record Committee of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. The manuscript is in the handwriting of Michael Shields. In the Introduction, he gives an account of the origin of the Societies. The defeat at Bothwell crushed the hopes of the friends of freedom; but the arrival of Richard Cameron from Holland, in the beginning of 1680, and of Donald Cargill, much about the same time, revived their hearts. Their labours were fruitful but short, for Cameron fell at Ayrsmoss, July 22, 1680, and Cargill was taken July 11, 1681. Matters seemed now worse even than after Bothwell, for there was not a preacher who dared publicly to utter a word against the Erastian tyranny of the time. The Government, however, unconsciously gave origin to means for the expression of free thought. The Parliament that sat at Edinburgh from July 21 to September 17, 1681—the only Parliament since September 1672, and the last in Charles II.'s reign—by the Test Act, ordered to be taken by all persons in places of public trust, led "some of the seriously and zealously godly in the west," to feel that a public Testimony must be lifted against this new encroachment on their rights. To make this Testimony the expression of the mind of as large a number as possible, "they endeavoured to acquaint all in every place of the nation whom they heard owned" that given forth by Cameron and Cargill, "that some from all these parts might convene, at a time and place appointed, for mutual consultation."

The first meeting was held at Logan House, in as lonely a spot as can well be conceived could exist so near to centres of population. Logan House lies in the centre between Muirkirk, Strathaven, and Lesmahagow—about six or seven miles from all three. For two or three miles to the north the ground is mossy, and all but inaccessible to troopers; while a mile to the south is Nutberry Hill—1712 feet in height—and the other hills of the Priesthill range, that separate the streams that flow into the Clyde from those which form the Water of Irvine. From these hills watchmen could see the country to the north for many miles. The meeting was held in midwinter, December 15, 1681. The first business was to revise a Declaration which had been already drawn up against the oppression of the Government. The Declaration will be found in the Appendix to the "Informatory Vindication." After a general statement of the right of men to civil and religious liberty, and to shake off a tyrannical yoke, the Sanquhar Declaration, June 22, 1680, which declared that Charles Stuart had forfeited his right to the crown of Scotland, is approved of, and six of his "misdemeanours" are specified—his overturning in his first Parliament the constitution of Church and State formed by their ancestors; his intruding his will for law in matters civil and ecclesiastical; his adjourning and dissolving Parliament whenever his acts were called in question; his assumption of supremacy in Church and State; his exorbitant taxation of the subject, for no other end than to maintain the debauchery and depravity of his court, which is styled "a brothel rather than a court"; and, lastly, the Test, intended "to unhinge Protestantism itself." Its closing sentences are:

> "We, therefore, here convened, in our name and authority, ratify and approve what hath been done by the Rutherglen and Sanquhar Declarations; and do, by

thir presents, rescind, annul, and make void whatsoever hath been done by Charles Stewart, or his accomplices, in prejudice to our ancient laws and liberties in all the several pretended and prelimited Parliaments and conventions since the year 1660; and particularly, the late Parliament holden at Edinburgh, the 28th July 1681, by a commissioner professedly popish, and for villany exiled his native land, with all the acts and laws there statute and enacted; as that abominable, ridiculous, unparalleled, and soul-perjuring Test, and the rest.

"We therefore command and charge you to pass to the market cross of Lanark, and in our name and authority publish this our act and declaration, as ye will be answerable.

"Given at the 15th December 1681.

"Let King Jesus reign, and all His enemies be scattered."

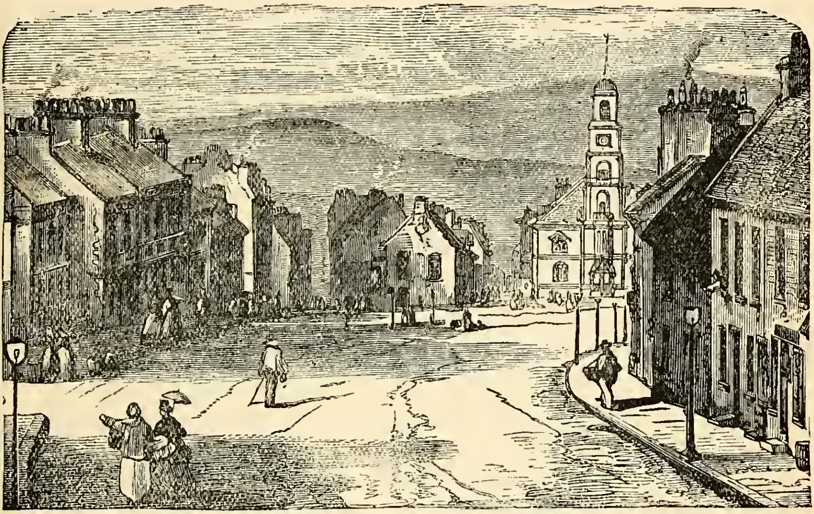
There is no mistaking the meaning of these bold statements; and the truth of their allegations, of tyranny and immorality, must have given them a sting that could not but rankle in the minds of the men then in power, and goes far to account for the fury with which they pursued all supposed to have taken part in the Declaration.

A proposal was next adopted for a "general correspondence to run circular through the whole Societies of the nation every fourteen days, or at least every month." By this plan the Societies, of which there seems to have been sometimes several in a shire, were at short intervals made acquainted with all that was done throughout the land.

A General Meeting of delegates from all the Societies was appointed to be held "every quarter of a year thereafter." This resolution was actually carried into effect; and in spite of the efforts of Government, meetings were held at short intervals down to the Revolution, and never, in one instance, did informers succeed in getting information of them in time to prevent them, or capture those who attended them. From December 15, 1681, to January 3, 1691, forty-one general meetings were held in regular succession. With the exception of four held in Edinburgh and one in Glasgow, they were chiefly held within a few miles of the first place of meeting, although they never met at it again. They met seven times at Auchengilloch, in a glen two miles to the west of Logan House that is not seen, save from the hills behind it, until it is come upon by the traveller over the moor,—a glen that, from its size, and the Kype Water that rises in it, and its perfect seclusion, was the very place for such a meeting.

It was resolved that no individual should act, "in matters relative to the public," without the consent of the Society of which he was a member; and that no Society should take any public step without the approval of the General Meeting. This resolution accounts for the harmony that prevailed among the Societies, and the wisdom that characterised their proceedings.

It was agreed, that on their return home the deputies should consult with their Societies, to see what could be done to send a deputy or deputies to the Reformed Churches abroad, to tell them of the sad condition of the Church of Scotland. The twenty years' persecution they had suffered had not led them to despise the teachings of the Westminster Confession, on the communion of the saints, or to forget that they belonged to the holy Catholic Church.



HIGH STREET, LANARK

Lastly, it was resolved that the 29th of December should be observed as a day of fasting and prayer to the Lord, that He would direct, countenance, and bless the action that was to be gone about, in the publication of the Declaration at Lanark on the 12th of January, 1682; and that the 12th of January should be observed as a day of fasting and prayer by all that remained at home; and that the 26th of January and 19th February be kept as days of fasting, humiliation, prayer, and thanksgiving. And the next meeting was fixed for the 15th of March, to be held at Priesthill.

Such is a specimen of the meetings that were held at regular intervals during the remaining years of persecution, and which doubtless did much to nerve and strengthen the members, during their sufferings, and to animate them with the hopes which the Revolution so largely realised.

Lanark occupies a somewhat prominent place in the history of the times of the persecution. As we have already seen (page 10), the Covenants were renewed at Lanark, November 26, 1666, two days before the battle of Pentland. The "Cloud of Witnesses" contains the Testimony of John Wilson, "son to Alexander Wilson, town-clerk of Lanark." He was a captain at Bothwell Bridge. He must have been apprehended early in 1681, for his sentence refers to a previous condemnation, March 1 in that year, and he had been kept in prison for two years; for his examination before the Council, as reported in the "Cloud of Witnesses" and Wodrow, was on April 17, 1683. He suffered at the Grassmarket, May 16, 1683. The closing sentences of his Testimony are remarkable for their faith, their catholicity, and even their beauty:

> "I leave my dear wife, children, and sisters upon the Lord, who gave me such sweet refreshing relations, and desire all the people of God to be kind to them; and I bless the Lord He has enabled me to quit them to Him; and though the Lord has made every one of them so sweet and so pleasing to me, that I have been forced to curb my affection with the bridle of religion, yet herein, I bless the Lord, He has given me a heart to go through my cross with forgetfulness of all, yea, to be most unconcerned in the tears and weeping of my relations.
>
> "I advise any called to suffering, never to quit with the faith of adherence, and they shall not want the faith of assurance; for since ever I came to prison, I saw and believed God's design to me was love, and having emptied me of all promises to sufferers and of all my own righteousness, made me close with Him and take Him for all, and believingly to rest on Him and have recourse to Him for grace to supply necessity, and give me a believing (though to me incomprehensible) of seeing Him as He is and knowing Him even as I am known of Him.
>
> "Now I die commending to all the people of God that duty of unity conform to 2 Tim. ii. 22, 'Follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart.'"

Jerviswood, the ancestral residence of Robert Baillie, is about a mile and a half to the north of Lanark. Robert Baillie, though little has come down to us of him, seems to have been one of the most remarkable men of his age. He was a Whig of the school of Samuel Rutherfurd, and this was a great crime when the monarch wished to do whatever he had a mind to do. His trial was a mockery of the forms of justice, or rather it was a setting them at defiance; and from his long confinement in one of the foul dens then styled prisons, his health had become so shattered that his physician pronounced him to be in a dying condition. But his enemies thirsted for his property, or what was left of it, after the fines they had already laid upon him were paid, and this was enough to ensure his destruction. His speech at his trial, when he convicted the Crown Advocate of saying one thing to him in private, and its very opposite in the court, justifies all the accounts of his contemporaries as to his great abilities. Looking the King's Advocate in the face, he said, "My Lord, I think it very strange you charge me with such abominable things. You may remember when you came to me in prison, you told me such things were laid to my charge, but you did not believe them. How then, my Lord, are you now convinced in your conscience that I am more guilty than before?" The audience fixed their eyes upon the Advocate, who, in no small confusion, replied, "Jerviswood, I own what you say; my thoughts in prison were as a private man; but what I say here, is by special direction of the Privy Council, and," pointing to the clerk, Sir William Paterson, added, "he knows my orders." "Well," said Jerviswood, "if your Lordship have one conscience for yourself, and another for the Council, I pray God forgive you; I do." He then turned to the Justice-General, and said, with true dignity, "My Lord, I trouble your Lordships no further."

The sentence passed upon him was little less barbarous than that passed upon Hackstoun of Rathillet. He was ordered to be hanged that very afternoon, December 24th, 1683, between two and four, and his body to be quartered, his head to be affixed to the Netherbow port of Edinburgh, and the quarters on the Tolbooths of Jedburgh, Lanark, Ayr, and Glasgow.

The compilers of the "Cloud of Witnesses" have not included his last speech in their collection, for they studiously kept themselves from all connection with those supposed to be favourable to the rising under the Marquis ot Argyle, and Baillie was one of these; but for pithy expression and clear enunciation of the truths that pious Scotsmen count dear, it is not surpassed, if it be equalled, by any they have published:

> "I bless God this day that I know whom I have believed, and to whom I have committed my soul, as unto a faithful keeper. I know I am going to my God and chief joy. My soul blesseth God and rejoiceth in Him that death cannot separate betwixt me and my God. I leave my wife and children upon the compassionate and merciful heart of my God, having many reiterated assurances that God will be my God, and the portion of mine. I bless and adore my God that death for a long time hath been no terror to me, but rather much desired, and that my blessed Jesus hath taken the sting out of it, and made it a bed of roses to all that have laid hold on Him by faith which worketh by love.
>
> "I am much afraid that Christ will be put to open shame in Scotland, and

will be crucified afresh, and His precious blood accounted unholy and polluted, and that Christ in His members may be buried for a while in the nation; yet I have good ground of hope to believe that the Sun of Righteousness will yet shine again with healing under His wings. . . . Woe will be to them that are instrumental to banish Christ out of the land, and blessed are they who are instrumental by a Gospel conversation and continual wrestling with God to keep Christ in the nation. He is the glory of a land, and if we would but love Him, He could not part with us. Woe be to them that would rather banish Christ out of the land than love Him. God pour out His Spirit plenteously on His poor remnant, that they may give God no rest till He make His Jerusalem the joy and praise of the whole earth!"

CHAPTER XIX

LESMAHAGOW AND BLACKWOOD

Blow softly, ye breezes, by mountain and moor,
  O'er the graves of the Covenant men,
By the muirland and flood that were red with their blood,
  Can ye waft the old watchwords again?

—ANONYMOUS.

LESMAHAGOW lies in the vale of the Nethan, about three-quarters of a mile from the railway station. Like the most of old Scotch villages, it is built upon no regular plan. Lesmahagow is held by antiquarians to be a contraction for "Ecclesia," and "Machutus," a Welshman of the sixth or seventh century, who was regarded as the patron saint of the parish up till the Reformation. In the twelfth century, David I. granted the lands and church of Lesmahagow to the Abbey of Kelso; so that, at least in the early part of that century, it was the site of a place of Christian worship. Lesmahagow has also a Roman history, for two Roman roads passed through the parish; and it has an earlier history still, for a number of cairns either exist or have existed on its heights. But these matters lie rather out of our province, and they will be found fully detailed and discussed in a volume by a gentleman, who has spared no trouble nor expense to illustrate and put upon record the antiquities of the parish. The volume is, "Annals of the Parish of Lesmahagow. By J. B. Greenshields, Advocate, of Kerse."

The parish church is easily found, for it stands in the centre of the village, and the churchyard nearly surrounds it. It contains the resting-places of the mortal remains of two martyrs, Thomas Weir and David Steel. The monument to Thomas Weir is a flat stone, six feet in length by two feet four inches in breadth. The inscription is similar to that of the others who were shot at Drumclog. It is:

Here lies
THOMAS WEIR
who was shot in a rencounter
at Drumclog June 1st 1679
by bloody Graham of
Claverhouse for his

adherence to the Word of
God and Scotlands
Covenanted work of
Reformation Rev. xii. 2
As also Gavin Weir
in Waterside who departed
this life. July 25 1732
Aged 79
Repaired by a few
friends to the
Covenanted Cause
1833.

Thomas Weir belonged to Waterside, on the Logan Water, a small stream that rises in Priesthill Height, on the confines of the parish of Lesmahagow with Ayrshire, and falls, after a course of some six miles, into the Nethan. He was on horseback at Drumclog, and joined in the last charge against Claverhouse. He took a standard, but his bridle broke, and his horse carried him too far, when, according to Russell, "he was mortally wounded and knocked on the head." He nevertheless "pursued as long as he was able, and then fell." He lived for three days afterwards.

Gavin Weir was his son. In 1684 he was proclaimed a fugitive and rebel, but escaped.

David Steel was tenant of Nether Skellyhill, a farm three miles to the south-east of Lesmahagow. He was at Bothwell Bridge. His name occurs on the fugitive roll of 1684. A rigorous search was made for him, and for safety he had to leave his own house, and generally passed the night in a hut, at a spot still pointed out, about four miles from Skellyhill, in the wild moorland near the source of the Nethan. In December 1686 he ventured to return home to Skellyhill. On the 20th, Lieutenant Creichton, with a party of horse and foot, came to the house. David got tidings of their approach shortly before their arrival, slipped through a back window, and ran off to hide himself in the bush-grown banks of the Nethan, a mile away. The soldiers noticed his flight, and followed him. He crossed the Logan Water where he fell, and wet the powder of the musket he had taken with him. His fall stayed his flight, but he still ran on. The soldiers, however, gained on him, and his strength began to fail. At Yondertown, a farm half a mile to the south of Skellyhill, the soldiers fired on him, and at Meadow, a little farther, they came up to him. Here he kept them at bay by presenting his musket at them, until Creichton came up and called him to surrender, with the promise of quarter and a fair trial in Edinburgh. Steel surrendered, but Creichton took him back to Skellyhill, where, in the presence of his wife, Mary Weir, who, with her infant in her arms, had been earnestly watching her husband's flight, he ordered him to be shot before his own door. The dragoons refused, and rode away, but the Highlanders, less scrupulous, fired. Creichton and his men immediately set off, and, when some of the neighbours came, they found the widow gathering up the scattered brains of her husband. She bound up the shattered head with a napkin, and, as she gazed at the dead body, she said—for tradition has still preserved the words that broke from her lips—"The archers have shot at thee, my husband, but they could not reach thy soul; it has escaped like a dove far away, and is at rest." "Lord, give strength to Thy handmaid that will prove she has waited for Thee, even in the way of Thy judgments."

The body of Steel was brought to Lesmahagow, and buried at the spot now marked by the stone. It is a flat stone, seven feet long by three feet seven inches in breadth. The inscription is:

HERE LIES
the Body of DAVID STEEL Martyr
who was Murdered by Chrichton for his
Testimony to the Covenants and Work
of Reformation and because he durst
not own the Authority of the
Tyrant destroying the same He was
shot at SKELLYHILL the 20th of Dec^{r}.
1686 in the 33^{d} year of his age

Be thou faithful unto Death and
I will give thee a Crown ot Life

David a Shepherd first and then
Advanced to be King of Men
Had of his Graces in this Quarter
This Heir, a Wand'rer now a Martyr
Who for his Constancy and Zeal
Still to the Back did prove true Steel
Who for Christ's Royal Truth and Laws
And for the Covenanted Cause
Of SCOTLANDS famous Reformation
Declining Tyrant's Usurpation
By Cruel Chrichton Murder'd lies
Whose Blood to Heaven for Vengeance cries.

Chrichton, or Creichton, long survived the Revolution. In 1731 a small volume appeared, entitled, "The Memoirs of Capt. John Creichton. From his own Materials, drawn up and digested by Johnathan Swift, D.D., D.S.P.D." In the advertisement to the book it is stated, that when Dr Swift was at Sir Arthur Acheson's, at Markethill, Armagh—where he resided for six months as guest with a Mr Leslie, in 1730—an old gentleman was recommended to him as a remarkable cavalier in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III., who had behaved with great loyalty and bravery in Scotland during the troubles of those reigns, but was neglected by the Government, although he deserved great rewards from it. He was in poverty, and Swift made him a handsome present, and said, "Sir, this trifle cannot support you long, and your friends may grow tired of you; therefore I would have you contrive some honest means of getting a sum of money sufficient to put you into a way of life of supporting yourself with independency in your old age." Creichton answered, "I have tired all my friends, and cannot expect any such extraordinary favours." Swift replied, "Sir, I have heard much of your adventures; that they are fresh in your memory; you can tell them with great humour; and that you have taken memorandums of them in writing." Creichton said he had, but no one could understand them but himself. Swift rejoined, "Sir, get your manuscripts, read them to me, and tell me none but genuine stories, and then I will place them in order for you, prepare them for the press, and endeavour to get you a subscription among my friends, as you may do among your own."

Creichton soon waited upon Swift with his papers, and related many adventures to him. The Dean was as good as his word. He was "so kind as to put" them "in order of time, to correct the style, and make a small book of them." A subscription was set on foot by the Dean's interest and recommendation, and it brought in above two hundred pounds, and made the remaining part of Creichton's "life very happy and easy." Swift's pen is discernible all through the book, especially in its earlier portion, and it has the clearness and idiomatic vigour so characteristic of his writings. But here the merit of the book ends. Creichton was a soldier of the school of Falstaff, and his stories are often what Prince Henry would have called lies, "gross as a mountain, open, palpable." He says, "the rebels" at Drumclog were "eight or nine thousand strong," and that Sir Robert Hamilton was "a profligate who had spent all his patrimony." He makes their numbers at Bothwell Bridge fourteen thousand, while the bridge itself was "guarded with three thousand of the rebels." He invents the story that the "rebels had set up a very large gallows in the middle of their camp, and prepared a cartful of new ropes at the foot of it, in order to hang up the king's soldiers" (see page 54). He held a command at Ayrsmoss, where, he says, "the Royalists killed about sixty, and took fourteen prisoners;" whereas there were only nine killed—the nine whose mortal remains lie under the monument—and five were taken prisoners.

These specimens of the exaggerations and inventions that abound in Creichton's "Memoirs" will show what belief should be given to his narrative of Steel. It very plainly is manufactured, and told in the bouncing style of the rest of the book, and yet so as to keep out of sight the fact that Steel was killed by Creichton. The narrative is not without its value. It shows the light in which Creichton, and men like him, felt themselves compelled to present their misdeeds to an aftertime. They would fain make out Steel and his fellow-sufferers to have been the very opposite of what they were—the salt of the earth. But truth has been too powerful for them. And, unwittingly on the writer's part, it lets us see that the stories that have come down to us from our fathers, of the lawlessness and wanton cruelty of the troopers in the service of the Government, must be true. The narrative is:

"Having drank hard, one night I dreamed that I had found Captain David Steele, a notorious rebel, in one of the five farmers' houses on a mountain in the shire of Clydesdale, and parish of Lesmahagow, within eight miles of Hamilton—a place that I was well acquainted with. This man was head of the rebels since the affair of Ayrsmoss, having succeeded to Haxton, who had been there taken and afterwards hanged.

"Steele, and his father before him, held a farm on the estate of Hamilton, within two or three miles of that town. When he betook himself to arms, the farm lay waste, and the duke could find no other person who would venture to take it; whereupon his Grace sent several messengers to Steele to know the reason why he kept the farm waste. The duke received no other answer than that he would keep it waste in spite of him and the king too; whereupon his Grace, at whose table I had always the honour to be a welcome guest, desired I would use my endeavours to destroy that rogue, and I would oblige him for ever.

"I must here take leave to inform the reader that the Duke of Hamilton's friendship for me was founded upon the many services he knew I had done the public. . . .

"To return, therefore, to my story. When I awaked out of my dream, . . I presently rose, and ordered thirty-six dragoons to be at the place appointed by break of day. When we arrived thither, I sent a party to each of the five farmers' houses. This villain Steele had murdered above forty of the king's subjects in cold blood, and, as I was informed, had often laid snares to entrap me; but it happened that, although he usually kept a gang to attend him, yet at this time he had none, when he stood in the greatest need. One of my party found him in one of the farmers' houses, just as I happened to dream. The dragoons first searched all the rooms below without success, till two of them, hearing somebody stirring over their heads, went up a pair of turnpike stairs. Steele had put on his clothes while the search was making below. The chamber where he lay was called the chamber of deese [? dais], which is the name given to a room where the laird lies when he comes to a tenant's house. Steele, suddenly opening the door, fired a blunderbuss down at the two dragoons as they were coming up the stairs, but the bullets, grazing against the side of the turnpike, only wounded, and did not kill them. Then Steele violently threw himself down the stairs among them, and made towards the door to save his life, but lost it upon the spot; for the dragoons who guarded the house despatched him with their broadswords. I was not with the party when he was killed, being at that time employed in searching at one of the other four houses; but I soon found what had happened by hearing the noise of the shot made with the blunderbuss. From hence I returned straight to Lanark, and immediately sent one of the dragoons express to General Drummond at Edinburgh. . . .

"Steele was buried in the churchyard of Lesmahagow by some of his friends, who, after the Revolution, erected a fair monument, on pillars, over his grave, and caused an epitaph to be engraved on the stone, in words to this effect: 'Here lieth the body of Captain David Steele, a saint who was murdered by John Creichton' (with the date underneath).

"Some of my friends burlesqued this epitaph in the following manner:

"'Here lies the body of Saint Steele
Murdered by John Creichton that dee'l.'"

The stone used in Lesmahagow is evidently hard, for the churchyard contains an unusual number of old tombstones. We transferred two of their inscriptions. They are:

HERE
LYES THE BODY
OF GEORGE LONGRIGE
WHO DEPART
ED THIS LIFE IN THE YEAR OF
OUR LORD 1622 AGED 35 YEARS

THE PASSIVE PART^{K} LIFE ALONE
THE ACTIVE COULD NOT STAY
THE DUST IS HERE THE SOUL IS GONE
UNTIL THE JUDGEMENT DAY.

And:

HOLD OF YOUR FEET, BUT CA
ST YOUR EYE. [WAS I.
AS YOU ARE NOW SO ONCE
AS I AM NOW SO MUST YOU BE,
SO MIND OF ETERNITY.

In a corner of the churchyard we came upon the tombstone of Thomas Lining, minister of Lesmahagow from 1690 to 1733. He was sent by the Societies in 1685 to Holland, to be educated for the ministry, and was ordained, in 1688, at Embden. He took a leading part in the renewing of the Covenants, in 1689, at Boreland Hill, a hill about a mile to the north-east of Lesmahagow railway station. He afterwards differed with the Society people, and a war of pamphlets took place between them.

From Lesmahagow, guided by two ardent admirers of the sufferers under the last of the Stuarts, we took our way to Skellyhill. Our path lay to the south-west, along a country road with many turnings. In about two miles we reached Wardlaw Hill, a hill 1107 feet above the level of the sea, and from which we had a fine view of the country for miles round. Skellyhill and Yondertown, the scenes of David Steel's flight and death, lay ten minutes' walk from us by the waterside, while rising beyond them, to the south-west, were the heights of Priesthill and Logan House, a lonely farm near the source of Logan Water, where, as already mentioned, the Societies, in 1681, held their first General Meeting. The road was pointed out, passing by the farm of Stockbriggs, along which Claverhouse went when on his way to Priesthill, to take his part in the murder of John Brown. Three miles away to the south-east, over a pastoral tract of country intersected by the railway to Bankend, we were shown the hamlet of Westtown, where, it is still remembered, Macmillan first dispensed the sacrament of the Supper after he joined the Societies in 1706. On turning to the east, we saw the wooded valley of the Nethan, and rising up from it were the round grass-covered hills of Brae, Boreland, and Dillar.

We were not long in reaching Skellyhill. It is a farmhouse, and is tenanted by a descendant of David Steel. The spot where David Steel was shot is close to the house, and enclosed by a fence, some seven paces square, of hawthorn, rowan, red beech, and holly. Near the square is an obelisk, erected in 1858, and on its west side are the words:

EXACT SPOT OF MARTYRDOM
ABOUT 27 FEET TO THE
WEST.

Next day one of our kind guides took us to Blackwood. About three miles on the road from Lesmahagow to Hamilton, a branch road turns south-west. A mile and a half's walk brought us in front of the mansion-house of Blackwood. It is an old-fashioned looking house, that has had additions made to it at different times. William Lawrie of Blackwood did what he could, before the battle of Pentland, to persuade the Covenanters to lay down their arms. He took their letter to the Council in Edinburgh; and in return for his mediation was put in prison. After a year's confinement he was set at liberty. In 1682 he was apprehended on the charge of "assisting and countenancing rebels"; and in February 1683 he was condemned to be taken to the market cross of Edinburgh, and "there to have his head severed from his body—his name, memory, fame, and honours to be extinct, and his lands forfeited to his Majesty for ever." A letter came in a few days from the king, approving of the sentence, and reprieving him till the end of March, when he was again reprieved till the end of November. In the following January he was still in prison.

The object of all this sentencing and reprieving was to overawe the gentlemen of the western shires, and to let them see what was in store for them, should they be found, like Lawrie, holding converse with men of whom the world was not worthy. The Revolution revoked Lawrie's sentences. He had a special Act passed in his favour, declaring his conviction null and void. The estate is still held by one of his descendants.

The old mansion-house is said to be the original of Milnwood, in Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality." The object of our visit was a tombstone, enclosed by an iron railing some ten paces in circumference. The enclosure, in addition, contains two holly trees, an oak, and the tombstone of a factor to the estate. The tombstone of the martyr is an upright one, two feet nine inches in height by two feet in breadth. On its east side is the inscription:

HERE LYES THE CORPSE
OF JOHN
BROUN VHO VAS
SHOT . TO . DEATH
(*A skull in relievo*)
VITHOUT SHADOV
OF LAW ANNO DOM
1685

On the west side:

Murray Might Murder
Such A Godly Brown
But Could Not Rob Him
Of That Glorious Croun
T
HE NOW ENJOYES . HIS CREDIT
Not His Crime
Was Non Complyance
With a Wicked Time.

Not much is known of John Brown. Wodrow adds little to the short notice of him in the "Cloud of Witnesses": "Lieutenant Murray, with his party, shot one John Brown, after quarter given, at Blackwood, in Clydesdale, March 1685." Murray promised quarter, when Brown made no resistance; but he afterwards changed his mind, and, without trial in any form, shot him where the stone now stands. The body was left where the murder took place; but his friends came, under the covert of night, and buried it where it now lies.

CHAPTER XX

PAISLEY

Yea—though the sceptic's tongue deride
Those martyrs who for conscience died;
Though modish history blight their fame,
And sneering courtiers hoot the name
Of men, who dared alone be free
Amidst a nation's slavery.—JAMES HOGG.

THE Martyrs' Monument in Paisley stands not far from the entrance to its beautifully laid out, as well as finely situated, churchyard. It is an obelisk, with an inscription on each of the four sides of its base. The chiet one is:

HERE LIE THE CORPSES OF
JAMES ALGIE AND JOHN PARK
WHO SUFFERED AT THE CROSS OF PAISLEY
FOR REFUSING THE OATH OF ABJURATION
FEBRUARY 3 1685.

Stay, passenger, as thou goest by
And take a look where these do lie
Who for the love they bore to truth
Were deprived of their life and youth
Though laws made then caused many die
Judges and 'sizers were not free
He that to them did these delate
The greater count he hath to make
Yet no excuse to them can be
At ten condemned, at two to die
So cruel did their rage become
To stop their speech caused beat the drum
This may a standing witness be
'Twixt Presbytry and Prelacy.

The inscriptions on the other sides are:

"Erected by the contributions of Christians of different denominations in and about Paisley to renew and perpetuate a Memorial of the respect and gratitude with which posterity still cherish the memory of the Martyrs of Scotland. 1835."

"The stone containing the epitaph transcribed on this Monument was erected over the grave on the Gallowgreen, the place of common execution; and on the occasion of the ground being built upon it was removed near to this spot along with the remains of the martyrs by order of the Magistrates, John Stone, John Patison, John Cochran, etc. MDCCLXXIX."

"Their blood *was* shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown
Till persecution dragg'd them into fame
And chas'd them up to heaven."

ABBEY CHURCH, PAISLEY

The original stone that stood on the Gallowgreen lies on the east side of the monument.

John Park and James Algie were two young men that lived in Kennishead, a small village about four miles to the south-west of Glasgow. Park and Algie are still common names in the parish. They were joint-tenants of a small farm. Algie had been in the practice of attending the ministrations of the curate, in the parish church, until he was persuaded, through the influence of Park, to stay at home. Shortly after Algie ceased to go to the parish church, the lease of their farm, for some reason or other, was given up. The person through whose influence they had entered the farm, was much displeased at their ceasing to be tenants. In his anger he determined to inform against them for their nonconformity. He sent a nephew, on the Lord's day, February 1st, to Paisley, to the bailie of the regality in which they lived, with a letter telling him that Park and Algie were "of rebellious principles, disowned the king's authority," defended the "Apologetick Declaration anent Intelligencers and Informers," published by the United Societies in the preceding November, and "that it was his business, as a judge ordinary, to notice them, as he would be answerable." The messenger was kept in custody until the forenoon's sermon was over, when a detachment of soldiers was sent to Kennishead, who seized Park and Algie in their own house, as they were about to engage in family worship. They were taken to Paisley, and were examined that same night. Their examination did not give full satisfaction, and they were put into prison. During their short imprisonment they were visited by James Hay, who, after the Revolution, was minister at Kilsyth. According to Wodrow, Hay found they knew little about "the debateable points, upon which they had been interrogate, only they had lately drunk in some of the tenets of those who denied the king's authority;" but on "conversation and further instruction they appeared very willing to quit them." Wodrow adds, that they were willing to take the Abjuration oath—an oath directed against the Declaration of the Societies. These statements, however, may be questioned. Wodrow, with all his praiseworthy zeal to hand down to posterity the story of the twenty-eight years' persecution, was anything but favourable to the Societies, and not seldom lets his bias against them prejudice what he has to say. But be this as it may, the inscription—an inscription that, in all probability like most of the other inscriptions on the gravestones of the martyrs, was put up by the Society people—affirms that their offence was a refusal to take the oath of Abjuration. Their trial took place on the Tuesday. It was short and summary. No lawyer was allowed to plead for them. They were informed that they must not only take the Abjuration oath, but also the Test—an oath that affirms the king's supremacy in all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil. They replied, "If to save our lives we must take the Test, and the Abjuration will not save us, then we will take no oaths at all." At ten o'clock they were condemned to death. After sentence had been pronounced, one of the judges, as if to leave evidence, if evidence were needed, of the recklessness with which many of the rulers of that age could take away the lives of good people, whose only crime was that they feared God, was heard to boast, "They thought to have tricked the judges, but," at the same time swearing a profane oath, "I have tricked them." The sentence was carried into effect within four hours of its being passed.

They were hanged at two o'clock. When brought out for execution they wished to speak to the assembled people, but the soldiers drowned their words by beating drums.

Among the prisoners taken at Bothwell that were banished to America, but who perished by the shipwreck of the vessel on the Moul Head of Deerness, in the Orkneys, were two who belonged to Paisley, William Buchan and William Auchincloss. Nothing is known of their history save their untimely end.

In the roll of ministers who were nonconformists to Prelacy in 1662, and were, in consequence, turned out of their charges, are three belonging to Paisley, Alexander Dunlop, John Drysdale, and James Stirling.

Alexander Dunlop, by an Act of Council, was "banished forth of His Majesty's dominions;" but, meanwhile, was ordered to confine himself within "the dioceses of Aberdeen, Brechin, Caithness, or Dunkeld." Wodrow says of him: "He was a person of eminent piety, and extraordinary diligence and learning, and singular prudence and sweetness of temper. He has left behind him, among other valuable papers, collections towards a system of divinity in English, which, had he been able to have put in order, would have been one of the most valuable bodies of divinity which hath been drawn up." He died in 1667.

James Stirling's Recollections form one of the most interesting parts of Wodrow's "Analecta." He was one of the two authors of "Naphtali; or, The Wrestlings of the Church of Scotland for the Kingdom of Christ." The title of "Naphtali" accurately describes its nature. It is the statement, as well of a narrative as of a defensive character, of the contendings of the Reformed Church of Scotland, from the Reformation down to the date of publication in 1667, against arbitrary power, whether exercised by the Crown or by the prelates. The first part of it was written by James Stewart, afterwards Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate after the Revolution. Stirling's share is the narrative and larger portion of the book. Sir James Stewart's part is the abler of the two. It is written with a fiery eloquence, and is remarkable for its happy use of Scripture, and the ability with which it shows the unscriptural nature of Prelacy, and defines the respective provinces of Church and State. The whole book was ordered by a Proclamation of Council, December 12, 1667, to be burnt, and copies of it were ordained to be brought in to the nearest magistrates before February 1, 1668; and all persons in possession of copies, after that date, were to be fined ten thousand pounds Scots. This Proclamation is the best testimony to the real merit of the book, for it is one of the most readable books of that age, and of no great size—our copy is an 18mo of 243 pages—and is just the book that the prelates and their supporters would find easier to burn than to answer. Attached to the first edition is an appendix, containing "The Last Speeches and Testimonies of some who suffered for the Truth in Scotland since the year 1660." The Speeches and Testimonies are those of the Marquis of Argyle, James Guthrie of Stirling, Lord Warriston, etc. The edition of 1680 contains a second appendix of "Papers left by Mr James Mitchell, sentenced to die January 18, 1678"—"The Speech of the most faithful and pious servant of Jesus Christ, Mr John Kid, minister of the Gospel, who suffered at Edinburgh the 14th day of August 1679," etc. These appendices must have added very much to the formidable character of the book, in the estimation of the foes of liberty; for, if the Testimonies and Speeches want the ornate eloquence of Sir James Stewart, their sentences are shorter, and easier understood, and are generally written in the homely, yet vigorous Saxon, that almost, without an effort, at once speaks to the heart of the reader; and more than all, they are the last words of men who suffered as martyrs for civil and religious liberty. There are not many more effective defences in our martyrologies than these sentences from the Testimony of Mr James Guthrie:

> "I bless God I die not as a *fool:* not that I have anything wherein to glory in myself. I acknowledge that I am a sinner; yea, one of the greatest and vilest that have owned a profession of religion, and one of the most unworthy that have preached the Gospel. My corruptions have been strong and many, and have made me a sinner in all things, yea, even in following my duty; and, therefore, righteousness have I none of my own; all is vile. But I do believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, whereof I am chief; through faith in His righteousness and blood have I obtained mercy; and through Him, and Him alone, have I the hope of a blessed conquest and victory over sin and Satan, and hell and death, and that I shall attain unto resurrection of the just, and be made partaker of eternal life. I know in whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. I have preached salvation through His name; and as I have preached so do I believe, and do commend the riches of His free grace, and faith in His name, unto you all, as the only way whereby ye can be saved.
>
> "And as I bless the Lord that I die not as a fool, so also that I die not for *evil-doing.* Not a few of you may haply judge that I suffer as a thief, or as a murderer, or as an evil-doer, or as a busy-body in other men's matters. It was the lot of the Lord Jesus Christ himself, and hath been of many of His precious servants and people, to suffer by the world as evil-doers; and as my soul scareth not at it, but desireth to rejoice in being brought into conformity with my blessed Head, and so blessed a company, in this thing; so do I desire and pray that I may be to none of you to-day, upon this account, a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence. Blessed is he that shall not be offended at Jesus Christ, and His poor servants and members, because of their being condemned as evil-doers by the world. God is my record, that in these things for which sentence of

death hath passed against me I have a good conscience. I bless God they are not matters of compliance with sectaries, or designs or practices against His Majesty's person or government, or the person or government of his royal father: my heart—I bless God—is conscious unto no disloyalty; nay, loyal I have been, and I commend it unto you to be loyal and obedient in the Lord. True piety is the foundation of true loyalty; a wicked man may be a flatterer and a time-server, but he will never be a loyal subject. But to return to my purpose: The matters for which I am condemned are matters belonging to my calling and function as a minister of the Gospel—such as the discovery and reproving of sin, the pressing and holding fast of the oath of God in the Covenant, and preserving and carrying on the work of religion and reformation according thereto, and denying to acknowledge the civil magistrate as *the proper competent judge in causes ecclesiastical*—that in all these things, which—God so ordering by His gracious providence—are the grounds of my indictment and death, I have a good conscience, as having walked therein according to the light and rule of God's Word, and as did become a minister of the Gospel."

CHAPTER XXI

KILMARNOCK AND IRVINE

Yet long for them the poet's lyre
Shall wake the notes of heavenly fire;
Their names shall nerve the patriot's hand,
Upraised to save a sinking land;
And piety shall learn to burn
With holier transports o'er their urn.—JAMES HOGG.

THERE are three martyrs' monuments in Kilmarnock, and all are in the part of the Laigh Kirk burying-ground that lies on the north side of the church. Nearest the church is that to John Ross and John Shields. Its inscription is:

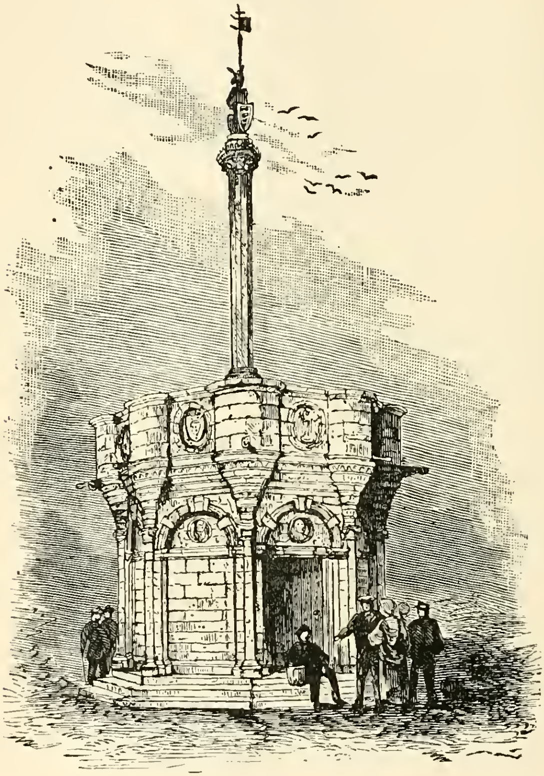
HERE LIE
the
Heads of JOHN ROSS and JOHN
SHIELDS who suffered at
Edinburgh
Dec. 27th 1666 and had their
Heads set up at
Kilmarnock

Our Persecutors mad with wrath & Ire;
In Edin^{h} members Some do lie, Some here.
Yet instantly united they Shall be,
& witness 'gainst this Nation's perjury

See Cloud of Witnesses.

A somewhat curious discrepancy exists in regard to the date of Ross' and Shields' execution. In "Naphtali" and Wodrow it is Dec. 7th, 1666, doubtless the true date. When the monument was put up after the Revolution, the *r* in Dec^{r} must have been read as 2, making the date Dec. 27. When the "Cloud of Witnesses" was published in 1714, a new variation appeared in the misprint—Dec. 17th. This error continued down at least to the eighth edition of 1765. In the tenth edition of 1778, it seems to have been corrected from the monument and made 27, and in this form it has appeared in all the editions ever since. The line "See Cloud of Witnesses," has been added when the monument was renewed in 1823.

John Ross belonged to Mauchline. Colonel Wallace, in his "Narrative of the Rising at Pentland," calls him "our dear friend John Ross, who is now in glory." Wallace sent him in the direction of Kilmarnock to gather intelligence respecting the movements of the Royal troops, but he and his companions were surprised and taken prisoners by a body of soldiers commanded by the Duke of Hamilton, a week previous to the battle. Shields was a tenant in Titwood, a farm in the parish of Mearns, Renfrewshire. He was taken along with Ross; and they were both tried at Edinburgh. Other eight, taken at Pentland, were tried with



CROSS OF EDINBURGH

them. Four of these, and the trial and the death of the whole number, have been noticed in a previous chapter on the Martyrs of Hamilton. They were sentenced to be hanged at the market cross of Edinburgh, their heads to be affixed to the Watergate of Kilmarnock, and, like the other eight, their hands were to be put up on the public ports of Lanark. Their names are appended in "Naphtali" to "The Joint Testimony of those who died together in Edinburgh, Dec. 7, 1666, Subscribed by them in prison, the same day of their death." In addition to the "Joint Testimony," "Naphtali" contains one from John Shields himself. It is short, but vigorously expressed. It is:

"The Testimony of
JOHN SHIELDS
Yeoman, one of the former ten, who
died at Edinburgh the 7 day of
Decemb. 1666.

"I am a man unlearned and not accustomed to speak in public, yet being now called to witness and suffer for the Lord in public, I cannot be altogether silent of that which religion and reason hath taught me, anent the cause of my suffering.

"I bless the Lord I suffer not as an evil-doer, especially not for any rebellion against his Majesty's lawful authority. I attest Him who is the searcher of hearts, that was never my intention in the least, and it is as little the nature and intention of what I have done. But for renewing of the covenant with the Lord, and following the ends thereof, as to the suppressing of abjured prelates, and intruders upon the Lord's flock, and the restoring of the government of the house of God by Presbyteries, as He himself hath appointed in His Word, with a faithful, godly, called and sent ministry, and together with pure ordinances, the power of godliness. For this I am condemned, and am to suffer this day. This I acknowledged freely before our judges. This I still acknowledge, and am persuaded that herein I witness a good confession. This cause and covenant I commend to all the Lord's people. It is not free for you to forsake it. You are inviolably engaged in it. It is not safe to desert it, because of the curse of the perjurer and false swearer. There is unspeakable blessedness in the pursuance of it, whereof I can bear witness to the Lord by my rich experience since we began to do and suffer at this time for Him. Whereupon I cheerfully lay down my life for this His cause. He it is who justifieth it: what man or authority under heaven can condemn it? Arise, O Lord, let not man prevail against Thee; plead and judge this cause which is Thine own, for Thine own name's sake."

After the battle of Pentland, Dalziel, with a considerable number of soldiers, came westward, and took up his headquarters in Kilmarnock, and acted in the manner, in which it was thought, in that and the succeeding century, an army was justified in acting, when in an enemy's country. The people were harassed and plundered to such an extent, that their losses in a few months after Pentland were estimated at upwards of 50,000 merks Scots—*i.e.*, about £3000 sterling—and these losses were accompanied by corresponding cruelties. M'Crie, in his Appendix to the "Memoirs of Veitch and Brysson," gives extracts from the "Diary of Sergeant James Nisbet," telling of the barbarities practised on the wife of John Nisbet of Hardhill, about the time the Sergeant, her son, was born; and these barbarities are equalled in wanton cruelty by the instances detailed by Wodrow. In the beginning of February 1678, when the Highland host ravaged the West of Scotland, Kilmarnock suffered severely. Wodrow gives a statement of the losses of its inhabitants amounting to £14,431 Scots.

On the north wall of the burying-ground is a monument erected in 1823, when the other two were renewed, to commemorate all the others belonging to the parish who suffered during the years of persecution. It will be readily seen that the inscription is as modern as the monument. It wants, what Dean Stanley, in his Introduction to his "Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church," has happily called, the almost Homeric simplicity of the old inscriptions on the rude gravestones of the Scottish Covenanters. The lines that follow the inscription are smooth enough, but they are feeble in thought, and their "honoured shade," and "peaceful altars," etc., might have been suitable enough from heathen in a heathen land, over the tomb of a lamented pagan, but are quite out of place over the dust of men, that rejoiced in hope of the life and immortality Christ has brought to light in the Gospel. The stone has a semicircular top, on which is carved the figure of an open Bible, on the right page of which is inscribed Psalm xliv. 17, "All this is come upon us; yet have we not forgotten Thee, neither have we dealt falsely in Thy covenant;" and on the left page, Rev. ii. 10, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life;" and then comes below:

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS FINLAY
JOHN CUTHBERTSON
WILLIAM BROWN, ROBERT & JAMES
ANDERSON
Natives of this Parish
Who were taken Prisoners at Bothwell 22nd
June 1679, sentenced to Transportation for
Life, & drowned on their passage near
the Orkney Isles.

ALSO JOHN FINLAY
who suffered martyrdom 15 Dec. 1682
in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh

Peace to the Church, her peace no friends invade;
Peace to each Noble Martyr's honour'd shade;
They, with undaunted courage, truth and zeal
Contended for the Church and Country's weal,
We share the fruits, we drop the grateful tear
And peaceful altars o'er their ashes rear.

Nothing is now known of the individual history of the five who were drowned off the Moul Head of Deerness, Orkney. There was a sixth from the parish, a Patrick Watt, who was banished along with them, but he was among the few that escaped the cruelty of the sailors, and got safe on shore when the vessel was wrecked.

John Finlay suffered in Edinburgh at the same time with James Robertson and William Cochrane, both of whose last Testimonies are to be found in the "Cloud of Witnesses." In the early editions of the "Cloud," Finlay's name is mentioned along with his fellow-sufferers, but his Testimony is not given, as it was said to be the same in substance with that of Robertson, and "for the most part" the two "agree in expressions." It will be found in the fifth and succeeding editions. "John Finlay," says Wodrow, "was a dear comrade of James Robertson, and, if I mistake not, his visiting him," *i.e.*, Finlay, "was the occasion of his being taken." This intimacy accounts for the similarity of the two Testimonies. Finlay was no scholar, and in all likelihood employed Robertson to write the Testimony for him, who seems, from his own Testimony, to have been able to express his thoughts even to the extent of verbosity. At his trial Finlay said little.

> "Being interrogate whether it be lawful to rise in arms against the king, refuses to answer, these being kittle questions, and he a poor prisoner. Refuses to say 'God save the king,' but says he loves the king as well as any person. Confesseth he was present at Drumclog, but without arms. Being asked if he conversed with Mr Donald Cargill within these two years, refuses to answer otherwise, than that a man is neither by the law of God nor man, bound to have a hand in shedding his own blood. Declares he cannot write."

In his Testimony he very successfully states why he declined to say "God save the king." It is not, as the enemies of the persecuted Presbyterians alleged, a refusal to accept of life on easy terms, but because such words were regarded by those in authority as an acknowledgment of the king's ecclesiastical supremacy.

"I was commanded to say 'God save the king,' which I durst not for my very soul; their bidding us to do it in test of our loyalty, to save him in his person, and government. and authority, is a perfect owning of him in all that he hath done, in his usurpation upon Christ's prerogatives and privileges, they having made him supreme head in all matters and causes, civil and ecclesiastic."

In the middle of the churchyard is a monument to John Nisbet the younger. It is an upright stone, four feet in height by three in breadth. The upper part of the inscription is made up of two sculptured scrolls, with "Solemn League and Covenant" on the one, and "God and Country" on the other. Beneath the scrolls are the words:

HERE LIES
JOHN NISBET
who was Taken by
Major Balfour's Party &
Suffered at Kilmarnock
4th April 1683 for adhering
To the Word of GOD & our
Covenants. Rev. xii. & 11
Renewed by Public
Contribution
A.D. 1823.

On the other side:

Come, Reader, see, here pleasant NISBET lies:
Whose Blood doth pierce the high and lofty Skies.
Kilmarnock did his latter Hour perceive;
And Christ his Soul to Heaven did receive.
Yet bloody Torrans did his Body raise
And bury'd it into another place:
Saying, *Shall Rebels ly in Grave with me?*
We'll bury him where Evil-doers be.

Nisbet was executed at the south corner of the cross in Kilmarnock. The spot where the scaffold stood is still marked by the initials of his name, J. N., formed with small white stones. After copying the inscriptions on the martyrs' stones, we surveyed the churchyard. It is of no great size, and is shut in on all sides by the surrounding houses. Its monuments are of the usual prosaic character.

The ministers of Kilmarnock at the Restoration of Charles II., in 1660, were Matthew Mowat and James Rowatt. Both were men of more than ordinary ability. Rowatt had studied theology at the Glasgow University, had been called to Kilmarnock in July 1647, and had been ordained March 28, 1649. James Stirling, in Wodrow's "Analecta," records that "he was eminent for piety from his youth, and that William Guthrie used to say of him that he thought Mr Rowatt behoved to love Christ much, for he was rarely out of his mouth, he was so much taken up in speaking of Christ and His worth." He joined the protesting party in 1651. When the bishops came down from England in 1662, and it was determined to compel Scotland to accept Prelacy, the two ministers of Kilmarnock were among the first eight, whose opposition Government resolved to overcome, or make an example of them. Of these eight two gave way, but Mowat and Rowatt remained steadfast to their early professions. They were required to take the oath of allegiance, which they expressed their willingness to do, if they be allowed to take it with the explanation, that "His Majesty's sovereignty reacheth all persons ecclesiastic and civil, having both for its object, albeit it be in its own nature only civil and extrinsic as to causes ecclesiastical." But this explanation was regarded as a refusal, and in the close of May they were put in close confinement. On the 16th of September they were set free, but their churches were declared vacant, and they were forbidden to reside within their respective presbyteries, or within the city of Glasgow or of Edinburgh. Both Mowat and Rowatt submitted to their sentences, and retired from Kilmarnock. What came of them is not now known. Rowatt must have been a preacher of the school of his contemporary and neighbour, Guthrie of Fenwick, evangelical in tone, and earnest in appeal, using oftentimes the homeliest language, so as to convey his meaning to the very humblest of his hearers. Mr Galloway, of the University Library, Glasgow, lately discovered, in a MS. note-book of the seventeenth century, belonging to George Gray, Esq., S.S.C., Glasgow, and formerly in the possession of the well-known antiquary, the late Gabriel Neil, Esq., two discourses that bear his name. The greater part of one of them was reprinted in the *Reformed Presbyterian Magazine* for November 1870. Although somewhat disfigured by a fault of that age—excessive division—it is in every way a striking discourse, as remarkable for its vigour as for its dramatic power, and calls forth the regret that so few of Rowatt's productions should have escaped the ravages of time.

Irvine is one of the cleanest of towns. It has not the look of doing much trade, but its main street and its side streets are all well paved and scrupulously clean. Its houses have an old-fashioned look about them, and if there had been a canal or two running through the town, the streets and houses are all so tidy that we could almost have imagined ourselves in Leyden, the cleanest of cities, rather than in Irvine. But our object in visiting Irvine was the churchyard. It was easily found, for the parish church, around which it lies, is one of the most prominent objects in the town. The stone in the neighbourhood must be good and plentiful, for the churchyard is filled with monuments, many of them going back to the early part of last century, and some even into the seventeenth. As might be expected from the site of Irvine, at the mouth of a river, in not a few cases the stones mark the resting-place of the mariner, or are set up to the memory of the shipwrecked, whose bones, it may be, lie far from human ken in the depths of the sea.

The monument that brought us to Irvine is in the north-east corner of the churchyard. It is a large flat stone, 6½ feet by 3½. Its inscription is:

STOP PASSENGER
THOU TREADEST NEAR TWO MARTYRS
JAMES BLACKWOOD & JOHN M'COUL
who suffered at IRVINE
on the 31st of December 1666
REV xii 11th

These honest Country-men whose Bones here lie
A Victim fell to Prelates Cruelty;
Condemn'd by bloody and unrighteous Laws
They died Martyrs for the good old cause
Which Balaams wicked Race in vain assail
For no Inchantments 'gainst Israel prevail
Life and this evil World they did contemn
And dy'd for Christ who died first for them

'They liv'd unknown
Till Persecution dragged them into fame
And chas'd them up to Heaven'

Erected by Friends to Religious Liberty
31st Dec. 1823.

Blackwood and M'Coul were taken prisoners at Pentland. Wodrow's account of them is:

> "When Mr Alexander Nisbet, minister of Irvine, visited them in prison, he found them ignorant, and very much discouraged and damped with the near views of death and eternity. After he had bestowed some pains upon them, and instructed them in the way of salvation by faith in Christ, when the day of execution came they died full of joy and courage, to the admiration of all who were witnesses."

Their executioner was a Cornelius Anderson, who had been taken prisoner along with them, but who, as we shall see in the following chapter, had been offered his life if he would act as *burrier*, *i.e.*, hangman—a word from the same root as the French *Bourreau.*

But Anderson did little good after the execution was over. Patrick Walker, in a characteristic passage, says:

> "His conscience troubling him, he went to Ireland, where he was no better; nobody would either give him work or lodging. He built a little house in some common place near Dublin, where he and it and all were burnt to ashes. I had this account from severals in Ireland, especially from that worthy Christian woman who was witness to that murder, and spoke several times with these martyrs when under sentence of death, to wit, Mrs Hamilton in Donaghadee, daughter to Mr Andrew Stewart, sometime minister there, of whom great and good things the world have heard, in the Fulfilling of Scripture."

The Parliament of 1662 passed an Act requiring a declaration to be signed by all persons in public trust, affirming the unlawfulness of subjects entering into leagues and covenants, and that the National Covenant and Solemn League were unlawful oaths. The king and most of his counsellors had sworn to these Covenants, and, indeed, by their professed respect for the Covenants they had stepped into power; and now, when they had attained their object, they declared these oaths unlawful. The Irvine people, in November 1662, were of another mind, for the provost and one of the bailies presented a petition to the Privy Council, in which they state that all chosen to be magistrates in the burgh had refused to take the declaration.

In the beginning of 1678 the Council issued a form of bond to be taken by masters, to the effect that no member of their households should frequent conventicles, or protect or show kindness to the intercommuned preachers, otherwise they would become liable to the penalties the delinquents might incur. The town of Irvine peremptorily refused to sign the bond. The consequence was, that in no part of the West of Scotland were the exactions of the Highland host (let loose that year upon Ayrshire) heavier than in Irvine.

CHAPTER XXII

AYR

Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar and to anticipate the skies.—COWPER.

AYR was one of the scenes of the ministry of George Wishart. The success of the Reformer, as a preacher, fired Dunbar, the Bishop of Glasgow, with a spirit of emulation to try to exercise the unusual duty of a bishop, in those degenerate times. Wishart's friends were for his occupying the church, so as to keep out the bishop, but Wishart himself counselled otherwise, saying, as Knox in his wonderfully vivid "History of the Reformation" records, "'Let him alone, his sermon will not much hurt—let us go to the market cross;' and so they did, where he made so notable a sermon that the very enemies themselves were confounded. The bishop preached to his jackmen [*i.e.*, armed followers], and to some old bosses [*i.e.*, drunkards] of the town. The sum of all his sermon was, 'They say that we should preach: why not? Better late thrive than never thrive: hald us still for your bishop, and we shall provide better for the next time.' This was the beginning and the end of the bishop's sermon, who, with haste, departed the town, but returned not again to fulfil his promise."

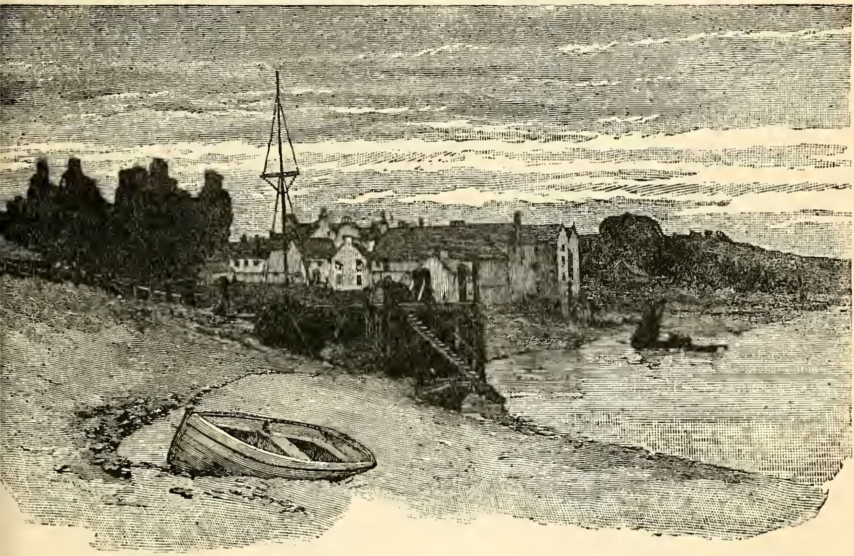
Christopher Goodman, Knox's colleague at Geneva, and, like Knox and Buchanan, noted for his advanced opinions on the freedom of the subject and the limited power of princes, was the first minister of Ayr after the Reformation. Knox himself repeatedly preached at Ayr. At a visit in 1662, that led to the discussion with Quintin Kennedy, Abbot of Crossraguel, one of the earliest of the Bonds or Covenants, that were so frequently entered into in the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries, was drawn up and signed by seventy-eight of the "Barons and Gentlemen of Kyle, Cunningham, and Carrick."

Goodman was minister in Ayr for a few months only. He was succeeded by James Dalrymple, of whom little has been recorded. His successor was John Porterfield, who had been thirty-three years minister, when John Welch, the son-in-law of Knox, became his colleague. The story of Welch is one of great interest, and has been presented afresh to the world by the late Rev. James Young, in his "Life of John Welch, Minister of Ayr, including illustrations of the Contemporary Ecclesiastical History of Scotland and France." The volume has been written with unusual care.

Welch was born about the year 1568, in Colliston, in the parish of Dunscore, Dumfriesshire. His father was the proprietor of Colliston, and was of old family. He had embraced the principles of the Reformation, that had been made known in Dumfries, so early as 1538, by "Frere Jerome," "a well lernid man," whose martyrdom at Ayr, in 1539, is touchingly told by Knox ("History of the Reformation," vol. i. p. 65). Young Welch received his education from his pious father, and from the teacher—a John Jamieson—of the school in his native parish; but it was little that he would receive. He had more than the ordinary indisposition of schoolboys to learning. He often absented himself from school; and at length, with his boyish passion for adventure, ran away from home, and joined "the thieves on the English border, who lived by robbing the two nations." In their society he remained until his ragged condition, and the miseries attendant upon lawlessness, led him, like the Prodigal of old, to sigh for his father's house. He first went to an aunt in Dumfries to get clothes, and to see if she would use her influence with his father to take him back. While young Welch was under her roof, the father called. Without telling him who was in the house, she asked after his son John. "Cruel woman," he replied, "how can you name his name to me? The first news I expect to hear of him is that he is hanged for a thief." She soon brought the penitent into his father's presence, and so interceded for him, that the past was forgiven, and he was taken home. His sojourn among the thieves cured him of idle propensities. He took to his books, went to the grammar school, and in due time was sent to Edinburgh, to study in its College, that had recently—1582—been founded by James VI. Rollock was the first Principal of the infant College, and did much to give the new institution the pre-eminence among the Scottish Universities, that it has so long maintained. Welch entered the second class, then taught by Mr Duncan Nairn, the only other professor as yet appointed. The fame of the new University had drawn a large number of students. But many of them, on examination, were pronounced "not ripe enough in the Latin tongue." Nairn was appointed to the charge of these raw lads, and enjoined to devote the session to the study of Latin, as a preliminary to their entering upon the regular course of study next year. Welch was one of these unripe students, but speedily his immaturity left him. There was much to interrupt his studies. The plague, that so often swept over Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and carried away multitudes from its pent-up, and not seldom unclean cities, came to Edinburgh, and there died "of people not able to flee, 1400 and some odds." The College was broken up for eight months. Nairn died soon after the students reassembled, and his successor held office for a few months only, when he resigned. In spite of these obstacles, Welch made rapid progress in his studies, and in August 1588 took his degree of Master of Arts. His autograph, "Johannes Welsche," may still be seen in the Register of Laureations for that year.

It was the law of the Church of Scotland, that none be admitted to the Christian ministry under their twenty-fifth year, except such as "the General Assembly shall judge meet and worthy, by reason of singular endowments and rare qualities." These excellences Welch must have been judged to possess, for, in his twentieth year, he was appointed to the pastoral charge of Selkirk,—or rather to a district including the town of Selkirk and four other parishes. It was no easy matter to be minister of so wide a tract of country, as large, indeed, as the county of Selkirk itself,—but he did his utmost. "His custom," says Kirkton, "was to preach publicly," in some part of it, "once every day." He "always kept two good horses," not to till the glebe, for he had none, but to accomplish the distant excursions he was necessitated to make. The district required all his energies. The Reformation was just beginning to reach its people. Many of its families were devotedly attached to Rome, and took every opportunity to obstruct him in his labours. Some of the old Romish clergy who had conformed to Protestantism, but who still in reality were Papists, lived in the district, and did what they could to annoy him. But opposition had little effect upon him, save to urge him to greater exertions in spreading the truth. For five years he laboured in Selkirk, until in 1595 he was translated to Kirkcudbright. Kirkcudbright was not then the quiet sleepy town that it is now. Its harbour was the outlet for the trade of the south-west of Scotland with foreign parts. The year before Welch was inducted as its minister, it had been fixed upon as the landing-place for 30,000 Spanish troops, with which Philip II. hoped to crush the Reformed religion in Scotland, as well as in England. Its people, to a larger extent than in Selkirk, were Romanists, and sunk in ignorance. It was therefore needful that a minister such as Welch should be settled in its midst. As in Selkirk, the district in the neighbourhood of Kirkcudbright, comprising three parishes, was under his pastoral care, but he laboured among its people with not less assiduity to discharge the duties of a Christian minister.

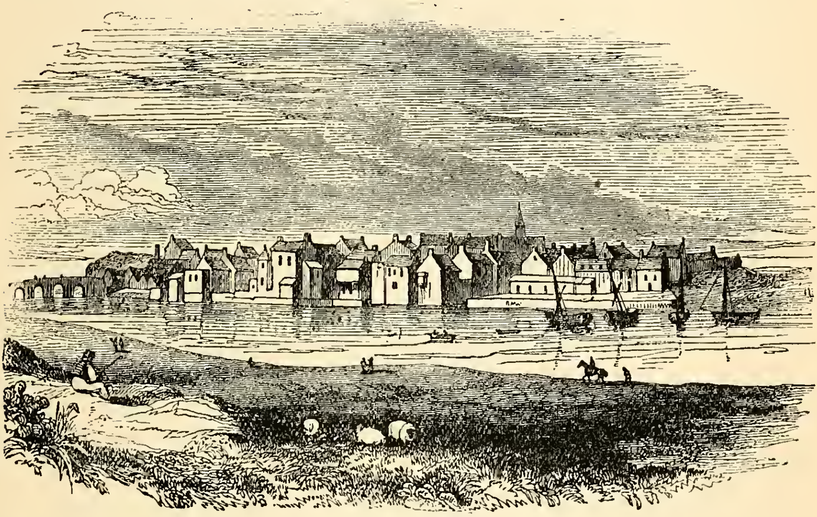
It was while Welch was in Kirkcudbright that his name first appeared in connection with public affairs. He was a member of the General Assembly that met at Edinburgh in March 15$\frac{95}{96}$. King James VI. was present, and took a large share in its proceedings. He frequently spoke, and, through his commissioners, expressed his desire that every kirk in Scotland should have a minister, and every minister a stipend out of his own parish. But he was soon to change, if he had not even then changed. He had already given intimations of the course of policy, that, persevered in, was yet to send his son to the scaffold, and, in his grandson, to bring the line of the Stuarts to an inglorious end in a foreign land. He had high ideas of kingly power; but while, in the words of Schiller, he exhausted his learning to deduce the origin of majesty from heaven, he allowed his own dignity to sink into the dust. He hated all convocations in which opinions might be uttered contrary to his own. Papists have ever been opposed to the utterance of free thought, and so he began, in spite of all he had written against and suffered from Rome, to have a liking for Popish counsellors. In 1595 John Maitland, Lord Thirlstane, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, died. He had long been counsellor of the king,



KIRKCUDBRIGHT

and had employed his great influence in behalf of freedom. With his death, a formidable obstacle to the fulfilment of James's desires was taken out of the way; and the administration of the State was given to a council of eight, known in history as Octavians, the majority of whom were either Papists, or Popish in their leanings. Certain Popish noblemen, who had been discovered to be in league with Spain for the overthrow of the Protestant religion, had been banished from the kingdom. In the summer of 1596 they secretly returned. The nation was alarmed; for Philip II. was then straining every nerve to get ready an expedition for the invasion of Britain, that should cause his failure with the Armada to be forgotten. James protested that they had come without his knowledge. His counsellors, however, must have known; and so the body of the people were slow to believe him. David Black, minister at St Andrews, "a man," says James Melville, "mightie in doctrine, and of singular fidelitie and diligence in the ministry," had animadverted from the pulpit upon the folly of the king's love of Popish counsellors. A report of what he had said was carried to the king, and Black was summoned to appear before the Privy Council at Edinburgh, on November 18, 1596. The Commissioners of the General Assembly saw that the king's design was to put down the free expression of thought, and to bring all matters in the Church under his control, and joined with Black in a written declinature of the royal jurisdiction in matters spiritual, and sent copies of the declinature to every presbytery for signature. They further determined to sit daily, to watch the proceedings of the Court against Black, but they were soon ordered to leave Edinburgh; and Black was banished from St Andrews. On the 17th of December a riot took place on the streets of Edinburgh. Although at first it seemed serious, nobody was hurt, and it was allayed in an hour. It arose out of the jealousy the two rival factions of courtiers had of each other. But paltry as this riot had been, James magnified it into a grand rebellion, and declared the ministers to be the cause of it all. On the following day he quitted Edinburgh for Linlithgow, and thence issued a proclamation commanding all strangers to depart from the city, as well as all judges and sheriffs, to hold their courts elsewhere. On the Sabbath afternoon, Welch, by appointment of the ministers then assembled in Edinburgh, occupied the pulpit of the High Church, and "gravely and wisely" spoke, in condemnation of the course the king and his counsellors were pursuing. A report of his sermon was soon carried to the king, and orders were given to arrest him, but, aided by a friendly hand, Welch escaped from Edinburgh. A messenger was speedily sent to Kirkcudbright to summon him before the king. This summons Welch did not obey, and he was at once declared an outlaw; but, in seven months after, the king revoked the sentence, and Welch resumed his pulpit duties.

In 1600 the General Assembly removed him from Kirkcudbright to Ayr, "as being a town of greater note, and more populous." For seven years had his ministry lasted in Kirkcudbright, and short as this period was, it had been fruitful of large success. He gained many converts from Romanism; and in a successful contest with Gilbert Brown, the Abbot of Sweetheart or New Abbey, not far from Kirkcudbright, he prepared his first work upon Romanism, which he published some years afterwards. "He reaped," says Kirkton, "a harvest of converts, which subsisted long after his departure, and were a part of Mr Samuel Rutherfurd's flock, though not of his parish, while he was minister of Anwoth."



AYR IN 1600

Welch's old colleague, Porterfield, was evidently a good man; but not much is told of him. Although Ayr had enjoyed a succession of Protestant ministers for forty years, Protestant truth had as yet obtained little hold of the mass of the people, for when Welch came to it, he found it a stronghold of ignorance and barbarism. The accounts given of its condition are more like a description of Tipperary or of Galway than of Ayr in the present day. Street fights were common: it was not safe to walk the streets unarmed. In keeping with the dislike of Romanism to the Scriptural views of the Sabbath, as a day holy to the Lord, the so-called canonical hours were all that were kept sacred of the Lord's day, while the other hours were devoted to archery, the butts for which were ordained by statute—Jac. I. cap. 18—to be "speciallie neir to paroche kirkes." Even Porterfield himself went to the bow-butts at the close of the afternoon's service. Welch laboured to bring about a better state of matters. When he heard of a street fight he would rush between the combatants to separate them, and in order to protect himself, "he used to cover his head with a headpiece." He practised great hospitality, and embraced every opportunity of bringing his people together in social intercourse—he himself presiding and directing their entertainment. With two of his elders, he devoted part of the afternoon, when the public labours of the Sabbath were over, to religious conference and prayer; and affectionately invited his aged colleague to favour them with his presence, an invitation which Porterfield could not well refuse, and thus drew him away from the bow-butts. Church discipline was exercised upon offenders. He surrounded himself with a staff of twenty elders and nine deacons. Mr Young, in his Appendix, gives an extract from the minutes of session as a specimen of what was done. Moderns may think that the session was rigorous to a degree, but the times required rigorous measures. Mr Young justly says: "In the very severity by which it was marked, and in the strict impartiality with which it dealt with culprits, as well of the higher ranks as of the lower, it was well adapted to a rude state of society, and must have proved a very powerful corrective to the barbarous manners of the age" (p. 104).

Welch embraced every opportunity of preaching the Gospel. It may seem at first as if he preached too much; but we must remember the ignorance of the people, their want of education, and the entire absence of the abundant religious literature, so characteristic of the reading age, in which our lot has fallen. He was the one source of knowledge in the district, so that the best course he could pursue for his people was to preach as often as his strength would permit. This was indeed the course he followed. "I was assured," says Crawford, "by an old reverend and godly minister, who knew the truth thereof, that he preached twice every week-day from nine to ten in the morning, and from four to five at night, besides his work on the Lord's day, and catechising and visiting of families and of the sick." He had a pleasant voice, and he used it with great effect. All contemporary accounts testify that the matter of his addresses was not inferior to his manner. The sermons that bear his name were not published until long after his death, and are from notes taken by some of his hearers; they cannot be regarded as fair specimens of his preaching; but the extracts given by Mr Young from his reply to Gilbert Brown, and the letters that Mr David Laing has published in the "Wodrow Miscellany," especially the letter that has called forth the admiration of Mr Carlyle ("Wod. Mis.," p. 558; Young, p. 355), give ample evidence of his great power in expressing himself.

Abundant as Welch's labours were, his success was not less so. He changed the character of the people of Ayr. Kirkton says his fruitfulness will be found unparalleled; but Kirkton was fond of the marvellous, and in order to reach the truth a considerable deduction must often be made from his statement. Much more dependence may be placed in Welch's own declaration, that there were many hundreds in Ayr the fruit of his ministry.

In the fifth year of his sojourn in Ayr, Welch's labours were suddenly brought to a close. King James ascended the English throne in 1603. In his new dominions his zeal for establishing Prelacy in Scotland increased. Bishops were appointed to all the old Popish sees. The last set of appointments was made in April 1605. An adjourned meeting of the General Assembly had been fixed to be held at Aberdeen, on Tuesday, July 2, 1605, but on the 7th of the preceding June, a letter was issued from Edinburgh, forbidding the Assembly to meet, because such was his Majesty's pleasure. Notwithstanding this royal mandate, the Assembly, in virtue of its own intrinsic authority, manfully met on the appointed day, and immediately dissolved without transacting business, but asked the royal commissioner to name a day for another meeting. This he refused to do, when the Assembly appointed their next meeting to be held in Aberdeen, on the last Tuesday of September. Welch and several other commissioners arrived on the 5th, but when they found the Assembly had met and been dismissed, they declared their approval of what it had done. Welch returned home, and on the two following Sabbaths discoursed on the Day of Judgment with all his wonted power. They were the last Sabbaths he was to spend in Ayr. On the Tuesday morning a king's messenger came to summon him to appear before the Privy Council in Edinburgh. Welch immediately prepared to answer the summons, but before starting he would go about his usual morning service. The audience, which had come together in great numbers, met, not in the usual place of meeting the magistrates had prepared for the week-day services, but in the parish church. Welch preached from Romans viii. 1: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Mr Young gives the closing sentences of the sermon. They are remarkable for their vigour, as well as for their solemn and impassioned earnestness. It is not easy to conceive of anything more effective or more becoming the close of a ministry so faithful as that of Welch. On the Friday, at the appointed time, Welch appeared before the Council. The Lords of Council were about to examine him upon oath as to the Aberdeen Assembly, when he declined both to answer their inquiries, on the ground that a copy of their questions should have been given him beforehand, and to take the oath, because the law forbade an oath to be taken in examinations for evidence in support of an accusation. Although Welch's objections were valid, they were overruled, and he was hurried off to the Tolbooth, and next day to Blackness, where tradition still points out the dungeon in which he lay. It is well called by James Melville "a foull holl," for it has no fireplace, and its floor is the rugged rock, its outer wall is washed by the sea, and its one window is a narrow loop-hole. Here Welch was imprisoned for six months, without trial, and all the while had to support himself at his own expense, for no provision was made in Blackness for the bodily wants of its prisoners. At last, early on the morning of the 10th of January 1606, without previous intimation, with five other brethren, he was taken out of prison to Linlithgow, where a form of trial was gone through; but it was a mockery of the forms of justice, and Welch was condemned as guilty of treason. Welch and his companions were taken back to Blackness, and lay there for nearly ten months ere their final sentence was pronounced. Within a month they must leave the kingdom, upon the pain of death. They fixed upon France as the land of their exile, and in the depth of winter—November 7th—they set sail for Bordeaux. From the unhappy state of matters at home, the Continent then swarmed with Scotsmen. In the succeeding age—September 1647—the General Assembly's letter, "Unto the Scots Merchants and others, our Countrey People, Scattered in Poleland, Swedland, Denmarke, and Hungarie," speaks of many thousands of Scotsmen in these countries. The curious narrative that Robert Munro gives of his expedition "with the worthy Scots Regiment called Mackeys," "under the invincible King of Sweden, during his Majesties life-time, etc.," contains a list of thirty-six "Scots Colonells" and fifty-four "Scots Lievetenant Colonells" in the service of Gustavus Adolphus in 1632. But it was in France that Scotsmen were found in the greatest numbers. The professorships in the French Protestant colleges were largely filled by them. Indeed, so numerous were our educated countrymen in France in that age, that it almost seemed, says Mr Young, as if the learned men of Scotland had migrated thither in a body. This preference of France arose out of the friendliness of the French to Scotch people—a friendliness that has not yet altogether passed away—and the perfect similarity in doctrine and worship of the Church of Calvin and Beza with that of Knox and Melville.

Welch soon found friends in his adopted country. Shortly after landing he visited Robert Boyd of Trochrig, then jointly with William Craig—a son of John Craig, the drawer-up of the National Covenant—Professor of Divinity in the University of Saumur. The visit ripened into the most intimate friendship, and led to a correspondence, still preserved, that lasted till Welch's death. At a meeting of the National Synod at Rochelle, March 1, 1607, Welch was affectionately received by its members. At the same time he received a remarkable testimony of the love his flock at Ayr bore for him. No less than thirty of his old parishioners crossed the Bay of Biscay, and came in a company to Rochelle, to see him once more in the flesh. At their earnest request, he preached to them in the hall of the College. Meanwhile the French Church sought out employment for the exile, and he was soon ready for it. Although he was unacquainted with its language when he landed on the shores of France, such were his powers of application, that in seventeen weeks after his arrival he actually preached in French. He was offered the chair of Theology in Dijon, in Burgundy, one of the most pleasantly situated cities in France, but he declined the offer. In the close of 1608 he was appointed minister at Jonsac, a small town about seventy miles to the north of Bordeaux. Jonsac was the seat of a presbytery Here Welch remained for nearly six years. In 1612 he published his second work on Popery. It was entitled, "L'Armageddon de la Babylon Apocalyptique." It is now extremely rare. It is written in French; but, according to a most competent authority—the late M. Surenne, of Edinburgh,—in excellent French of the period. Little is known of Welch during his stay in Jonsac, save that for some reason or other he was far from being comfortable. His family suffered much affliction. His letters touchingly describe his anxiety and grief on their account.

In 1614 he removed to Nerac, an old town sixty-seven miles to the south-east of Bordeaux. Nerac was, alternately with Pau, the capital of Béarn, the residence of the family of D'Albret. In its castle Marguerite de Valois, the Queen of Navarre, had sheltered Calvin, Le Fevre, Clement Marot, and others of the French Reformers; and Henry IV., the one king of the old *régime* whose statue in Paris the fury of revolution has spared, received much of his early training. Welch's history in Nerac is a total blank. Nothing more is known than that he exercised his ministry there for a short time.

In 1617 he was called to be second minister to the Reformed congregation of St Jean d'Angely. The call, says Welch, was with the consent and approbation of all, as though it had been but "*ane only man, with ane only heart.*" St Jean d'Angely was a Protestant town. It was strongly fortified, and was one of the cautionary towns handed over to the Reformed, for the preservation of their rights and liberties. It early embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and was one of the eleven towns that sent deputies to the first National Synod that met at Paris in 1559. Here Welch's ministry, says Fleming, was much blessed with success. This success was soon put to the proof. The principality of Béarn, in which St Jean d'Angely was situated, had, since 1564, professed Protestantism, and enjoyed the liberties of a free people. These liberties were hateful to the Popish counsellors of France, and attempts were often made to take them away. But Henri IV., much of a Protestant at heart, although externally he had been led to conform with the Romish Church, and a Béarnese by birth, steadfastly refused to deprive his countrymen of their freedom. His successor, Louis XIII., the grandson of Catherine de Medici, was of a different mould. He issued edicts in 1617 and 1618 for the suppression of the Protestant Church of Béarn. The French Protestants sympathised with the Béarnese, and determined to give an armed resistance to the measures of the Court. Louis would make no concession, and set out, April 1621, from Paris, to crush the Protestants by force. His army met with no opposition until it reached the neighbourhood of St Jean d'Angely. The inhabitants defended their city with great valour. Even the very women helped to watch the fortifications, and laboured night and day making cartridges. Welch used his persuasive eloquence in stirring up their courage. He had more than one narrow escape: a cannon ball went through below the bed on which he was asleep. But everything was against the besieged. Their gallant commander, Hautefontaine, was killed by the springing of a mine at the beginning of the siege. Their numbers were small, compared with the overwhelming forces of Louis, and their store of provisions was so scanty, that the soldiers had but two ounces of bread a day. The besiegers carried on the siege with such constancy that they scarce gave the defenders an hour's rest. The besieged came to Welch to ask his advice, and told him that a great gun of the enemy was so placed that it swept the wall where the most vigorous defence needed to be made, so that they had there been compelled to abandon their guns. Welch still counselled resistance, and he himself went to the spot where the guns had been forsaken, succeeded in calling "the cannoniers" again to the wall, and while one of them went to fetch a ball, filled the scoop with powder to put in the piece; a shot from the enemy carried the scoop out of his hand, but, undismayed, he shouted, "Courage!" took his hat to the barrel, filled it with powder, loaded the gun, and told the cannonier to level well and God would direct the shot. It was so. It dismounted "the great cannon" that had so played on the wall. This spirited resistance secured for the citizens of St Jean d'Angely favourable terms, when at last they were obliged to capitulate. Louis remained for several days in St Jean d'Angely after it had surrendered. During this brief sojourn, Welch was advised not to preach, as the celebration of Protestant worship so near the king would give offence; but he would not be silent, and discoursed to an audience larger than usual. In the midst of the services the Duke of Espernon and a detachment of soldiers came to seize him. When he saw him approaching, he charged the audience, in a tone of authority, to make way for the maréchal and his attendants, that they too might hear the Word of God. The Duke took the place pointed out to him, and heard to the end. When the services were over, Welch was led into the presence of royalty. The king asked him how he dared to preach heresy so near his person. "Sire," was the reply of the son-in-law of John Knox, "if you knew what I preach, you would command others, and come yourself, to hear it, for I preach not as those men whom you are wont to hear; I preach salvation only by Jesus Christ, and I am sure your own conscience tells you that your good works will never merit heaven to you; and I preach that there is none in the earth above you, which none of these deceivers about you who adhere to the Pope will say." "Good!" exclaimed the king, "you shall be my minister;" and dismissed him. A year afterwards, Louis commanded the fortifications of St Jean d'Angely to be raised to the ground, but, at the same time, gave strict charges that Welch, "his minister," should be kindly dealt with, and that waggons be offered him, for conveyance of himself and family to Rochelle, if he chose to remove thither. Welch accepted the offer.

Rochelle was the citadel of Protestantism, and was yet to obtain an imperishable name in history for its heroic defence against the armies of Louis. It had many charms for Welch; but his long imprisonment and many years of incessant labour had told upon him, and made him an old man, while yet far from the allotted threescore and ten, and he longed for rest away from the din of arms. Hence, after a short stay, he went to Holland, then the asylum of liberty. He visited his old companion in tribulation in Blackness, John Forbes, who was settled near Campvere. His physician, however, advised him to return to Scotland to breathe his native air, as the last chance of recovery. A supplication was sent to King James for the needed permission. It was refused; only, it was added, he might come to London, "to be dealt with." When he arrived in London, the Dean of Winchester waited upon him. The Dean did his utmost to draw from Welch a general approbation of the measures the king had taken for the introduction of Prelacy into Scotland. But he gave, says Calderwood, a fair confession to the truth, and would not yield so much as a hoof. Some of Mrs Welch's relations next interceded with the king; but he was deaf to every entreaty. At last Mrs Welch gained an audience with James himself, and besought him to give liberty to her husband to return to Scotland. "Who was your father?" asked the king. "John Knox," was her reply. "Knox and Welch!" exclaimed he; "the devil never made such a match as that." "It's right like, sir," she replied, "for we never speered his advice." "How many children did your father leave; and were they lads or lasses?" next inquired the king. She said, "Three, and all lasses." "God be thanked!" James cried out, "for if they had been three lads, I had never bruiked [*i.e.*, enjoyed] my three kingdoms in peace." Mrs Welch again pleaded that he would give her husband his native air. "Give him his native air!" called out the king; "give him the devil!" "Give that to your hungry courtiers," was her indignant reply. At length the king told her, that if she would prevail upon her husband to submit to the bishops her request would be granted. As if it were her very father himself, the heroic woman lifted up her apron, held it out to the king, and said, "Please your Majesty, I'd rather kep his head there."

One would almost suppose that Dr Barrow had Knox's daughter in his mind in his encounter with the Earl of Rochester; yet, admirable as his replies were, they are not equal to those of Mrs Welch. "Dr Barrow," said the witty but profligate Rochester, and with a sarcastic bow, "your humble servant." "My lord, your most obedient," was the ready reply, and with a bow at least as profound as his lordship's. "Dr Barrow, your humble servant down to the ground," said the earl. "My lord, your most obedient to the antipodes," replied the divine. The encounter had become serious; and afraid of being outwitted, Rochester took up weapons he knew Barrow would not employ, and now said, "Dr Barrow, I am your humble servant to the bottom of hell." But the divine, more than able for him, replied, "There, my lord, I leave you. I have answered a fool according to his folly, lest he should be wise in his own conceit; but I answer not a fool according to his folly, lest I should be found like unto him."

Welch's friends now petitioned that he remain in London; but even this small favour was denied, until the king was told Welch's life was in danger. Welch embraced the liberty afforded him to resume his old occupation, and to preach in London. But he preached once only, and with great fervour. The effort was too great for him, and in two hours after he returned to his abode, he "quietly, and without pain, resigned his spirit into his Maker's hands." "When dying he was so filled and overcome with the sensible enjoyment of the Divine presence, that he was sometimes overheard in prayer to utter these words: 'Lord, hold Thy hand, it is enough; Thy servant is a clay vessel, and can hold no more.'"

He thus died as he had lived, in a praying frame. Indeed, his fondness for prayer was one of his most marked characteristics. He would often pray for hours, and he prayed aloud. Mr Young very appropriately quotes an example of the same practice in Robert Hall. "His habit of oral, audible, private prayer," says his biographer, Dr Olinthus Gregory, "rested upon the conviction that silent prayer was apt to degenerate into meditation; while, from our compound nature, a man cannot but be affected by the sound of his own voice, when adequately expressing what is really felt." His love of prayer was equalled by his habit of study. He entirely overcame the idleness of his younger days, and to the close of his life was a hard and constant student. Even in his old age it was found, after his death, that he had written out an abridgment of the metaphysics of the clear-headed and enthusiastic Jesuit, Suarez.

Welch was buried in London, and Mr Young has discovered, after much inquiry, that his remains were interred on the 4th of April 1622, in the parish of St Botolph, Bishopsgate, in the same cemetery where rest those of James Lawson, minister of Edinburgh, and successor of Knox.

Welch's wife, Elizabeth Knox, whom he married when minister of Selkirk, where her mother, the widow of the great Reformer, resided, did not long survive him. She died at Ayr, January 8, 1625, and was, says Boyd of Trochrig, a most worthy wife and daughter.

In 1662 Ayr had two ministers, William Eccles and William Adair, both of whom refused to own the supremacy of the Crown in ecclesiastical affairs. Adair was one of the nine leading Presbyterian ministers in the west that were singled out by Government, in order to frighten the rest into submission. He alone yielded and took the oath as it stood in the Act of Parliament. We meet with him afterwards, in 1670, at Paisley, at the meeting which Leighton and Gilbert Burnet held with some thirty indulged and non-indulged ministers in the neighbourhood, with a view to win them over to Episcopacy—a meeting, however, that, as might be expected, failed to prove that a lordly bishop is a more faithful reproduction of an apostle, who spent himself in preaching the Gospel, than a Presbyterian minister. Adair died in 1684. Eccles, like his neighbour, Rowatt of Kilmarnock, also one of the nine, lived to see the happy change at the Revolution of 1688.

As at Irvine, the greater part of the magistrates of Ayr refused to sign the declaration repudiating the National Covenant and Solemn League. No doubt these magistrates thought of the Covenants, as a poet thought a century after them, whose name is inseparably connected with Ayr:

> "The Solemn League and Covenant
> Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears;
> But it seal'd Freedom's sacred cause—
> If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers"—

and so they refused to sign. When the Highland host was let loose on the West of Scotland, Ayr was its headquarters, and experienced the largest share of its cruel attentions. During the short period of its stay, the loss the town sustained amounted to not less than £12,000 Scots.

The churchyard of Ayr contains a monument to seven martyrs taken prisoners at Pentland. We give the inscription as we found it. The spelling does not say much for the learning of the Incorporated Trades of Ayr in the year 1814, however much the monument may tell of their pious regard for the memory of the martyrs:

Here lie the Corpse
of
James Smith, Alex^r^ McMillan,
James McMillan John Short,
George McKertny, Jno Graham,
and John Muirhead who
Suffered Martyrdom at AIR 27th
Decbr 1666 For their Adherence
to the Word of GOD and Scotlands
Covenanted work of Reformation.
This Small Tribute to the Above
was done by the Incorporate
Trades of AIR *Anno Dominie* 1814
For the Righteous shall be keept
in everlasting rememberance.

On the other side:

Here lye seven Martyrs for our Covenants
A sacred number of triumphiant Saints
Pontius McAdam th' unjust Sentence past.
What is his own the world shall know at last
And Herod Drummond caus'd their Heads affix
Heav'n keeps a record of the sixty six.
Boots, thumbkins, gibbets were in fash'on then.
LORD let us never see such Days again.

Eight of those taken at Pentland were condemned to death at Ayr. The hangman of the town, unwilling to assist in putting men to death who had taken up arms in the cause of freedom, disappeared, and was not to be found. William Sutherland, a Highlander, and the hangman in Irvine, was by force brought to Ayr, but in no way could he be persuaded to act as executioner. When fair means failed, foul were tried. They threatened him with the boots; and when he affirmed they would not prevail with him, the soldiers told him they would pour a cruse of melted lead upon his hands. The lead was brought; but when he remained firm it was again set on the fire, while he was further examined. At last, by order of Lord Kellie, he was put in the stocks. After he had been there some time, Lieutenant-General Drummond ordered him to be bound to a stake, and four soldiers to load their matchlocks and light their matches. A cap was drawn over his head, and he began to prepare for death by opening his breast to receive their shots. At the sight of his firmness, and readiness to die rather than yield, he was remanded back to prison, where he lay for many weeks. His "Declaration," written by himself after he was set free, is in Wodrow, and has been often printed in a separate form. Wodrow styles it "rude, and in a very homely dress," but those who love a story full of interest, told in nervous Saxon, will think it one of the best-written papers in the volume, and marvel how the simple Highlander learned to express himself so well. Failing with Sutherland, the provost fell upon the expedient of offering life and a free pardon to any one of the eight who would hang the other seven. He prevailed with Cornelius Anderson, afterwards employed in the same manner at Irvine, as we have seen in the preceding chapter. Little is now known of the seven, save what is told upon the stone itself, and what Patrick Walker says of their reply to Anderson, when he expressed his willingness to accept the provost's offer: "The foresaid Cornelius said, If the rest would forgive him, he would do it. They answered, If he did it they should wish him repentance and forgiveness."

The first edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," page 290, after the epitaph on the monument over the mortal remains of the seven, contains the following:

"*Upon a stone lying beside the Gallows of* Air, *upon the Body of* Andrew M'gill, *who was apprehended by the information of* Andrew Tom, *who suffered there November* 1684.

Near this abhorred Tree a Sufferer lyes,
Who chus'd to fall, that falling Truth might rise
His Station could advance no costly deed,
Save giving of a Life, the LORD did need.
When Christ shall vindicate his Way, he'll cast
The Doom that was pronounc'd in such a haste,
And Incorruption shall forget Disgrace
Design'd by the Interment in this Place."

This monument has disappeared, and every effort on the part of a zealous inquirer, the Rev. T. H. Lang of Ayr, has failed to discover what has come over it. This is much to be regretted, as the inscription, for vigour and beauty, is not surpassed by any in the "Cloud of Witnesses."

Wodrow mentions M'Gill's apprehension and execution, and details at length the sufferings his father endured, evidently on the martyr's account. There is a difference of a month in the date given by Wodrow and in that in the "Cloud of Witnesses," but the monument itself, were it discovered, might clear up this discrepancy.

When we had copied the inscription, we took a look round the churchyard. It is filled with tombstones in character similar to those in Irvine. We came upon one less prosaic than its many fellows, over the grave of Robert Cairns, a sailor. Its lines, though not very polished, are yet the language of faith and hope:

Though Boras blasts and raging waves
  has tost me too and fro
Yet at the last by God's decree
  I harbour here below
Where at an anchor I do rest
  With many of our Fleet
Hopeing for to set sail again
  Our Admiral Christ to meet.

On the wall of the church, at a part evidently devoted to the ministers of Ayr, is a monument—become somewhat grotesque through the ravages of time—to the memory of Adair. It represents him in his gown, kneeling in the act of prayer in connection with the approach of a ship with victims of the pest on board, but which was driven back by a storm. Near his remains are tablets to the memory of M'Gill, for forty-six years, and of Dalrymple, sixty-eight years, ministers—alas, that it should be said —not of the Gospel,—for it was a cold, cheerless Arminianism, or rather Socinianism, that they preached, whose evil effects have not yet disappeared from Ayr.

On the way home we turned aside at Troon to visit a much respected brother in the ministry. The day was fine—it was in the beginning of July—and all around was rejoicing in the sunshine. It was soon agreed that we should visit Crosbie church. A walk of two miles or so brought us to the old church. Its walls are roofless, and must have been so for years. In size and appearance it is like the old churches of Glassford and Loudon, a pattern that seems to have prevailed in the century after the Reformation. The piece of ground in which the church is enclosed is still used as a place of burial. On the east wall of the church is a monument, of date 1619, to "ane Honorrabel Man callit David Hameltovne of Bothelhavche, Spovs to Elesone Sinclair." In the burying-ground itself we came upon a monument, dated 1761, erected over the remains of a Janet M'Fadzen, the wife of a "master sergant." It shows still less literature than the inscription put up by the Incorporated Trades of Ayr, but, in a simple and not ineffective way, it tells of trust in the Redeemer, and of belief in the resurrection of the body:

Twenty four years i lived a
Maiden life three years i was a
married wife in which time i lived
a hapie life i trevld with him from
toun to toun untill by death i was
cut doun in my sisters house did
die & hear at Crosbe kirk i ly
where i my Rest & sleep will take
untill at last i be Awaked it will not
be with tuk of drum but it will
be when the trumpet sound &
when ile my Redeemer see who
shed his preshios blood for me.

CHAPTER XXIII

TARBOLTON AND STRAITON

> The lover of freedom can never forget
> The glorious peasant-band—
> His sires—that on Scotia's moorlands met;—
> Each name, like a seal on the heart, is set,
> The pride of his fatherland.—Rev. J. MURRAY.

THE village of Tarbolton lies between Ayr and Mauchline, and about half an hour's walk to the north of the railway station. The walk was a pleasant one, for it was in May, and we were under the guidance of a brother minister full of local lore, and the road was lined with hedges of hawthorn or beech, that were fast coming out in the freshest and loveliest of colours—the green of early summer. The birds, too, were everywhere in full song. The village of Tarbolton is small, and, like many villages in the West of Scotland near large towns, has rather a declining appearance. Our object, however, was not to examine the village, but to make for the churchyard. We got the keys from a house opposite, and went in our two selves to find out the Martyr's Monument. Our companion decided for the west side of the church, and we for the east. As we were there for the first time, we yielded to his guidance, and wandered over all the west and the south parts of the graveyard, and yet not a trace of the stone was to be seen, till at last, just as we were giving up the search as hopeless, we came upon it against the east side of the church porch, on the very side where we had first concluded it might be. The reason for our conclusion had been, that on entering the gate we had noticed that of the two paths that led in opposite directions, the one leading to the east side was more trodden than the other; and our past experience had been that the most frequented path was most likely to be that which took to the object of our visit, and that in no part of Scotland had our countrymen forgotten the martyrs, or ceased to visit their graves.

The gravestone we were in search of was a small upright one, two feet in height by one foot nine inches in breadth. Its inscription is:

W. S.
HERE LYS
William Shillilau, who
was shot at Woodhead
by Lieu^{t} Lauder for his
adherence to the Word of
GOD and Scotland's cove-
nanted work of REFORMATION.
1685. Erected in 1727.
Renewed 1812 by W^{m} Drinnan.

William Shillilaw, or, as he is called in Wodrow, Shirinlaw, was a lad of eighteen years of age. The curate had given in his name to the soldiers on the charge of nonconformity. Lewis Lauder, a lieutenant in the garrison of Sorn, had sometime in the month of July been riding up and down in quest of nonconformists. In the distance he saw Shillilaw cross the road, and sent one of his dragoons to apprehend him. When he was brought up, after a few of the usual questions, Lauder ordered him to be shot, which was immediately done upon the spot. After this murder Lauder went to the neighbouring parish of Stair, to the Stairhead, where William Shillilaw had been servant, and seized his master and two friends. They were examined, as Shillilaw had been, when Lauder ordered them down on their knees, and to cover their faces, to be shot; but his men refused to obey orders, telling him one in a day was sufficient, and so they escaped.

Wodrow, writing in the year 1722, says the murder of Shillilaw is attested by several persons yet alive. He, followed by Crookshank, gives it under the year 1684, while the "Cloud of Witnesses" and the gravestone give the date 1685. There is little doubt, from the character of the murder, that the latter are correct—that it happened in 1685, the year so memorable for many similar murders.

To reach Straiton we took the railway from Ayr to Maybole. From thence it is about seven miles, and nearly half way to Dalmellington. We found the road somewhat hilly, but through a highly cultivated country. Straiton is a small village, occupied by a few weavers and agricultural labourers, or "labourous men," as a good woman, of whom we asked the way, told us. It is finely situated, with the green hills of Largs, Kildoach, and Bennan rising behind it on the south-west and south, to the height of about a thousand feet. Under the guidance of the beadle we were taken to the churchyard. The Martyr's Stone, we found, had fallen out of its socket and was lying on the ground; but we were told that Sir Edward Blair, the chief proprietor of the district, had been in the churchyard the day before, and ordered it to be set up again. The stone is small, two feet by one foot eight inches. The inscription is:

HERE LYS THOMAS
M^CHAFFIE, MARTYR 1686.
THO' I WAS SICK AND
LIKE TO DIE
YET BLOODY BRUCE DID
MURDER ME,
BECAUSE I ADHERED
IN MY STATION
TO OUR COVENANT
ED REFORMATION.
MY BLOOD FOR VENG
EANCE YET DOTH CALL
UPON ZION'S HATERS
ALL.

Close to the old stone is a larger new one, to which the inscription has been transferred, with the addition, "This stone was erected by subscription in the year 1824."

Thomas M'Haffie, or Machassie, was the son of a John M'Haffie in the Largs, a farm about half a mile to the east of the village of Straiton. His name is in the "List of Fugitives, May 5, 1684." Dr Simpson tells of a narrow escape he made from his enemies, sometime previous to his death. On the morning of the day on which he was murdered, he was hid in a glen on the farm of Linfern, a farm about three miles to the south of Straiton. He was ill of fever, caught through exposure in the caves in which he had been compelled to hide himself. In this state he heard the approach of the soldiers, and, weak as he was, he rose and fled. He reached the house of a friend, but so exhausted that he threw himself on a bed. Here Bruce and a party of soldiers found him, and after a few questions, on his declining to take the Abjuration oath, ordered him to be taken out to the high road and shot. A rude stone, says Dr Simpson, on the farm of Linfern, marks the identical spot where he fell.

[The neighbouring parish of Barr is a very hilly and secluded district, and for that reason was a frequent haunt of the persecuted Covenanters. Mr Thomson had not the opportunity of visiting it, but after the publication of the second volume, a correspondent, Mr D. Mackie, Knockgerran, Girvan, called his attention to the following facts. In the churchyard of Barr there is the grave of a martyr, Edward M'Keen, or Kyan as spelled by Wodrow. The story is to the effect that M'Keen came from Galloway during a time of scarcity there, to Dalwine farm, about four miles up from Barr village, in search of corn. While there, troopers came in search of Covenanters, and being seized by them he was compelled to confess or deny his sympathy with the persecuted. Hitherto he had not openly identified himself with that party, but now, being thus charged, he dared not deny his sympathy with them, and was shot without any further trial. The monument is a plain slab which had become somewhat defaced, but was repaired some five years ago. The inscription upon it is as follows:

1685.
Here lyes Ed
ward M'Keen w
ho was shoat in
this parish by C
orn Douglas f
or adhearance to
the word of God
and Scotland's
Covenanted work
of Reformation.

On the other side of the stone, at the top, is the figure of a sand-glass, and underneath, a hand holding a banner with the words:

Be faith
ful unt
o Dea
the &c.

Mention is also made of the tombstone of another sufferer, John Campbell, who was banished to America in 1683, returned in 1685, and died in 1721, at the age of seventy-nine.—ED.]

CHAPTER XXIV

BARRHILL, COLMONELL, AND OLD DAILLY

> Speed on thou covenanted cause, God's blessing upon thee!
> Baptized in Scotland's dearest blood, albeit thou needs must be:
> Christ came not to send peace on earth, only may that red rain,
> Still fructify thy living seed till He return again!
>
> —Mrs Stuart Menteath.

The road from Girvan to Barrhill runs to the west of the new railway to Stranraer, and rises gently from the sea until, at about the second milestone, the hills near the shore shut us in, and we were fairly inland. About five miles on our way from Girvan the valley of the Stinchar opened up to view, and at its far end the height of Knockdolian, a height so strikingly like Ailsa Craig, in the distance, as to receive from the sailors the name of the False Craig. But we soon left the valley of the Stinchar and the old castle-like house of Daljarroch behind us, and turned southward, the road still rising, and as we rose the crops were greener. The time was the month of August, and the country was acquiring more of a moorland cast. At last, after nearly two hours' drive, houses appeared in the distance, and a plain, simple-looking church, cruciform in plan—evidently older at least than the Disruption,—and close by it, on the rising ground above, a somewhat lofty-looking building with unmistakably the appearance of a manse. It was Barrhill we had come to, and its Established Church and manse we had been looking at.

After leaving our conveyance at the inn, we turned back a few yards until we were again out of the village, and had passed over the Cross Water of Duisk, when a country road to the south-west led us up by the water's edge. Within five minutes from leaving the village our eye caught the object of our visit—the Martyrs' Monument—on the other side of the water; and in five minutes more we were across its all but waterless channel, and were at the monument itself. It stands close to the water's edge, but some six or eight feet up from its bed. The monument is an erect tablet some eight or nine feet in height, and is at the end of a walled-in enclosure thirteen feet by nine. The inscription is:

ERECTED ANEW
A.D. 1825
To the memory of
JOHN MURCHIE
and
DANIEL MEIKLEWRICK
at the expense of a generous Public
and Friends to the same
Covenanted cause
for which these MARTYRS suffered,
bled and died
in the persecution of 1685.

HERE in this place two martyrs lie
Whose blood to heaven hath a loud cry
Murder'd contrary to Divine laws
For owning of King Jesus' cause
By bloody Drummond they were shot
Without any trial near this spot.

On looking into the walled enclosure we saw what seemed to be three fragments of an older monument. We were soon within, and found, on putting the three together, that they made a tablet three feet in length by two in breadth, and that on the one side there was the following inscription:

Here lys John
Murchie and
Daniel M^c^Jlurick
martyrs By
bloody
Drummon
they were
shot 1685.

And on the other:

Renewed By
Gilb^t^ M^c^Iurick
in Alticonnach
1787.

From the date on these pieces they must have been preceded by a still older monument, for the inscription first appears in the third edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," published in 1730.

Both the martyrs were young men. Meiklewrick belonged to the Altercannoch family; Murchie was a friend of Meiklewrick from Barr. They were on the top of a hill, that rises behind the Free Church manse, when they were seen by Drummond and his dragoons guided by the Laird of Bellymore. As soon as Meiklewrick and his companion perceived the soldiers, they ran west to Altercannoch, but were overtaken. Bibles were found in their possession. This was enough to condemn them, and without any process or trial they were instantly shot. Their bodies were left where they fell, but under covert of night two women came and buried them where they now rest. It is said their Bibles were carried to Old Kildonan House, and cast into the fire, while Drummond used his sword as a poker, stirring them up until they were reduced to ashes.

From the Martyrs' Grave we walked for a few minutes along the road that leads up the valley in which the water runs. At either side of the road peat could be seen in the open drains, and the sweet gale—*Myrica*, so well called by its fragrant name, was in great abundance. But we soon returned to the village, and found that it had two inns, four grocers, a smith, a shoemaker, a Free Church, a school, a bank, but no baker; and the piles of peat, at the side of or behind the houses, and the absence of other fuel, showed that it was far from the region of coal.

Colmonell is about ten miles south from Girvan by the direct road, and five miles from the Pinwherry station on the railway to Stranraer, but for the sake of the drive, we chose a circuitous road by the sea-coast to Ballantrae. The road runs close by the sea all the way, and is one of wild beauty. About a mile and a half from Girvan, at Shalloch, the sands of Girvan give way to rocks that every here and there rise ruggedly out of the water, threatening destruction to the ill-fated ship that may come near them. They are mostly conglomerate, and are rich in the variety of stones enclosed within their once viscous mass. Back from the water's edge there is generally a narrow strip of land, between it and the high grounds behind. These high grounds rise into a range of hills—Byne Hill, Fell Hill, Grey Hill, and Pinbain Hill—that are from six hundred to nearly a thousand feet in height. Sometimes the sloping ground disappears, and rugged precipitous cliffs rise up from the very edge of the road, and once or twice the road by a gentle ascent mounts up over these cliffs, as at Pinbain, and looks down a hundred feet or so upon the sea beneath. Near a small village—Lendalfoot—seven miles from Girvan, it descends almost to the level of the sea-shore. Here a walled enclosure of five feet in height, with a gravestone at the end of it, made us dismount, and read and copy its inscription. It told of an old story, that must often happen on such an iron-bound coast. Our guide told us that the tombstone was erected in 1870, and the expense defrayed by a collection at a sermon which he himself had preached. It replaced an earlier stone which had fallen into disrepair. The inscription is:

ERECTED
TO
THE MEMORY OF
ARCHIBALD HAMILTON
AND CREW
NATIVES OF KINGS CROSS,
ARRAN.
WHO WERE DROWNED
NEAR THIS PLACE
SEPTEMBER 11th 1711.

Ye passengers who e'er
ye are
As ye pass on this way
Disturb ye not this small
respect
That's paid to sailor's clay.

Two miles from Lendalfoot the road again begins to ascend, until, according to the Ordnance Map, it rises to the height of 179 feet. We dismounted and walked up to its highest point, and looked down from its giddy height on the sea beneath. At its height, at a crag called Gamesloup, is the scene of the Scottish ballad:

"Fause Sir John a wooing came,
To a maid of beauty rare.
May Collean was this lady's name,
Her father's only heir."

Sir John was a Blue-Beard in his way, for he had already married seven ladies for their gear, and then disposed of them, no one could well say how. He won the heart of Mary Culzean, and persuaded her to mount and ride away with him.

"He's got on, and she's gone on,
And fast as they could flee,
Until they came to a lonesome part,
A rock abune the sea.

"'Light down, light down,' says fause Sir John,
'Your bridal bed you see;
Here have I drowned seven ladies fair,
The eighth ane you shall be.

"'Cast off, cast off your jewels fine,
Cast off your silken gown,
They are ower fine and ower costly
To rot in the salt sea foam.'

"'O turn ye then about, Sir John,
And look to the leaf o' the tree,
For it never became a gentleman
A naked woman to see.'

"He turned himself straight round about
To look to the leaf o' the tree;
She has twined her arms around his waist
And thrown him into the sea.

"'Now lie you there, thou fause Sir John,
Where ye thought to lay me,
Although ye ha'e stripped me to the skin,
Your claes ye ha'e gotten wi' thee.'

. . . .

"So she went on her father's steed,
As fast as she could gae,
And she cam' hame to her father's house
Before it was break of day."

After gazing for some time down upon the depths where Sir John's bones have long ago mouldered away, we again started on our journey. The road now began to descend, until it was down almost to the level of the water's edge. Here the cliff rises perpendicularly, almost up from the roadside, and is pierced by a so-called robbers' cave, which we found to be of the type of the caves that appear so often, in the pages of Sir Walter Scott, as the hiding-place of outlaws, smugglers, gipsies, or Covenanters, as suits his purpose. Recently its entrance has partly been built up, it may be to keep out cattle, but at its mouth it is about ten feet in height, and goes far into the rock, until there is so little light that a candle has to be lit, to see one's way. The litter scattered over its floor gave evidence that it must often be tenanted by wandering tramps.

Ballantrae is a small fishing village, situated near where the Stinchar falls into the sea. Here we turned to the north-east, and for nearly seven miles the road runs on the edge of the high ground that looks down into the fertile valley of the Stinchar. For two miles the chief object in view, before us, was Knockdolian, a hill that stands quite apart by itself, and that rises almost from the sea-level to the height of 869 feet. After a six miles' drive from Ballantrae, we were at the village of Colmonell. It is little more than a small street of some fifty houses. The parish church is at its south-west end. The churchyard is situated on a kind of plateau that rises abruptly some thirty feet from the bed of the Stinchar, and commands a fine view of the valley in which the water flows. After some seeking, and reading nearly all the tombstones within its precincts, we came upon the object of our search, the resting-place of the martyr, at about twenty yards to the south of the church. The inscription is on the back of an upright stone, the front of which records it to be the resting-place of a James M'Cracken, who died in 1772. The tradition is that M'Cracken's representatives were allowed to bury him in the martyr's grave on the condition that the inscription on the old stone, which had fallen into disrepair, be transferred to the back of the new stone they were to erect. When the old stone was put up is not said, but as the inscription is in the third edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," it must have been previous to 1730.

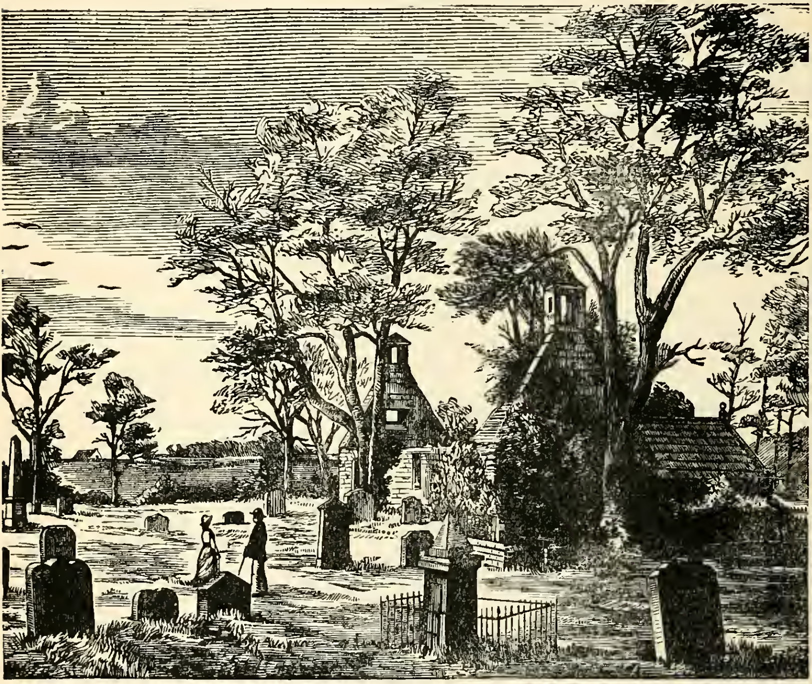
The inscription is:

I Matthew M^{c}Ilwraith in this parish of Colmonell
By bloody Claverhouse I fell
Who did command that I should die
For owning Covenanted presbytery
My Blood, a Witness still doth stand
'Gainst all defections in this land
cloud of Witness.

Matthew M'Ilwraith's name does not occur in Wodrow. The notice in the "Cloud of Witnesses" is very brief. It is: "The said Claverhouse authorised his troops to kill Matthew Micklewrath, without any examination, in the parish of Colmonell, in Carrick, anno 1685."

Directly south from the churchyard, about half a mile away, is the ruin of Craigneil Castle, roofless, but the walls are still nearly entire. It was the fourth ruined castle we had seen since we left Girvan—Carleton at Lendalfoot, Ardstinchar, and Knockdolian—and as we left Colmonell behind us, we came, where the road joins that from Barrhill, in sight of Pinwherry. All of them were of the same type, lofty and narrow, with windows not much bigger than loop-holes. They must have been uncomfortable places to live in, and doubtless had fallen into their present ruin, because they were found to be so. Their desolate, weird, and warlike look stands in strange contrast with the peaceful braes and hills among which they stand, studded over with sheep or cattle quietly browsing, as if the time had never been when these castles were tenanted by chiefs that were little better than idle robbers, who plundered or levied black mail on the surrounding district.

Old Dailly is three miles to the north-east of Girvan. The road to it from Girvan runs very nearly in a straight line on the south side of the winding Girvan Water. The village of Old Dailly no longer exists, or is represented only by a single farmhouse. The churchyard is pleasantly situated on a piece of table-land that rises up from the Penwhapple Burn, and is encompassed by aged trees that look as if they had seen at least a century. The old church, that has evidently been roofless for many a day, occupies its centre. It is an oblong about twenty-four feet in breadth within, and some fifty feet in length. At the one end is a kind of mausoleum, in which rest the mortal remains of the Killochan family. The churchyard is of some extent, but its surface has the appearance of being seldom broken into. The village of New Dailly, four miles away, has become the site of the church as well as the favourite place of interment in the parish. The Martyrs' grave is seen about thirty paces away from the gate of the old churchyard, as we enter. It is marked by an obelisk



OLD DAILLY CHURCHYARD

about seven feet in height, enclosed within an iron railing. The inscription on the one side is:

HERE LIES
the Corpse of JOHN
SEMPLE who was
Shot by Kilkerran
at command of
Cornet James Douglas
Also Here lies
THOMAS McCLORGAN
who was shot
uncertain by whom
for their adherence
to the Word of GOD
And the Covenanted
Reformation 1685.

On the other side:

ERECTED
A.D. MDCCCXXV
By a public
contribution
to the memory of those
who for their
Devoted attachment
To the cause of
Truth fell victims to
Despotic power.

Lying flat on the ground, in the front of the obelisk, is the old monument. Its inscription can still be distinctly read.

Of Thomas M'Clorgan nothing seems now to be known beyond what is on the tombstone. The "Cloud of Witnesses" records, "John M'Glorgan was killed at Drummellian's house in the night-time, not known by whom." Perhaps this is the same person. Wodrow gives an account of John Semple's death, and says it "is attested by several honest people yet in that parish, from their particular knowledge of all its circumstances, Gilbert M'Lurkin, Thomas Alexander, and others." The narrative is told with much simplicity. It is:

"John Semple was a person who lived a very quiet and innocent life, with his wife and three or four children; he never carried arms, nor gave the least disturbance to the Government, only from a principle of conscience came not to the church to hear the episcopal ministers; and being given to hospitality, and of a compassionate temper, he did sometimes harbour those poor people who were then hunted for their lives. Upon these accounts April this year (1685), Alexander Ferguson of Kilkerran, living at Moorston, a country house about a mile from Eldington, went to Blawhan garrison, commanded by Dundas, and informed against John Semple. The commander detached a party about sunset, Alexander Ferguson being their guide, who conducted them first to his own house at Moorston, where they supped. And about midnight, when they reckoned he would be at home, and all ready for their purpose, they came straight towards Eldington, and surrounded the house. John Semple hearing the sound of their feet about the house, and a confused noise of whispering, dreaded what was the matter, and having a right thought of their design, considered with himself what to do in that extremity, and at length concluded to venture his escape out at a narrow window, which while he was endeavouring, and half out and half in, five or six of the party espied him and discharged their pieces at him, and killed him dead on the spot. After they had perpetrate this murder, as if they had done some worthy exploit, they and the said Ferguson went to the barns of Bargeny, and drank and caroused till next night. An honest woman near that place, in a little time meeting with Ferguson, challenged him, how his conscience suffered him to be thus accessory to the death of that innocent man, who left a wife and four or five small shiftless children behind him. He scornfully replied that it was a piece of kindness done to her and them, since her husband, with those he entertained, would have eaten up all they had."

After viewing the monument, we walked round to the other side of the church, to the ruins of the session-house, on the floor of which are two large dark-looking stones, about five feet each in circumference. There is a two-fold tradition regarding them—that the two have fallen from the skies, and certainly the stones have a meteoric look, had they not been so large; and second, that they are the old standard weights of the district. If so, the district has in the past certainly not been fleeced by light weights.

[The correspondent of Mr Thomson, referred to at the close of the preceding chapter, says further regarding Dailly: "It is believed that two other martyrs rest in this churchyard—one who lived at Blackclauchrie, Barr, and whose hearthstone is placed over his grave; also another, who was shot on the roadside in Killoupwood, about a mile west from Old Dailly, and is said to have been buried here, but whose grave is unknown." It does not appear that tradition has preserved any particulars regarding the circumstances in which these martyrs met their fate.—Ed.]

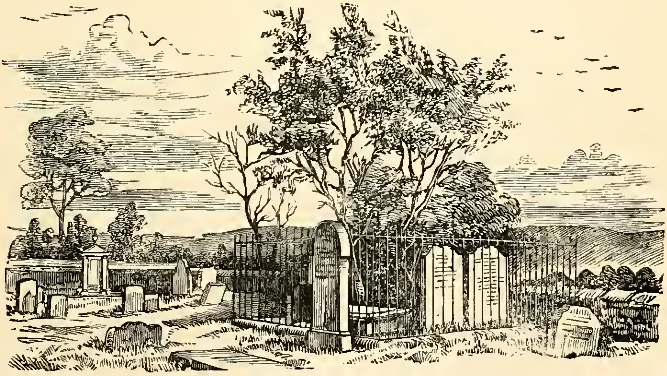
From the churchyard we walked about a quarter of a mile, up the steep road that leads from the churchyard, and had a fine view of the fruitful country in the valley beneath, with Killochan Castle, embowered among trees, in the foreground, and to the west of it the mansion of Trochrig, once associated with the name of Zachary Boyd, who did so much for the Glasgow University; while looking west was the sea and the cone-like rock of Ailsa Craig, at least twelve miles away.

CHAPTER XXV

CUMNOCK AND SORN

Though many scorned him, scorn him not, my friend;
For he was one of Nature's noblest grade,—
Noblest in this, his life was spent with God;
And, where his sense of duty led,
Thither he went, though death stood in the way.
—Rev. J. Murray.

Old Cumnock lies about half a mile to the west of the station, on the South-Western Railway, that runs from Glasgow to Dumfries and Carlisle. The road is downhill nearly the whole way to the bed of the Lugar Water, that skirts the west side of Old Cumnock. The churchyard is on the right-hand side, on a knowe or hill, before the town is reached. As we entered, on the left was the object of our visit, the three tombstones overshadowed by two aged thorns, and all three enclosed within an iron railing. The first of the stones is that erected to the memory of Peden. It is a flat stone, and, according to the gravedigger, is the fourth stone that



PEDEN'S GRAVE

has been put up. The remains of the old stones lie by its side. The inscription is:

HERE LIES
Mr ALEXANDER PEDEN
A Faithful Minister of the
Gospel sometime
of Glenluce
who departed this life
26th of January 1686,
And was raised after six weeks
out of the grauf,
and buried here,
out of
Contempt.
MEMENTO MORI.

Alongside Peden's monument is a similar flat stone with the inscription:

HERE LIES
the Corpse of
THOMAS RICHARD
who was shot by Colonel James Douglas
for his adherence
to the Covenanted
work of Reformation
on the 5th day of April
ANNO 1685.

Halt Passenger! this stone doth shew to thee
For what, by whom, and how I here did die.
Because I always in my station
Adhered to Scotland's Reformation
And to our Sacred Covenants and Laws
Establishing the same which was the Cause
In time of Prayer I was by Douglas shot.
Ah! cruelty never to be forgot.

Between the gravestone of Thomas Richard and the railing next the gate is an upright stone, about three feet in height. On its west side there is the inscription:

HERE . LYES . DAVID . DVN
AND . SIMON . PATERS
ON . WHO . WAS . SHOT
IN . THIS . PLACE . BY .
A . PARTY . OF . HIGHL
ANDERS . FOR . THEIR

On the east side:

ADHERANCE . TO . THE
WORD . OF . GOD . AND
THE COVENANTED
WORK OF REFORMA
TION 1685.

Peden was one of the most remarkable men of the persecuting times. It has been happily said by Dr John Ker:

> "There is something weird about the history of Alexander Peden. He was the John the Baptist of the Scottish Covenant. His lonely life for years, his wild hiding-places, his marvellous escapes, the timely descent of the mist, or 'the lap of the Lord's cloak,' as he called it, to screen him from his persecutors, the keen insight of his sayings which amounted to foresight, his burial beneath the gallows at Cumnock, and the change of the place thereby to a God's acre, have thrown an air of mystery round his memory in the minds of the people. The sermons that remain are very fragmentary, like the panting words of a man in the intervals of flight, and are no doubt, besides, very imperfectly reported to us. There was no shorthand writer on the spot; and sometimes the more eccentric points would be best remembered. The stern Old Testament spirit comes out in Peden more than in any other of the time, and if the fierceness occasionally startles us, we must think of the old man with the bloody dragoons of Claverhouse on his trail, a tyrannical voluptuary on the throne, and the cause of God, for which he was very jealous, trampled in the mire. Charity is good, yet with most men it needs time for reflection, and a little sunshine."

Howie has printed two of his sermons, from notes by a hearer. They are obviously imperfectly reported, but it is not difficult to see that, as spoken by Peden, they must have been effective in a high degree. He goes direct to his subject without introduction, and in a manner that must at once have arrested attention. The first sermon is on Matthew xxi. 38—"But when the husbandmen saw the son, they said among themselves, This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and let us seize on his inheritance;" and it thus begins:

> "This that I have read unto you is Scotland's sin this day. If our king and nobles had our Lord Jesus Christ among them at Edinburgh the day, what would they do to Him? They would even give Him a scaffold, or worse if they could devise it, for which He shall yoke ere long with our king and nobles, and a part of unfaithful ministers, as well as either prelates or malignants; ere it be too long, all shall go together in these lands. Now, in the text there is fruit called for from thir husbandmen. What fruit is this? Ye see it is fruit in season. This fruit is called for from thee, O Scotland! the day. This fruit is not such fruit as ye pay your rents with, corn or hay, or the like, that your hearts love well. Sirs, it is fruit in season. . . . Well, what fruit is this that is called for? It is faith and repentance, love to God, and obedience to His revealed will, which many of you, yea, the most part of you, are as great strangers to as if ye had never heard this everlasting Gospel preached unto you."

The second begins:

"Where is the Kirk of God in Scotland the day? It is not among the great clergie folk. Sirs, I'll tell you where the Kirk of God is—wherever there is a praying lad or lass at a dyke-side in Scotland, a praying partie will ruin, will ruin them; yet, sirs, a praying partie shall go throw the storm. But manie of you in this countrie-side ye ken not these things. The weight of the broken Kirk of God in Scotland never troubles you. The loss of a cow, or two or three of your beasts, or an ill market day, goes nearer your hearts nor all the troubles of the Kirk of God in Scotland. Well then, thou poor bodie, that will resolve to follow Him; pray fast, if there were but one of you, He will be the second: if there were but two of you, our Lord will be the third. Ye need not fear that ye shall want company; our Lord will be your company Himself. He will condescend as you like to you that will resolve to follow Him in this stormie blast that is blowing upon His poor Kirk in Scotland the day. But there is some of you that is come here the day, the next day, when ye cannot get a meeting of this kind, ye will run away to your hirelings again. Take heed, sirs, do not mock God; these indulgences will lead you away from Christ as well as the curates. O the base drag the Kirk is getting from manie of the ministers in Scotland in our day. About thirty-six years ago, our Lord had a great thick back of ministers and professors in Scotland; but one blast blew six hundred of our ministers from Him at once, and they never came back to Him again. Yea, manie lords and lairds and ladies followed Him thene, but the wind of the storm blew the ladies' gallantries in their eyes and their ears, both which put them both blind and deaf, that they never saw to follow Christ [since], nor to hear His pleasant voice. The lords and lairds and ladies were all blown o'er the brae. Alace! for the apostacie of nobles, gentles, ministers, and professors in Scotland—Scotland ere long shall run in streams of blood; yea, many of the saints' blood shall yet be shed ere long. But yet the blood of the saints shall be the seed of a glorious Church in Scotland. O sirs! what are ye doing in this countrie-side? Christ's followers in throw in Clydesdale yonder; they have ventured fair for God, and have given a great testimonie. They have burned the Test and the Acts of the cursed Parliament. There was a poor widow in that countrie-side as I came through that was worth many of you, and when she was asked how she did in this ill time, 'I do verie well,' says she; 'I get more good in one verse of the Bible now nor I did in it all langsyne. He hath casten me the keys of the pantrie door, and bids me take my fill.' Was not that a Christian, indeed? O sirs, I would have you taking heed what ye are doing now, when the blood of the saints is running so fast. Now, sirs, the observation that I would have you take home with you is this: It is aye a poor bodie that Christ hath done a good turn for that will follow Him in a storm. And now, people of God, ye ken this. Mary Magdalene, that is here spoken of in this chapter, He cast a legion of devils out of her in a morning. I trow she never forgot that till she went to glorie. Think ye not but it was a sore heart [to her] that morning when she missed Him, and got a tomb and an empty grave? O! what would ye have thought to have seen this poor woman running through the bands of soldiers? But that was not the thing that troubled her, neither the Roman guard that was about the grave, nor the heavy stone that was upon the grave's mouth, nor the charge under the pain of death, that they should not touch the grave. Na, na, sirs, love to God goes beyond all that. He was their Lord and they dought not [*i.e.*, could not think to] want Him. The note that I would have taken with you is this: If ye have gotten good of Jesus Christ, ye would go through hell at the nearest to be at Him. O sirs, them that hath suffered for Christ in Scotland they ken this best the day. They got a stormy rough sea indeed, but a choice, pleasant shore, and the Captain of their salvation to welcome them heartily home. O sirs, Christ had a wheen o' [*i.e.*, number of] noble worthies in Scotland not long ago, that set the trumpet to their mouth, and gave fair warning in His name. He had a Welch, a Cameron, a Cargill, and a Welwood, a noble party of them proclaiming His name in Scotland. O sirs, if ye could be admitted to see and speak to them, they would tell you that it is nothing to suffer for Christ. They are all glancing in glory now. They would fley [*i.e.*, frighten] you out of your wits to behold them in these white robes, and glorious crowns and palms in their hands. Follow fast if He call you to suffer for His name. But what shall I say? The most part of you know nothing of this. Ye that are lying in black nature, ye dought not [*i.e.*, could not think to] bide in heaven if [*i.e.*, though] ye were in it; ye would give a thousand worlds, if ye had them, to be out of it again."

Macmillan's "Collection" contains two of his letters; and they are still more racy than his reported sermons.

Patrick Walker, in 1728, published the "third edition, with amendments and additions, with thirty new additional passages," of "some remarkable passages of the life and death of Mr Alexander Peden, late minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in Galloway, singular for piety, zeal, and faithfulness; but especially who exceeded all to be heard of in our late ages in that gift of foreseeing of events and foretelling what was to befall the Church and nation of Scotland and Ireland, particular families and persons; and of his own life and death." Patrick Walker's book has been many a time reprinted, and perhaps most recently in a collection of chap books lately issued from the Glasgow press. Its best form is that in the "Biographia Presbyteriana," a collection which contains all his biographical tracts, and Shields' "Life of Renwick." Walker's nervous English, and the simple way in which he tells his stories, make his passages, in spite of all his vituperation and strange digressions, eminently readable. Its stories, however, would require confirmation. Some of them are inherently improbable, others are evidently the happy forecastings of a shrewd observer, and all of them are the better of Patrick Walker's telling, in whose hands a story of the marvellous never becomes less marvellous.

Peden was the eldest son of a small Ayrshire proprietor, and was born in Sorn about 1626. He received an education in accordance with his position in life, and was far from being the uncultivated, boorish being that some have fancied he was. Indeed, his command of idiomatic English, so manifest in his letters and sermons, shows that he must have received a large share of the learned training of his time. He was ordained at New Luce in 1659, and his name occurs in the list of those who were turned out of their parishes in 1662. In January 1666 the Council issued a letter against him, in the preamble of which conventicles are declared to be seminaries of rebellion, and "the not joining with the public ordinary meetings for divine worship" to be "seditious"; and after reciting the names of Welch, Blackader, Peden, and several others, their "seditious practice and example" is specified. Of Peden it is affirmed—"The said Mr Alexander Peden did keep a conventicle at Ralston, in the parish of Kilmarnock, about the 10th of October last, where he baptized the children of Adam Dickie, Robert Lymburner, and many others; as also kept a conventicle in Craigie Parish, at the Castle-hill, where he baptized the children of William Gilmor in Kilmarnock, and Gabriel Simpson, both in the said parish, and that besides twenty-three children more; both which conventicles were kept under cloud of night, with a great deal of confusion: as also the said Mr Alexander rides up and down the country with sword and pistols, in grey clothes." This letter summoned Peden and the others named in it to appear before the Privy Council at Edinburgh. Peden did not appear. He joined the rising that ended in the battle of Pentland, but he went no farther than Lanark. This was enough for the Government to declare him an outlaw. In June 1673 he was apprehended at Knockdow or Knockdaw, in the parish of Colmonell, Ayrshire. He and his host, Hugh Ferguson, who had constrained him, much against his will, to stay all night with him, were taken to Edinburgh. Ferguson was fined a thousand merks for sheltering Peden—a strange crime for which to be fined—and Peden was sent to the Bass, where he was prisoner till October 1677, when he was transferred to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. In his petition to the Council, November 14, 1678, he states that he had lain in Edinburgh Tolbooth for a long time, and he asks permission to go to Ireland, where he had formerly lived for some years. But the Council banished him to what was then called the Plantations, in North America, and forbade him ever to come to Scotland, otherwise the sentence of forfeiture of his property would take effect.

Peden and upwards of sixty others sailed from Leith in the "St Michael" of Scarborough. According to Walker, he declared that the ship was not built that would take him or his companions to Virginia, and if once they were at London all would be set at liberty. The voyage was tedious, as was often the case in the ages before steam, and they arrived at Gravesend five days after the expected time. At first there was nobody to receive them. At last, the captain who was to take them to Virginia appeared, but when he found that they were "grave sober Christians," banished for their Presbyterianism, he declared he would sail with none of them; while their former captain, finding the provisioning of sixty hungry men a serious matter, sent them all ashore to shift for themselves. The people of Gravesend showed the discharged prisoners for religion no little kindness, and in due time they nearly all got safe back to Scotland.

Peden remained for six months in England, and he was near the Borders on the fatal day of the 22nd of June, the day of the battle of Bothwell Bridge. Walker relates, that when some friends said to him, about mid-day, "Sir, the people are waiting for sermon," he replied, "Let the people go to their prayers. For me, I neither can nor will preach any this day; for our friends are fallen, and flee before the enemy at Hamilton; and they are hagging and hashing them down, and their blood is running like water."

For four or five years after Bothwell he was chiefly in the north of Ireland, but he came back to Scotland for the last time in the close of February 1685. It was the worst year of persecution, and he had many narrow escapes. He seldom preached, but counselled the people rather to prayer, for "it was praying folk that would win through the storm."

The evil spirit of slander and division was not absent from the Societies, even in these years of persecution, and evil reports were spread about James Renwick. Peden believed these slanders, and expressed himself strongly against Renwick. When he came to die he changed his mind, and he sent for Renwick, "who found him," says Walker, in a passage that is written in his best manner, "lying in very low circumstances, overgrown with hair, and few to take care of him, as he never took much care of his body, and seldom unclothed himself these years or went to bed. When Mr James came in he raised himself upon his bed, and, leaning upon his elbow with his head upon his hand, said, 'Sir, are ye the Mr James Renwick that there is so much noise about?' He answered, 'Father, my name is James Renwick, but I have given the world no ground to make any noise about me; for I have espoused no new principle nor practice but what our Reformers and Covenanters maintained.' 'Well, sir,' said Mr Peden, 'turn about your back,' which he did in his condescending temper. Mr Peden said, 'I think your legs too small, and your shoulders too narrow, to take on the whole Church of Scotland upon your back. Sit down, sir, and give me an account of your conversion and of your call to the ministry, of your principles, and the grounds of your taking such singular courses in withdrawing from all other ministers;' which Mr Renwick did in a distinct manner."

When Renwick ended, Peden said, "Ye have answered me to my soul's satisfaction, and I am very sorry that I should have believed any such ill reports of you, which have not only quenched my love to you and marred my sympathy with you, but made me express myself so bitterly against you, for which I have sadly smarted. But, sir, ere you go, you must pray for me, for I am old, and going to leave the world." Renwick prayed, and when ended, Peden took him by the hand, drew him to him, kissed him, and said, "Sir, I find you a faithful servant to your Master. Go on in a single dependence upon the Lord, and ye will win honestly through and cleanly off the stage, when many others that hold their head high will fall and lie in the mire, and make foul hands and garments." Peden then prayed with great fervour that the Lord might support and comfort Renwick, in whatever duty or difficulty he had to pass through in the troublous times that lay before him.

[It has been generally regarded as a fact that Peden died in his brother's house at Auchincloich, in the parish of Sorn. Mr Johnston, however, in his interesting volume, "Alexander Peden, the Prophet of the Covenant," says that Auchincloich was tenanted at that time by one of the name of Richmond; and that Peden's brother was tenant of the farm of Ten Shilling Side, in the parish of Auchinleck. It was to this latter place, then, that the Venerable Prophet retired when death drew nigh. Not far off there was a concealed cave, in which he could remain safe from the pursuit of his enemies.—Ed.] His brother's house was repeatedly searched, but he was safe in the cave. One morning early, two days before he died, he left the cave and came to his brother's door. His sister-in-law said, "Where are you going? the enemy will be here." "I know that," he replied. "Alas, sir," said his sister-in-law, "what will become of you? You must back to the cave again." "I have done with that," replied Peden, "for it is discovered. But there is no matter, for within forty-eight hours I will be beyond the reach of all the devil's temptations and his instruments in hell and on earth, and they shall trouble me no more." In about three hours the soldiers came, searched the cave, the barn, turned up the unthreshen straw, and then the house, "stobbing the beds," but did not find where he lay hid. After the soldiers were away he told his friends that, bury him where they would, he would be lifted again, and in a few hours he died. He was buried in the family vault of the Boswells of Auchinleck. But, as he foretold, his remains were not allowed to rest in peace. His enemies got notice of his death. Forty days after it was buried, the body was taken out of the grave, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Boswells and the Countess of Dumfries, it was carried two miles to the place of execution, on the hill above Old Cumnock, and hung upon the gallows. When taken down it was buried at the gallows' foot, where it now lies in sure hope of a part in the resurrection of the just.

[Though the earliest authorities say that Peden was buried by night, in the vault belonging to the Boswells of Auchinleck, it has recently been doubted whether this is strictly correct. That statement is found in the "Memoirs" of Ker of Kersland, and of James Nisbet, as well as in Wodrow and Walker; yet it is thought to be extremely unlikely that the family of Boswell would allow a proscribed Covenanter to be laid among their ancestors. Mr A. B. Todd, in his "Homes, Haunts, and Battlefields of the Covenanters," gives a tradition of the district alleged to have come down from one who, when a boy, witnessed the raising of the body, to the effect that the burial was not in the Auchinleck vault, but near to it, in the burying-ground of the family of Peden, to which the martyr belonged. But it is not easy to account for the statement of the early writers unless the fact was as they say.

In 1891 a handsome monument of Aberdeen granite was erected by public subscription in the enclosed space where the aged thorn trees still stand. It bears the following inscription:

IN MEMORY
OF
ALEXANDER PEDEN
[A NATIVE OF SORN.]

THAT FAITHFUL MINISTER OF CHRIST, WHO,
FOR HIS UNFLINCHING ADHERENCE TO THE
COVENANTED REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND, WAS
EXPELLED BY TYRANT RULERS FROM HIS PARISH
OF NEW LUCE, IMPRISONED FOR YEARS ON THE
BASS ROCK BY HIS PERSECUTORS, AND HUNTED
FOR HIS LIFE ON THE SURROUNDING MOUNTAINS
AND MOORS, TILL HIS DEATH ON 26th JANUARY 1686
IN THE 60th YEAR OF HIS AGE, AND HERE
AT LAST, HIS DUST REPOSES IN PEACE, AWAITING
THE RESURRECTION OF THE JUST.

"SUCH WERE THE MEN THESE HILLS WHO TRODE
STRONG IN THE LOVE AND FEAR OF GOD,
DEFYING THROUGH THE LONG DARK HOUR,
ALIKE THE CRAFT AND RAGE OF POWER."

ERECTED
IN
1891. —ED.]

As we shall presently see, the burying-ground of the parish in Peden's time was in the centre of the town of Old Cumnock. But after Peden's burial at the gallows' foot, the good people of Cumnock felt that what had been a place of shame had become a place of honour, hallowed by the dust of one of whom the world was not worthy, and so the old churchyard was forsaken, and the gallows-hill has been for many a year the burying-ground of the parish.

Thomas Richard was a farmer in Greenock Mains, a farm that lies about five miles from Muirkirk, on the main road to Mauchline. His house was said to be the resort of the persecuted. Wodrow's informant relates that a cornet, Peter Inglis—apparently the same person whose barbarities are noted in Fenwick Churchyard, on the tombstone of James White—and some soldiers, came to Greenock Mains, and pretended that they were friends. They had Bibles, and pressed Thomas to pray with them, which the old man, for he was near eighty, unsuspectingly did. They asked him if he knew where any of the honest party were. He replied he did not know, but he had lodged some of them a few days ago, and he would be glad to do so still. Thus they talked until one of the soldiers betrayed himself by an oath, when they all threw off the mask, and carried the good man away prisoner to Colonel Douglas at Cumnock. Next day, on the report of his alleged confession before the soldiers, he was, without jury or trial, condemned to death, and shot while in prayer. "Three ladies of the Episcopal persuasion," when they heard of his case, went to Colonel Douglas to intercede for his life. They were not admitted, and had a message sent them that he could show no favour to such people.

[Little is known regarding David Dun and Simon Paterson,—it is said that the former was a farmer in Glass, or Class, in Ayrshire. The following incident is related regarding them by the Rev. John Warrick in his "History of Old Cumnock." A little while before Dun and his companion suffered martyrdom, they passed through a memorable experience, not far from the village of

Wanlockhead. Along with four other Covenanters they were hiding from a band of troopers, who were known to be in search of them. Their retreat was discovered. Dun, Paterson, and one of their companions were speedily arrested. No sooner, however, had their captors laid hold on them, than a thunderstorm of extraordinary violence burst over their heads. The blaze of the lightning, the crash of the thunder, and the roaring of the rain, frightened both man and beast. The horses of the troopers became unmanageable, and scampered off with their riders in all directions. The prisoners, finding themselves in unexpected freedom, made good use of the opportunity to escape. They succeeded in reaching the wild uplands of Galloway, whence they emerged a few weeks later, to attend a conventicle held by Renwick near Dalmellington. They were on their way northward from this gathering when they were seized on the slopes of Corsegellioch. It is said that Dun had almost escaped. He was on horseback, and was hastening towards a hollow in the moor, where he hoped to find a safe hiding-place, but his horse sank in the moss, and he became an easy prey to the troopers. Both Dun and Paterson were carried to Cumnock; there no long shrift was granted. That same day, and without trial, they were shot, and from the preaching of Renwick about the king, they passed at once into the presence of the King. Dun's sister, Margaret, was shot when on her way to Cumnock, to find out the fate of her brother.

There are several Covenanting relics in Cumnock. There is a banner which is said to have been carried at Drumclog. It is about six feet square, and is made of yellow silk. In one corner is a St Andrew's Cross on a blue ground, and in the other is the word "Cumnock," and the motto on it is

PRO RELIGIONE ET PATRIA.

It is in possession of the family of the late Mr Douglas M'Geachin, and was often paraded in processions during the agitations connected with Reform. There are also three swords in the parish, believed to be relics of the Covenanting period. One of these, an Andrea Ferrara, was found about thirty years ago not far from the monument on Corsegellioch, to which reference will be made shortly. Another was picked up near Bello Path; and the third was discovered in the roof of an old house, when it was taken down some years ago. Mention may also be made of a large folio Bible in the possession of the Rev. John Warrick, which bears to have been printed at Amsterdam in 1643. It belonged to a family in Pentland, whose house was searched for Covenanters and their books, but only this Bible was found. A dragoon thrust his sword into its pages, meaning to toss it into the fire. Each time he tried, the heavy Bible fell from the point of his weapon, and it bears to this day the cuts of the soldier's sword distinctly visible.—Ed.]

From the churchyard we walked down the hill to Old Cumnock itself. It is a thriving-like town. The noise of steam-engines and the smoke of tall chimneys that came from the outskirts of the town, as well as the flames rising from the Lugar Works, a mile away, showed it to be the centre of a coal and iron district. The parish church stands in the midst of a square, or what a Belgian would call a "*place*." This square was the ancient burying-ground. The church is a modern building, and, from the completeness of its fittings and adornments, must have cost a large sum. In a kind of crypt are the graves of some of the ancestry of the Bute family, the only signs now visible that, in days of old, here was the parish burying-ground.

[As the present parish of New Cumnock was, during the persecution, included in Old Cumnock, from which it had been disjoined in 1650, and again separated in 1691, a brief reference may be here made to the Martyr Graves that are within its bounds. Lying as it does in the track of the dragoons on their march from Galloway towards Lanarkshire and Edinburgh, and also from Dumfries towards Ayr and Glasgow, it has its own associations with those troublous times. Traditions of the Covenanters linger within it, and two martyr graves are at its opposite extremities. On Corsegellioch Hill, on its western boundary, there is a monument in memory of three martyrs who were found, concealed in the moss, by a party of Highlanders, and shot without any form of trial. A small stone, which still stands within the enclosure, was placed over them with this inscription:

HERE . LYES . IOSEPH
WILSON . IOHN . IAMI
SON . AND IOHN WM
PHRAH . WHO WAS
SHOT . IN . THIS . PLACE
BY . A . PARTY . OF . HIGHL
ANDERS . FOR

On the other side:

THEIR . ADHERANCE
TO . THE . WORD . OF
GOD . AND . THE . COV
ENANTED . WORK . OF
REFORMATION . 1685.

Wodrow mentions these men, but calls the place of their murder Knockdow Hill, from the name of a farmhouse a little distance from the place of martyrdom, but which has now disappeared. Nothing more is known regarding them than that they had been at a conventicle where James Renwick preached. In 1827 a new monument was erected on the spot; it is enclosed by a low wall and iron railing, and bears the following inscription:

HERE LIES
JOSEPH WILSON
JOHN JAMESON
AND
JOHN HUMPHREY
WHO
WAS SHOT IN THIS PLACE BY
A PARTY OF HIGHLANDERS
FOR THEIR ADHERENCE
TO THE WORD OF
GOD
AND THE COVENANTED WORK OF
REFORMATION
1685.

THIS STONE WAS RENEWED IN
1868.

When the foundation was being dug, the bodies of the martyrs were found a few feet below the surface, in a state of wonderful preservation, owing to the antiseptic properties of the moss in which they lay. They had been buried just as they were shot; and a piece of a woollen glove and a lock of yellow hair were taken from them, and are preserved in the family of the farmer of Dalgig, on whose land the monument stands.

At the opposite extremity of the parish, and three miles below the village of New Cumnock, there is another martyr monument. It stands on the hill face on the south side of the Nith, and is quite visible from the road and the railway. It commemorates two men who were killed on the same day, and by the same party, as the martyrs of Corsegellioch. They were caught, it is said, reading their Bibles, and were shot without ceremony. The present monument was erected in 1843, in place of an older one that had been destroyed, and bears the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
GEORGE CORSON
AND
JOHN HAIR,
WHO WERE SHOT NEAR THIS PLACE

IN 1685, FOR THEIR ADHERENCE TO
DIVINE TRUTH,
AND ATTACHMENT TO THE
COVENANTED REFORMATION
OF 1638-50.
"They lived unknown,
Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven."

Nothing is known of these men; their names are not found in Wodrow; but the fact of their murder, of the circumstances and the cause of it, are undoubted.—Ed.]

From Old Cumnock, under the direction of the gravedigger, we set off to visit a Martyr's Grave said to be at Stone Park, a row of two or three houses, a mile and a half from the churchyard.

OLD MORTALITY AT A COVENANTER'S TOMBSTONE

We retraced our steps to the station, and passed below the railway by a somewhat round-about road, keeping always to the right: in less than half an hour's time we got to a path lined with a thin belt of trees, and after following it for two hundred yards or so, we came to a gate that in five minutes' walk brought us to an indifferent-looking row of thatched houses. They were Stone Park. We did not need to look far for the gravestone. It stood in the middle of a ploughed field, with a grass plot of three or four yards square about it. The stone is an upright one, about six or seven feet in height. On the one side was an inscription relating to the martyr, and on the other a second, stating it had been erected by the proceeds of a sermon preached 28 Aug. 1836, by a minister in the neighbourhood. Lying on the grass, and close to the monument, was a small stone, nineteen inches in length by twenty in breadth. It was the original gravestone. Its lettering was of the same bold deeply-cut Old Mortality type as that of the stone in Old Cumnock to David Dun and Simon Paterson. On the one side the inscription was:

HeRe LYeS JOHN MAC
GeAGHAN WHO FOR HIS
CONSTANT ADHeRANCe
TO THe WORD OF GOD
PROSeCUTING THe eNDS
OF OUR NATIONAL AND
SOLEMN LeAGUe AND COUe
NANTS AND APPeARING
FOR THe ReSCUe OF M^r^
DAVID HOUSTON ONe OF

On the other:

THe PeRSeCUTeD MINIS
TeRS OF THe GOSPeL
SHOT AT BELLO
PATH BY A PARTY OF THe
BLOODY DRAGOONS
JULY 28 1688
eRECTeD ANNO 1728.

David Houston was an Irish minister, whom the Societies, at a General Meeting, September 22, 1686, had invited over to confer with them. The letter sent to him is in the "Faithful Contendings," p. 261. He appeared at a meeting held at Wanlockhead, December 26, 1686. After long conference the Societies expressed themselves satisfied with him, and called him to preach among them, although not as a settled minister. At a meeting in June 1687, it was "appointed that one should go to Ireland to conduct Mr David Houston's wife and family from thence to this land; and £5 sterling was allowed for their charges."

Houston seems to have laboured for some months among the Societies, but in January 1688 he was in Ireland, where he was apprehended. The minutes of the General Meeting of the Societies, held June 7, 1688, record that he had been long kept in close prison and badly used, and that he was brought prisoner out of Ireland, and was to be carried to Edinburgh, where it was feared they would take his life. Preparations were made to rescue him, but the soldiers did not come at the expected time. On the 20th of June, however, he was rescued at Carbelpath, or Bellopath, about three miles from Old Cumnock on the road to Muirkirk. In the scuffle several soldiers were killed, and, according to the proclamation issued June 22, 1688, "others were desperately wounded."

Houston himself was much hurt. As a prisoner, his feet had been tied, and in the scuffle he fell, and his head was trailed for some time on the ground before he could be relieved. After this, says Michael Shields, with much simplicity, he was discovered to be "short in his naturals." There had evidently been concussion in the brain. After the Revolution "the good old man" returned to Ireland, where he died. John MacGeachan was the only one of the country people who was killed, but some others were wounded. He belonged to Auchengibbert, in Old Cumnock parish, and, according to Wodrow, was "a singularly pious man."

The date on the stone, July 28th, differs from that of Wodrow, who says "about 20th of June," and Wodrow's date is borne out by the "Faithful Contendings" and the proclamation issued by Government. The difference of date is perhaps to be accounted for by the fact, that the stone was not erected until forty years after the Revolution, and by a careless mason, to whom one date was as good as another.

Sorn lies about four miles from the Mauchline station, on the South-Western Railway. After leaving the station, the road runs for a quarter of a mile to the north-east, when it joins another that goes north-west, which in a few minutes brought us to Mauchline. Had we, instead of turning to the north-west, followed the road to the south-east, we would have reached Sorn by Catrine, but we preferred that by Mauchline, which is the main road to Muirkirk. From Mauchline the road is through a richly-cultivated country, but the road itself is far from level. It goes up hill and down dale, and must have been made at a time when pack-horses, rather than carriages and heavily-laden carts and waggons, were the means of transit. It had one feature, as novel in Scotland as it was pleasant to the traveller—the milestones were new, and the lettering deep and distinct. The stones were of granite; while beside them were the old ones, made of freestone, and with letters wholly illegible,—the condition of the milestones over almost all Scotland that we have seen. It is to be hoped that the example set on the Muirkirk road will speedily be followed throughout the country. After a walk of three miles we came to the beautifully-wooded grounds of Sorn Castle, through which the road passed until we reached the Water of Ayr. The Sorn church immediately came in view. We turned off the main road about a hundred yards before we arrived at the church, by a path that led to the churchyard and the manse. Happily for us, we met the parish minister just as we were nearing the churchyard, and he at once kindly became our guide to the Martyr's Grave. The churchyard is well filled with gravestones. The most striking that met our eye was one on the front wall of the church, to the memory of a former minister. The Martyr's Grave is on the east end of the church. There is a double monument. First, there is a large slab, four or five feet in length by two or three in breadth, with the inscription:

TO
PRESERVE FROM OBLIVION
THE FATE OF
GEORGE WOOD
WHO WAS SHOT AT TINKHORNHILL
MDCLXXXVIII
FOR HIS ADHERENCE TO THE WORD OF
GOD
AND THE COVENANTED WORK OF
REFORMATION
AND TO MANIFEST GRATITUDE
FOR THE INVALUABLE
RELIGIOUS PRIVILEGES
NOW ENJOYED.

THIS STONE WAS
ERECTED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Second, beneath it, and like it, built into the wall, is the original stone, a slab about one foot eight inches in height by two feet in breadth. On it were the words:

HeRE LYeS GORG
WOOD WHO WAS SHOT
AT TINKHORNHILL BY BL
OODY JOHN ReID TRVPeR
FOR HIS ADHeRANCE TO
THE WORD OF GOD AND
THE COVeNANTeD WORK
OF ReFORMATION 1688

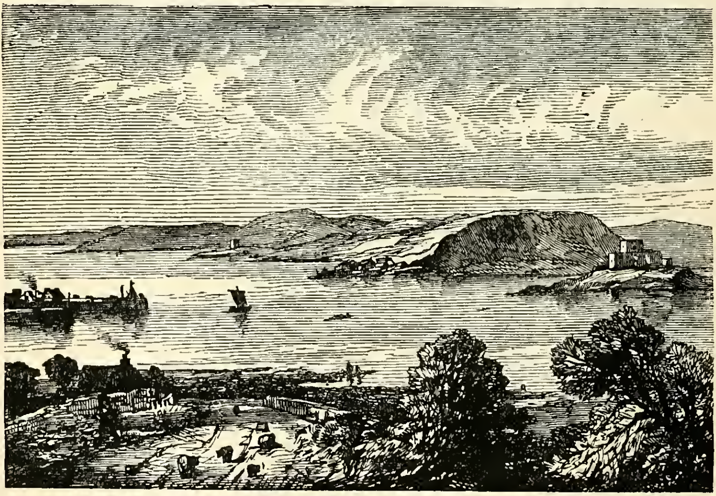
George Wood was a lad of sixteen years of age. He had been in concealment, having evidently been reported to the neighbouring garrison at Daldilling as one who had been at field preaching. John Reid, a trooper, and noted for his cruelties, came upon him, it is said, at night, while hiding upon Tinkornhill, a hill two miles north-east of Sorn village, and killed him outright, without asking him a single question. When afterwards challenged for the murder he had committed, Reid replied that he knew him to be one of the whigs, and they ought to be shot wherever they were found. The monument does not give the date when he was shot, but both the "Cloud of Witnesses" and Wodrow make it to have been June 1688. George Wood was thus the last who suffered death in the twenty-eight years' persecution.

CHAPTER XXVI

SOUTH QUEENSFERRY AND BLACKNESS

> "We bind and oblige ourselves to defend ourselves and one another in our worshipping of God, and in our natural, civil, and divine rights and liberties, till we shall overcome, or send them down under debate to posterity, that they may begin where we end."—*The Queensferry Paper.*

South Queensferry may be reached either by coach or railway from Edinburgh. The town, or rather village, lies to the north of the station, and is made up of a single street with closes that run back from it. The ferry at Burntisland, with its connections by railway, has deprived South Queensferry of its former importance as the chief ferry on the Forth, so that now it has rather a decaying appearance. It has a history of some antiquity. It is



SOUTH QUEENSFERRY

said to derive its name from Margaret, Queen of Malcolm III., who married her in 1067. When on her way to the palace at Dunfermline she had sometimes to wait at the ferry for the tide or favourable weather. A house was built for her accommodation, which gave a name to the place—the Queensferry. As the town is entered, the first object that catches the eye is the remains of the settlement of the Carmelites. Our object, however, in the first instance, was what in Fyfe's "Guide to South Queensferry" is called the Covenanters' House. We walked through the town, but although Fyfe has given an excellent lithograph of the house, we could see nothing like it. At last we had to inquire in a grocer's shop, at the west end of the town, where it was, when we were told, and put under the guidance of the sanitary inspector; and a better guide we could not have had.

As the town is entered, after passing the Carmelite monastery, there is a large old two-storied house in excellent condition. All that paint and lime can do has been done to give it a modern appearance. On the lintel of the entrance to its outside spiral staircase is the inscription, "SPES MEA CHRISTUS. S.W.A.P. 1641." Opposite this old house is a close leading down to the sea. On the west side of this close is the Covenanters' House. It is a red-tiled house, with the door in the centre of the ground flat, and a window on either side, with two windows on the upper flat. One of these windows is twice the size of the other, and its oaken woodwork is somewhat elaborately carved. To the north end of the house is the main stair, in the form of a two-storied gable, facing the street. On the lintel of the door of this stair is the date, "16.P.D.MC.13." The rooms on the ground flat have rather a mean appearance, but on the flat above they are ten or eleven feet in height. The walls are three or four feet in thickness. The attics are divided into two rooms. In one of these Donald Cargill and Henry Hall were sitting when surprised, and on the stair leading down, it is said Hall received his death-wound; and the good woman who kindly showed us the rooms assured us that when she washes the stair, on its fifth and sixth steps, bluish marks, the marks of blood, are still to be seen.

Henry Hall was a gentleman of some property. His estate, Haughhead, is in the parish of Eckford, about five or six miles to the south of Kelso. He was related to the Earl of Roxburgh. He had received a religious education, and early in life had taken the side of the Protesters. When the Restoration introduced Prelacy he showed his sympathies with Presbyterianism so strongly that, in 1665, he had to retire for safety to the north of England. In 1666 he was seized when on his way to join the rising that ended at Pentland, and was imprisoned in Cessford Castle, but was soon set free through the favour of the Earl of Roxburgh. He found it prudent again to return to Northumberland, where he remained for ten or twelve years, and did much for the spiritual instruction of the people among whom he lived. In 1678 Hall was present when Thomas Ker of Hayhope was killed while Colonel Struthers was endeavouring to seize him for his nonconformity, and he had in consequence to flee to Scotland. He was at Drumclog, and had the post of honour at the bridge at Bothwell. After the defeat he fled to Holland, but ventured to return home in the spring of 1680. He seems to have been a good deal about Borrowstounness in company with Donald Cargill. Tidings of the proscribed worthies being in the neighbourhood were given by the curates of Borrowstounness and Carriden to Middleton, Governor of Blackness, and, on June 3, 1680, he followed them to the house where we have been. He saw them stable their horses, and came forward and professed much respect for both, and persuaded them to have a glass of wine. When they had sat down and "had taken each a glass," Middleton threw off the mask, declared them his prisoners, and called upon the people in the house to assist; but all refused except what the "Cloud of Witnesses" calls "a waiter," that is, an excise officer, "through whose means the governor got the gates shut till his soldiers came." Of these gates there is no trace now, but the probability is that in those times the houses now in front did not exist, and that there was an open space that may have been enclosed with a gate. The noise in the house awakened the suspicion of the women in the neighbourhood, and they broke up the outer gate. Hall held the governor until Cargill got safe away. He then got off himself, but in getting away, "Thomas George, the waiter, struck him on the head with a carabine, and gave him a mortal wound." He nevertheless managed to get out, when the women took him under their care and conveyed him out of the town. He walked a few steps, but soon fainted away. He was taken to the next country house and surgeons brought. General Dalziel, of Pentland fame, lived near at hand, at Binns, a residence about a mile south from Blackness, and with a party of his guards came, and, though it was evident Hall was dying, carried him away prisoner to Edinburgh, and he died among their hands on the road.

When Hall was taken, there was found upon him a paper that has been called, from the place where it was got, the Queensferry Paper. It was not acknowledged by Mr Cargill, for it does not seem to have been revised; and it was unsubscribed, but there can be no doubt that it mainly came from his pen. Wodrow speaks rather disparagingly of it, but he lived too near the times of persecution to be always fair in his judgments. Most modern readers will prefer to agree with the opinion of Lord Lindsay, in his "Lives of the Lindsays," that it is "a very able statement," and really lays down the great principles of constitutional government, that have made our country the envy or the admiration of other lands. An abridgment of it is given in the "Cloud of Witnesses," but it barely does justice to its contents. The original document itself is given in Wodrow.

Mr James Drummond, F.S.A.Scot., has a paper in the *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries*, vol. iii. part 2, entitled "Notice of the 'Bluidy Banner' of Drumclog and Bothwell Brig, preserved at Dunbar." The paper is accompanied by a beautifully executed reduced facsimile of the banner. The inscription is: "Jehovah Nissi," in Hebrew characters, and, "For ·:· Christ & His ·:· Truths. No Quarters For Y^{e} Active Enimies of Y^{e} Covenant." He says that its possessors, Mr and Miss Raeburn of Dunbar, state that it belonged to Hall's son, who on his deathbed gave it to a zealous Covenanting friend, of the name of Cochrane, from whom it came into the family of its present proprietors. Mr Drummond holds that the inscription on the banner justifies the fiction of Creighton, that the Covenanters had set up a large gallows at Bothwell Bridge, and that they were not a whit less cruel and bloodthirsty than their persecutors, save that they lacked the opportunity to carry their desires into effect. He has, however, forgotten that at the Revolution they had the opportunity, but they confined themselves to what has been called the rabbling of the curates, which was simply a rough way—in which no bones were broken—of telling their persecutors to get off the ground where their very presence was an offence, as reminding their parishioners of the cruelties of the past. But the real meaning of the words, "No quarters for y^{e} active enimies of y^{e} covenant," will be best seen from the last paragraph of the Queensferry Paper. The paragraph is the worst expressed in the whole document, and is by no means a fair specimen of the vigorous writing in the paragraphs that precede. It has very much the appearance of being finished off in a great hurry, as if the writer had not had time to clarify his thoughts. It is:

> "We bind and oblige ourselves to defend ourselves and one another in our worshipping of God, and in our natural, civil, and divine rights and liberties, till

> we shall overcome, or send them down under debate to the posterity, that they may begin where we end; and if we shall be pursued or troubled any further in our worshipping, rights, and liberties, that we shall look on it as declaring war, and take all the advantages that one enemy doth of another, and seek to cause to perish all that shall in an hostile manner assault us, and to maintain, relieve, and right ourselves of those that have wronged us, but not to trouble or injure any but those that have injured us, those being most lawful for us, being many that are wronged upon such an account, and by such persons who have nothing now over us but power and usurped authority, which we shall neither answer nor acknowledge, if we can do otherwise, hoping that God shall break off that part of the yoke, and free us of that power and tyranny, that we have cast off upon His account, and will give us judges as we had at the beginning, and counsellors as we had at the first."

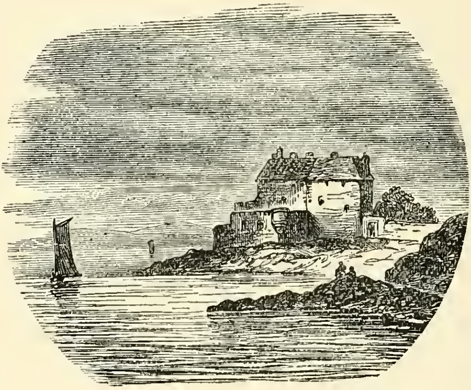
These sentences make it evident that the words mean no more than that if attacked, when worshipping God according to their conscience, and in the exercise of their natural rights, they would defend themselves to the utmost of their ability, and would not be responsible for any bloodshed that might happen in consequence. But this is only what Scotsmen would do now, and what the friends of civil and religious liberty all over the world would think them justified in doing.

[Dr Hay Fleming refers to this banner both in the Introduction and in the Notes to his elegant edition of Patrick Walker's "Six Saints of the Covenant." In the Introduction, p. xl, he says: "Proof has been furnished that 'the Bluidy Banner' alleged to have been carried at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, was in reality a product of the early part of the following century, and that the party which was responsible for it only comprised about half a dozen men and fewer women." In his Notes, ii. 216, he says further: "It is certainly remarkable that while, on the one hand, the Cameronian writers of the *Confutation* should have regarded the banner as so extraordinary, there should, on the other hand, be no evidence beyond a nineteenth-century tradition to connect it with the pre-Revolution struggle."—Ed.]

The Covenanters' House bears in addition the name of "The Palace." This may arise from its being on the site of the house erected for Queen Margaret, and from its having been used as a resting-place by royalty in the early part of the seventeenth century. Straight down from the house or palace is the Binks, a rock that runs out into the sea, and forms at high water a natural pier. From it Queen Margaret is said to have stepped into the ferry-boat.

The back window of the Covenanters' House looks into the large window of the Carmelite monastery. It has a trefoil arch of the transition period of the thirteenth century. Its simple beauty led us to desire to see the inside of the building. We found, however, that what we saw was the window of what was used as a vault for the mortal remains of the Dundas family, and was not open to the public. This so-called vault, looked at from the outside, has a roof of stone slabs much overgrown with ivy, and must be of considerable size. On the side facing the sea, there is only a dead wall, but on that to the main road there is another trefoil window, but considerably smaller, than that we had seen from the Covenanters' House. Attached to this vault is a square tower. The entrance to it is from the main road, and is a low arch nearly square, with very little ornamentation. Within, all is open up to the vaulted roof. In the east corner is the font, still in good preservation. The walls are of great thickness, as if it had been a place of defence as well as of worship; but the whole is now used as a store, and, when we visited it, was filled with what seemed to be empty herring barrels. The tenant very willingly removed any of the barrels that we might better examine the building; but it was sad to see so interesting a relic of the past devoted to so ignoble uses. We should suppose a monastery must be public property, and that the Commissioners of His Majesty's Woods and Forests are not doing their duty in South Queensferry, when such a building is allowed to remain in its present condition. If its present contents were cleared out, and its surroundings cleansed, and made so that one could walk round about the whole with comfort, it would be an object of no small attraction to Queensferry.

Blackness Castle is about four miles, as the crow flies, to the west of South Queensferry; but partly from the windings of the shore, and partly from the sand and stones over which our path lay in the latter part of our journey, it took us nearly two hours' walking to reach it. As we left South Queensferry, we passed along the now all but disused branch of the North British Railway, made in connection with the once proposed bridge across the ferry. After a mile's walk along the shore, we got upon the road from Queensferry, which here comes close to the water's edge. It skirts the richly-wooded policies of Hopetoun House; while to the north was the shelter of St Margaret's Hope, studded with at least a hundred vessels waiting for a change of wind to take them out to the open sea. Another mile's walk brought us to Society—one or two houses, where the road turns off to the south for Hopetoun House. We followed the road for about a quarter of a mile, until we had a view of the princely range of buildings that forms Hopetoun House, when we retraced our steps until we reached the shore, and walked along the wall which forms a kind of parapet for a considerable distance along the beach. When it ended we took to the sand. The ground now rose up from the sea to the wooded heights on which formerly stood Abercorn Castle. Here the shore trends somewhat to the north-west, and still concealed from view the object of our visit. At last, after an hour's walk from Queensferry, we turned the point, and about two miles from us, on the opposite side of a bay, on a projecting spur running out into the sea, was Blackness Castle. The day was not one of the brightest—it was in the latter end of October, and there was a slight haze over the water which gave the castle in the distance a kind of gaunt, weird-like look. As first seen from the east, it has been said to be like the hulk of a ship of war dismantled and stranded on the shore—and it was only as we came near that the resemblance disappeared. On the land side of the castle a row of three or four plain-looking houses, and to the south-west a more stately abode, have recently been erected. The castle itself originally had no entrance from the land side. It is only in recent times that a gate has been made in the wall that cuts it off from the land. Its one entrance was from the sea. As we walked on the south side of the wall outside of the castle proper, workmen were busy digging down some twelve feet in what at one time must have been a trench or open ditch between it and the mainland. The digging had laid bare the whinstone rock that here rises up from the prevailing sandstone of the district, and forms the foundation on which the castle stands.



BLACKNESS CASTLE

The castle is not open to the public, and it is not desirable that it should be so, for it is now the gunpowder magazine for military purposes for Scotland. But when we told our errand, the gentleman in charge, to whom we were referred, at once said he would be most happy to show us everything that we wished to see; and he certainly, with the greatest courtesy, fulfilled his promise. The castle is of no great size. It is made up of two tall buildings of three or four stories. In one of them is the cell in which Lady Ochiltree, and very likely Barbara Cunningham, Lady Caldwell, were imprisoned. The cell is now as clean as whitewash and paint can make it, and the floor has the appearance of being new; but it is narrow, indeed much more so than cells in our modern prisons, and the window is small and so placed that the inmate could not reach it. In another part of the castle we were shown a dungeon in its original state, the only one in the castle, with an exception immediately to be specified, that is as it would be in the seventeenth century. The floor is earthen, the roof arched, and the light scanty; and the dungeon is wonderfully like, although on a small scale, the Under Whigs' Vault at Dunnottar. The window, unlike that at Dunnottar, has been unbroken, and lets one see what a dark gloomy place the Whigs' Vault must have been.

We were next taken to that in which John Welch was confined. It is a frightful-looking place, compared to which the vaults at Dunnottar are a paradise. It is situated outside of the main buildings, on the west side of the castle. The sea beats upon its outside. We were taken into a room nearly on a level with the rock outside. In the wooden floor was an open trap-door, with the ends of a ladder projecting out of it. On looking down all was dark. We were told to go down, and to take care in going down not to fall off the ladder. It was certainly not a pleasant prospect to look at, but we plucked up courage, and after going down some six feet we stood upon the ground, but on stepping forward from the ladder the floor sloped downwards, and we found we must be standing on the rock that roughly shelved down at an angle of not less than thirty degrees. On trying to look about us we found it was in vain, for we were in all but complete darkness. Above us light streamed from a loop-hole said to be fourteen inches long by four in breadth, but so placed that its rays do not dispel the darkness beneath, save where they strike the opposite wall, four or five feet from the ground, at the upper end of the dungeon.

John Welch was kept in Blackness for nearly sixteen months. It is said that he was not always in the dungeon we had been down to; and it is nearly impossible that he could have been so, for it is difficult to conceive how any man could have maintained existence, beyond a few days at the utmost, in such a place. In a previous chapter—Chapter XXII.—the story of John Welch has been told. He suffered in behalf of a doctrine for which many have suffered in Scotland, the spiritual independence of the Church, the Church's right to regulate its own spiritual affairs, independent of the control or the dictation of the civil power. Englishmen have sometimes fancied that the spiritual independence of the Church is one or both of two things: First, a claim that the clergy manage the Church's affairs apart altogether from the laity. In the lips of a bishop this may be the meaning of the phrase, but not in the idea of a Scotch Presbyterian; for a leading error, that Presbyterianism protests against, is that all Church power rests in the clergy; and the contrary affirmation that it makes, is that there is no such distinction as that made by Episcopacy between the clergy and the laity; that there is no sacerdotal class in the Church; that all its members belong to the priesthood, and have all a right to a substantive part in the government of the Church. Second, that it is a claim on the part of ecclesiastical persons to be exempt from civil control. But no Presbyterian has ever made such a claim, and the Westminster Confession expressly teaches that "ecclesiastical persons are not exempted" from "due obedience to the magistrate" (chap. xxiii., sec. 4). And one remarkable feature in the history of Scottish Presbyterianism is, that while its followers have been noted for their assertion of the spiritual independence of the Church, they have been as distinguished for their attachment to the civil power that occupied the place of royalty. Indeed, it required more than twenty years of absolute misrule, and the setting aside of all the machinery of constitutional government by the later Stuarts, ere the bolder spirits of Scotch Presbyterianism began to think of the course that took effect in the Convention of 1689, proclaiming the throne vacant.

Nothing is known of the first building of Blackness. In the Statistical Account of the parish a brief outline is given of its later history. It seems first to be mentioned in 1548, in the regency of the Earl of Arran, when it was garrisoned by the French. In 1584 the Council resolved to imprison Andrew Melville, for his protesting against their right as a civil power to decide upon spiritual matters. James Melville, in his Autobiography, has vividly depicted his uncle's appearance before the Council. His description at the same time strikingly illustrates what was then understood by the spiritual independence of the Church. He says:

> "I being in Angus, convoying my mother-in-law to her household, made diligence and came to Edinburgh the day of his second appearance. The which day he declined the judicatory of the king and Council, being accused upon no civil crime or transgression, but upon his doctrine uttered from the pulpit. The which, when the king and Captain James [Stewart], then made Great Chancellor, with roaring of lions, and messages of death, had taken so hot, that all the Council and courts of the palace were filled with fear, noise and brutes [rumours]. Mr Andrew never jarging [flinched], nor daschit [abashed] a whit, with magnanimous courage, mighty force of spirit, and fouthe [abundance] of evidence of reason and language, plainly told the king and Council, that they presumed over boldly in a constituted estate of a Christian Kirk—the kingdom of Jesus Christ—passing by and disdaining the prophets, pastors, and doctors of the Kirk to take upon them to judge the doctrine, and controul the ambassadors and messengers of a King and Council greater nor [than] they, and far above them. 'And that,' says he, 'you may see your weakness, oversight, and rashness, in taking upon you that which you neither ought nor can do'—loosing a little Hebrew Bible from his belt, and clanking it down on the board before the king and Chancellor—'there are my instructions and warrant. Let [us] see which of you can judge thereon, or controul me therein, that I have passed by my injunctions?' The Chancellor opening the book, finds it Hebrew, and puts it in the king's hand, saying, 'Sir, he scorns your Majesty and Council.' 'No, my lord,' says Mr Andrew, 'I scorn not; but with all earnestness, zeal, and gravity, I stand for the cause of Jesus Christ and His Kirk.'"

Melville escaped to Berwick. After Melville's time, Blackness Castle was repeatedly used as a prison for those who held like opinions. In the middle of the seventeenth century it seems to have fallen into disrepair. Under date 24th June 1677, Fountainhall notices that the Council wrote to the king, petitioning him "to grant warrant to his Treasury for lifting as much money as will repair the Castle of Blackness for holding prisoners, the Bass being already full." Two years afterwards it was repaired; and during the next nine years was often used as a prison for the persecuted Presbyterians. In the Caldwell Papers, vol. i. p. 140, there is a touching account of the sufferings of Barbara Cunningham, Lady Caldwell, who was imprisoned within its walls from 1683, for three years and a half (and her daughter Jean for six months), without trial, on the information that a preacher had been seen in her bedchamber. At the Union of 1707, Blackness was made one of the four fortresses to be upheld in Scotland for all time coming.

After we had tried to survey Welch's dungeon, we felt we had got quite enough in five minutes of its darkness and confinement, and felt thankful to regain the light and air above, and to think that we lived in happier times, when spiritual independence is regarded by all intelligent Nonconformists as one of their birthrights, which no man dare seek to take from them.

From the dungeon we went down to the sea-gates—a strong iron grating and a thick wooden door—and looked at the massive walls, that are six, or eight, or even nine feet in thickness. Outside of the rampart is the small wooden jetty that enables vessels at once to transfer to the castle the gunpowder with which they may be laden.

As we left the castle we were shown two iron balls, twenty-four or thirty-two pounders, and a smaller ball, a five pounder, a piece of a shell, what looked like one of the vertebræ of a whale, and the skull of a goat, that had been got while digging out the trench on the land side of the castle.

Blackness lies about three miles to the north-east of Linlithgow. The road from it is easily found, for it has almost no offshoots until it reaches Linlithgow.

CHAPTER XXVII

GLEN TROOL—CALDONS—LOCHENKIT

For the sunless cave was the martyr's home,
  And the damp cold earth his bed;
And the thousand lights of the starry dome
Were the suns of his path, while doomed to roam
  O'er the wilds where his brothers bled.
—Brown.

Upon the first Friday of June—a June that had been unusually early in its vegetation, from the unusually abundant sunshine of the season—we started from Newton-Stewart for Glen Trool.

We had with us one of the ministers of Newton-Stewart, who was full of the history and traditions of the district, and on our way we picked up the tenant of Cumlodan Mill, whom we soon found to be a living cyclopædia of all that related to Loch Trool and its surroundings.

The day was one of singular beauty. The sun shone in the fulness of its strength, with now and then a cloud stealing over it, and giving a short interval of escape from its rays. All around was clothed in the fresh green of early summer. There was just breeze enough to stir the leaves of the trees in the woods through which so much of our journey lay, and to keep away the sultriness so apt to manifest its presence on a day of bright sunshine. Our road lay on the east side of the Cree. About a mile from Newton-Stewart we passed a spot marked on the Ordnance Map as "Wallace's Camp." Very likely it is here that Wallace encamped when, according to Blind Harry, book vi., 886, he took

"A strength . . . on the Water of Cree.
Within a rock right stalwart wrought of tree."

Two miles farther on, when nearly opposite the site of Castle Stewart, the road ran close to the river, and took us in among trees. The oaks grew thickly together on the rising ground above us, and downwards to the water's edge, and piles of cut wood lay here and there waiting for the operation of bark-peeling. We were in the Wood of Cree.

A mile farther, and we passed, on the opposite side of the river, Penningham House, a modern mansion situated among finely-wooded and well-kept grounds. Here our friends pointed out to us, about four miles to the east, Barncauchlaw, the birthplace of the Rev. John Macmillan of Balmaghie, so associated with the early history of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, a sympathetic memorial of whom has been published by Rev. Dr Reid, minister of that parish.

Near Penningham House the Cree begins to spread out almost into a lake, and continues in this lake-like form for nearly two miles. At the time of our visit, owing to the dry season, the water had shrunk down into a very narrow bed.

We soon passed the cruives of Cree. Here, according to M'Ilwraith, in his excellent guide to Wigtownshire, not many years ago there was a dam or caul across the river. In the centre of this dam a trap or cruive was set to catch salmon. In the absence of bridges these cruives or dams were much used for crossing the river, and hence were well-known landmarks.

Three miles north from Penningham, we reached the junction of the Minnoch with the Cree, but our road took us half a mile farther, where we broke off, not far from a house that bears the name of Clachaneasy, said to be a corruption of Clachan Iosa, "the Hamlet of Jesus." The tradition of the district is that it is the site of an early settlement of the pioneers in Scotland of our holy faith.

It was about three more miles ere we crossed the Minnoch, and, leaving it behind us, entered Glen Trool. As we left the Minnoch, its tributary, the Water of Trool, began to appear. It threads its way for about two miles at the bottom of the glen, until Loch Trool, out of which it flows, came into view.

About a quarter of a mile from Loch Trool, a narrow cart road, seemingly not much frequented, leads to the Caldons. This road soon crosses the Water of Trool by a wooden bridge. Here we left our conveyance, and followed a path for about two hundred yards due south from the bridge, through brushwood and trees. The stepping-stones we came upon showed that in an ordinary season the ground must be wet and spongy, but now all was parched and withered. The stepping-stones were soon crossed, and on a dry knoll was the object of our search. It is a square enclosure, formed by a stone wall, five feet in height and ten feet in length on each of its four sides. The martyrs' stone stands in the centre. It is of a size and appearance similar to many others in Galloway, being two and a half feet high by two feet in breadth. Its lettering is deeply cut, and several of the letters are run into one another to economise space. The inscription is:

HERE LYES
JAMES AND ROBERT
DUNS, THOMAS AND
JOHN STEVENSONS,
JAMES M'CLIVE
ANDREU M'CALL WHO
WERE SURPRISED
AT PRAYER IN THIS
HOUSE BY COLONELL
DOUGLAS LIEVTENANT
LIVINGSTON AND

Other side:

CORNET
JAMES DOUGLAS, AND
BY THEM MOST IMPIOVS
LY AND CRUELLY
MURTHER'D FOR THEIR
ADHERENCE TO SCOT-
LAND'S REFORMATION
COVENANTS NATIONAL
AND SOLEMN LEAGUE
1685

There are also two oblong stones on the wall with the following inscriptions:

IN MEMORY
OF
SIX MARTYRS
WHO
SUFFERED AT THIS SPOT
FOR THEIR
ATTACHMENT TO THE COVENANTED CAUSE
OF CHRIST
IN SCOTLAND
JAN. 23. 1685

ERECTED
BY THE VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS
OF A CONGREGATION
WHO WAITED ON THE MINISTRATIONS
OF THE REV. GAVIN ROWATT OF WHITHORN.
LORD'S DAY AUG. XIX.
MDCCCXXVII

The notice of these six martyrs in the "Cloud of Witnesses" is short. It is: "The said Colonel or Lieutenant-General James Douglas, with Lieutenant Livingstone and Cornet Douglas, surprised six men at prayer at the Caldunes, in the parish of Minniegaff, viz., James Dun, Robert Dun, Andrew Macaulay, Thomas Stevenson, John M'Clude, and John Stevenson, in January 1685."

Wodrow's account is substantially the same as that in the "Cloud," with the addition that nothing was charged against them but that they were persons in hiding and at prayer. "Whether the oath of Abjuration was offered or not my information does not bear; but without any further process they were immediately taken out and shot to death."

The farmhouse of Caldons stood not far from the monument. Its site is marked by a heap of stones. The tradition is that it was upon a Sabbath morning, and when they were engaged in prayer and in reading the Scriptures, that the dragoons surprised the six martyrs; a seventh, a Dun, brother of the two Duns that were shot, managed to escape from the house, and was closely pursued by two of the soldiers. Seeing no other way of safety, he made for Loch Trool. For the moment a little hill concealed him from the view of his pursuers as he ran into the water. Once in the loch he got in among reeds, where, although his head was above the water, he was entirely out of sight. The soldiers fired at random, but no shot came near him.

How long he remained standing up to his neck in the water is not recorded, but he remained so long—and the time was the month of January—that he shivered with cold and caught fever. When he came out he took refuge in a house close to the loch. Here the inmates sent him to bed while his clothes were drying. The fever soon appeared, and raged with great violence until his life was despaired of. A young woman in the house carefully nursed him during his long illness. At last he recovered, and the story pleasantly ends by saying that after a time Dun married his nurse.

In the "Cloud of Witnesses" and in Wodrow two of the names are given as Andrew Macaulay and John M'Clude. On the stone they are James M'Clive and Andrew M'Call. M'Clive and M'Call are not uncommon names in the neighbourhood, so that "Macaulay" and "M'Clude" are possibly errors in the first transcription.

After copying the inscriptions on the stones, we retraced our steps to the bridge, and then proceeded onward until we came in full sight of Loch Trool and were close to its edge. Loch Trool is a sheet of water running north-east, about a mile and three-quarters in length and about a quarter of a mile in breadth. Its surface is not much more than two hundred feet above the level of the sea; but Lamachan Hill, the highest point of the range to the south, rises to the height of 2349 feet, while Buchan Hill, to its north, is 1600 feet, and a mile westward Bennan, so noted for the cup and ring markings recently found near its summit, rises to 1780 feet. It thus lies embosomed among hills that stretch away north, south, and west for miles, range behind range. These hills are not so much grassy hills, like those of Dumfriesshire, as rough, wild, and broken, with trees few and far between, though said once to have been clothed with wood, the forest of Buchan. Be this as it may, the sight was no ordinary one, and we did not wonder that Gallowegians should have spoken so rapturously of the grandeur and wild beauty of the scenery of Loch Trool.

Glen Trool has another story than that of the graves of the martyrs. At the far end of the loch, on its other side, due west from the Lodge where we had rested, is the scene of one of Robert Bruce's victories, when success began to attend him in his efforts to free his country from the yoke of Edward. He had retreated to the head of the loch, when he at once saw how favourable the path which runs not far from the water's edge was for intercepting the English forces, should they try to pursue him, as he suspected they would. The path is narrow, and at a place where it rises precipitously twenty feet above the water's edge, and where the hill above it is equally steep and rugged, he resolved to await the advance of the English troops. His followers, posted above the pass, had meanwhile, during the night, loosened as many blocks or boulders of granite as possible, and had them ready, at a given signal, to hurl down.

The English forces soon appeared in pursuit, cavalry in the van, heavy armed billmen following, and archers protecting their flanks. They came on unsuspectingly, when at the bugle's sound Bruce's followers began to roll down the huge stones they had ready. The vanguard was at once thrown into confusion, and in a few minutes were swept over the precipice into Loch Trool. The billmen and archers immediately turned and fled, and did not stay until they got beyond the Cree, at least five miles away.

The victory cheered Bruce's somewhat dispirited forces, and did much to bring about their future successes.

We did not go to the scene of the battle on the other side of the loch, for the day was already far spent; but we could easily see that the wild-looking hills on the opposite side were just the place where such a victory could have been gained. Happy it is that such troubled times have for centuries been in the past, and that the two nations, once so hostile to each other, have for many a day been in heart and soul one kingdom.

But we had now somewhat reluctantly to leave Loch Trool behind us, and set out upon our homeward journey. We were soon again on the banks of the Cree; but now we took the western side, where we found the road broader and smoother and more fitted for taking us quickly home than the one we came by. The country through which we passed ere we got to the Cree seemed to be, as it was round about Loch Trool, almost without an inhabitant—for miles not a house was to be seen. Yet it must have been very different a century ago, and for centuries earlier; at least as far back as the Roman occupation in the fifth century, a large population must have peopled the valleys and hills we had now been gazing upon. According to the Ordnance Map, there are traces of the Deil's Dyke about two miles to the west of where we crossed Cree, and the Deil's Dyke implies a population both numerous and wealthy.

Since we visited Loch Trool it can now be pleasantly reached from Dumfries in the summer months on Mondays by the early train to Newton-Stewart, where a conveyance waits for passengers, and returns from the loch in the afternoon.

Lochenkit is in the parish of Kirkpatrick-Durham, and is about eleven miles due west of Dumfries. It is best approached by the road to Corsock, and then, when about eleven miles upon the road, turning off to the north at Brooklands; at two miles distance, and along a seemingly unused but unusually excellent road for a country district, the Martyrs' Monument and Tomb are reached. We chose another way.

We took the conveyance that leaves Dumfries in the afternoon, and, after three hours' leisurely driving, reached Corsock, where, under the hospitable roof of our learned father in the ministry, the late Dr Robert Smith, we rested for the night. One of the advantages of this plan was, that we saw the country to great advantage; and the time was the first week of July, when all nature is in its best attire.

The country through which we passed was mainly pastoral. The surface was undulating rather than hilly in the Scotch sense of the term, and the black cattle for which Kirkcudbright and Galloway are so famous were scattered over the fields. In the background, especially as we entered Kirkpatrick-Irongray and

Kirkpatrick-Durham, the hills, rising in some instances to thirteen hundred feet or more, began to appear.

Corsock has been chiefly noted in our time as the residence of the late Alexander Murray Dunlop, M.P. for Greenock, and a leading legal counsellor of the evangelical party in the Established Church that ultimately formed the Free Church. But it has an earlier fame. The foundations of the old castle of Corsock are still shown upon the farm of Hallcroft, between Corsock Loch and the Water of Urr. Here was the residence of John Neilson of Corsock. When Gabriel Semple, minister of Kirkpatrick-Durham, was outed from his parish by act of Council in 1662, he took up his abode with Neilson at Corsock. He preached in the castle to all-comers, but it soon became too small for his audience, and he took to the garden. It, too, was soon too small, and he was compelled to go to the open field. He is said to have been the first to begin the field-preaching that ere long became a characteristic of the times of persecution, and was branded by the Government with the title of conventicle. Neilson was soon informed against by the curate, and Sir James Turner exacted a hundred pounds Scots from him, and sent him prisoner to Kirkcudbright. This was only the beginning of his troubles. Troopers were quartered upon him until his substance was devoured, and he and his tenants well-nigh ruined. After such usage it is not to be wondered at that he took part in the rising at Pentland. He was taken prisoner, and was put to the torture in the boots, a form of examination that for a great many years had fallen into disuse in Scotland, but was now revived for Neilson. Wodrow says that Corsock suffered fearfully, so that his shrieks would have melted anybody but those present. Nothing was got out of him except what he had already declared, that it was the oppression of the country that had forced him and his friends to rise in arms. His Testimony is in "Naphtali." It is tersely written, and very clearly states the causes of the rising at Pentland. His faith and hope in Christ, and his confidence that the Lord would yet arise in due time and plead His own cause, appear on its pages as strikingly as his patriotism. He signed it December 14, 1666, the day on which he was executed at Edinburgh.

About a mile from Corsock parish church we struck across the country westward, and got up between two plantations on the high moorland that stretches for miles to the north of Lochenkit. We soon found that we had gone too far to the north; for to the south, fully half a mile away, lay Lochenkit, a sheet of water, lying east and west about six or seven hundred yards in length, and half as many in breadth. According to the Ordnance Map, it is nearly seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the hills that rise up from it and encircle it are from two to four hundred feet higher. As we stood upon the southern heights above the loch we could see all round us, but we saw no trace of the martyrs' graves, as we had been led to expect from a line engraving by William B. Scott, of a picture by Thomson of Duddingston, entitled "Martyrs' Tombs," and in between the word MARTYRS and the word TOMBS, there is in smaller type the inscription on the stone, and then below it in larger type,

IN THE BOG OF LOCHINKETT, GALLOWAY.

It is inscribed "To John Wilson, Esq., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh." As the scene we now gazed upon had no resemblance to that in the picture, we then remembered Mr Harper's note in his "Rambles in Galloway," that the picture represents not Lochenkit but Glen Trool. And it certainly does. It is a vivid representation of its wild grandeur, with the solitude of the martyrs' graves in the foreground. How the mistake originated Mr Harper does not say. Can it be that Thomson made pictures of both lochs, and copied the inscriptions upon the martyrs' stone, but in forgetfulness interchanged them, and gave to the one picture the inscription proper to the other?

As it was, the picture had sent us to the wrong side of Lochenkit. But we did not regret our mistake, for we had seen the extent of the Lochenkit moors far better than if we had taken the usual road, and had realised the loneliness that reigns in such regions. We walked from two to three hours over the moors, but not a house nor a person did we see. Sheep and cattle were the only inhabitants. All else was solitude.

After looking about us, and wondering how so many square miles of country should have as its only inhabitants flocks or herds, we turned to the Ordnance Map, to see where the monument lay from the loch, when we learned that half a mile to the south-west we would find the object of our search. It was even so. As we climbed up from the loch, the monument upon the hillside came in view, and as we got nearer we saw the martyrs' tomb some two hundred yards north-east from it.

The monument is perched upon a height that enables it to be seen for miles around. It is a square obelisk of granite, surmounted by a hand pointing heavenward. On the side that looks down to the martyrs' monument is the following inscription:

YONDER LIE
WILLIAM HERON FROM GLENCAIRN
JOHN GORDON }
WILLIAM STEWART } GALLOWAY
JOHN WALLACE }
MEN WHO WERE FOUND OUT AND SHOT
DEAD HERE 2nd MARCH 1685
BY CAPTAIN BRUCE FOR THEIR
ADHERENCE TO SCOTLANDS
COVENANTED REFORMATION.
TO COMMEMORATE THE
PRINCIPLES FOR WHICH THESE
MARTYRS SUFFERED THIS
MONUMENT IS ERECTED BY
SUBSCRIPTION AFTER SERMONS
1843

The martyrs' stone, as at Loch Trool, is enclosed within a stone wall, five feet in height. A clump of trees overshadows it. It is a flat stone, raised about a foot from the ground, and has been repaired in 1823, and again in 1892. The names of the gentlemen who preached the sermons that preceded the subscription for the erection of the monument, are engraven after the inscription taken from the old stone. The same thing has been done with the martyrs' stone. The names of the preachers at collections for its repair are also engraven alongside of the original inscription. As this practice comes again and again under our notice, let it suffice, once for all, to express our disapproval of it; and to ask,—Is it not unseemly to have any names upon such stones other than the names of the martyrs themselves? Does it not seem like intrusion into holy ground? The inscription upon the old stone is in the "Cloud of Witnesses." It is:

HERE LYES
Four Martyrs, John Wallace, William
Heron, John Gordon, and William
Stewart, found out and shot dead
upon this place by Captain *Bruce*
and Captain *Lag* for their adhearing
to the Word of GOD, CHRIST'S Kingly
Government in his house and the
Covenanted work of reformation
against Tyranny, Perjury, Prelacy
2 March MDCLXXXV.
Rev. chap. XII. ver. 11:

Behold
Here in this wilderness we lie
Four witnesses of hellish cruelty
Our lives and blood could not their ire assuage
But when we're dead, they did against us rage,
That match the like, we think, ye scarcely can
Except the *Turk* or *Duke de Alva's* men.

Repaired by the friends of civil and
religious Liberty.

The notice of these martyrs in the "Cloud of Witnesses" is, "The said Captain Bruce surprised at Lochenkit, in the parish of Kirkpatrick [Durham] in Galloway, six men and instantly killed dead four of them, viz., John Gordon, William Stewart, William Heron, and John Wallace, and carried the other two, Edward Gordon and Alexander M'Cubin of Glencairn, prisoners; and the next day he and Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg, without any trial, caused hang them upon a growing tree near the kirk of Irongray, and left them hanging, 19 February, 1685, O.S." Their story is told in the chapter upon Irongray.

The tradition still existing in the neighbourhood is that the martyrs had been at a meeting for prayer, near the Brooklands. They had left the meeting, but had not gone far when they came to a low swampy part at the hill foot, when the cry of the pees-weeps (green plover, or lapwing or pee-wit) betrayed them to the soldiers, now upon their track. Eight were taken prisoners; six were put to death as is told in the extract from the "Cloud of Witnesses," and two were banished to the West Indies. One of the two was Robert Grier or Grierson, farmer in Lochenkit. Robert survived the Revolution, and came home. His wife had for several years supposed him to be dead, and was known in the neighbourhood as widow Grier. One night she thought she heard a footstep outside the house. She went to the door with the dog to see, but the dog left her at the door, and she hearing a voice, said to herself, "If my husband had been living it is him with the dog;" and so it was, and in a few minutes she was in his arms.

Robert Grierson died at Lochenkit. The late Rev. Alexander Grierson, M.A., Minister of the Free Church, Irongray, was one of his descendants.

After we had copied the inscriptions and looked about us we set out homewards, due south from the monument, and speedily were in the road by Brooklands that, in about half an hour's walking, brought us to the highway from Corsock to Dumfries.

CHAPTER XXVIII

CROSSMICHAEL AND BALMAGHIE

Their home was oft the mountain cave,
  Their couch the waving fern,
Their pillow oft the grey moss stone,
  In moorlands dark and stern.—M. P. AIRD.

CROSSMICHAEL lies on the line of railway from Dumfries to Portpatrick, and is the first station after leaving Castle-Douglas. The village is small, but the two rows of houses that form its single street are tidy and clean. The population of the parish is 1260, and that of the village about 300. The parish church is a prominent object from the railway, and is within two minutes' walk of the station. The martyrs' grave is on the south side of the churchyard. The stone is an upright one, three feet in height by two in breadth. It was in good condition when we visited it in the spring of 1887, and had the appearance of recent repair. The inscription is in large, deeply cut letters. It is:

HERE LYES
WILLIAM GRAHAM
WHO MAKEING HIS
ESCAPE FROM HIS
MOTHERS HOUSE
WAS PURSUED AND
TAKEN AND INSTANT-
LY SHOT DEAD BY
A PARTY OF CLAVER-
HOUSES TROOP FOR

On other side a death's head and crossbones, and

MEMENTO MORI

HIS ADHERENCE
TO SCOTLANDS
REFORMATION CO
VENANTS NATION
AL AND SOLEMN
LEAGUE 1682.

In a short "Memorial of the Sufferings and Grievances of the Presbyterians in Scotland," printed in the year 1690, and reprinted in the "Cloud of Witnesses" in 1714, it is said: "John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, in the year 1682, with a party of his troop, pursued William Graham in the parish of in Galloway, making his escape from his mother's house, and overtaking him instantly shot him dead." The inscription on the tombstone is in the first edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," 1714.

No mention is made of Graham in Wodrow's or Crookshank's "Histories," but voluminous as is Wodrow's "History," it is far from giving a complete list of the cruelties and murders perpetrated by Claverhouse in the south of Scotland. Indeed, Wodrow in many pages gives only a sample rather than an exhaustive statement.

Claverhouse's commission, dated January 31, 1682, is in Wodrow, and it is a commission that would sanction any enormity. The persons that he is to call before him, and bring to public punishment and example, are described as "several persons of disaffected and seditious principles in the shires of Wigton and Dumfries, and the Stewartries of Kirkcudbright and Annandale, who have for disquiet and disturbance of the peace for divers years past deserted the public ordinances in their parish churches, haunted and frequented rebellious field conventicles, and committed divers other disorders of that nature."

No doubt William Graham would be one of these persons. Happily times are changed, and what the Commission counted an offence we now regard as greatly to his commendation. Indeed, it is to his praise, that in evil times he loved to hear the gospel of the grace of God, from the lips of men who held that God alone is lord of the conscience, and that the civil ruler goes out of his place and usurps power never given to him, when he attempts to prescribe in matters of faith and divine worship. Is it not a misnomer to call the man who accepted this commission, and who has left behind him a name by no means forgotten in the south of Scotland for carrying it out in the most ruthless and cruel manner, an "English Worthy"? But this is what Mr Andrew Lang, the author of many readable and instructive volumes, has done in one of his series of biographies entitled "English Worthies," namely, that on "Claverhouse" by Mowbray Morris. It is surely in irony or in derision to give a man of the evil reputation of Claverhouse, a place alongside such illustrious men as Blake, Raleigh, and Canning.

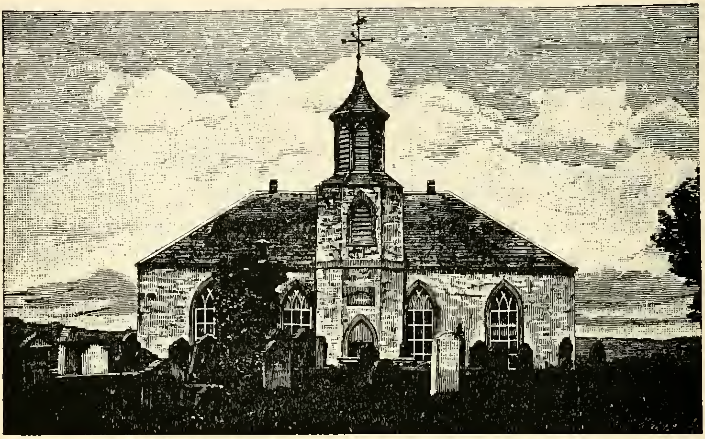
Crossmichael Church has been a place of worship from

Reformation times, and, from its name, must have been so before the Reformation. The churchyard contains many tombstones, and has recently been enlarged. We noticed a stone sadly decayed, and with the inscription peeling off, to commemorate

THAT BURNING AND SHINING LIGHT
REVERNt MR JOHN MURDOCH
WHO DIED 1ST AUG. 1700.

Crossmichael was the place where Dr David Welsh first exercised his ministry. He was afterwards translated to Glasgow, and from thence to the Chair of Church History, in the University of Edinburgh. He was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1842; and, at its meeting in 1843, after sermon, tabled the memorable Protest against the jurisdiction attempted to be exercised by the civil courts over the courts of the Church in matters spiritual, that was followed up by the withdrawal of the evangelical party from the Established Church, and the formation of the Free Church. Dr Welsh, when in Crossmichael, published his life of Dr Thomas Brown of Edinburgh University. The "Life" is a remarkable book for a young minister to have produced in a country charge. It no doubt led to his appointment as Professor of Church History in the same University. Dr Welsh does not seem to have had any previous special acquaintance with Church history; but he at once devoted himself to its study. For years after his appointment, he is said to have shunned every occupation save that of preparation for his chair. His lectures were a great success, and gave new life to the study of Church history in Scotland. In 1844 he published, under the title "Elements of Church History," the first volume of a work that was to have extended to six or seven volumes; but he died April 24 of the following year. It was hoped that the rest of his lectures, which, from all accounts, were in a state of great completeness, would have been published, as has so often been done in Scotland after the death of some eminent teacher. That this expectation has not been realised is much to be regretted, as no one can read the published volume without feeling that it is a book of great value; and that the lectures that were to have been the material for the succeeding volumes, must have had the interest that his students declare they possessed. It is true that had the lectures been published they would have been without the notes and appendices which Dr Welsh would have added. But as a rule notes to a historical work, though useful to the student, do not add much to the value and interest of a book. But the time for their publication is now past. In the half-century since Dr Welsh died, Church history has received so many elucidations by the researches of learned scholars, that it is now almost a new department of human knowledge. The Church histories of fifty years ago are in our time well-nigh obsolete.

Balmaghie Parish Church is fully half a mile to the south-west of Crossmichael, and is a prominent object upon the opposite side of the river Dee, which here widens into a loch fully a quarter of a mile in breadth. Hence, Balmaghie is usually approached by the road from Castle-Douglas. A kind friend, however, had directed us to go to the innkeeper in Crossmichael, who would row us over. We did so, and found the innkeeper from home, for it happened to be the market day; but he was well represented by an intelligent young man, who at once said he would take us over. We were soon in the boat, and in a few minutes were landed upon the opposite shore.



BALMAGHIE CHURCH

Balmaghie Church and churchyard stand upon a rising ground not far from our landing-place. The monument we were in search of was easily found. It lies on the south side of the church, and is a flat stone six feet in length by three in breadth. It stands upon six supports, two feet from the ground. The inscription is deeply cut; and several of the letters, such as NE and TH, are joined together, so as to make part of the one do duty for part of the other, an economy of cutting very common, as we have seen, upon the martyr stones in the south of Scotland. The inscription is:

> HERE LYES DAVID HALLIDAY, PORTIONER OF MEIFEILD WHO
> WAS SHOT UPON THE 21 OF FEBR 1685, AND OF
> DAVID HALLIDAY ONCE IN GLENAPE WHO WAS LIKEWISE
> SHOT UPON THE 11 OF JULY, 1685, FOR THEIR ADHERENCE TO
> THE PRINCIPLES OF SCOTLANDS COVENANTED REFORMATIONE.
>
> BENEATH THIS STONE TWO DAVID HALLIDAYS
> DOE LY WHOSE SOULS NOU SING THEIR MASTERS PRAISE
> TO KNOU IF CURIOUS PASSENGERS DESYRE
> FOR WHAT, BY WHOME AND HOU THEY DID EXPYRE
> THEY DID OPPOSE THIS NATIONS PERJUREY
> NOR COULD THEY JOYN WITH LORDLY PRELACY
> INDULGING FAVOURS FROM CHRISTS ENEMIES
> QUENCHED NOT THEIR ZEAL THIS MONUMENT THEN CRYES
> THESE WERE THE CAUSES NOT TO BE FORGOT
> WHY THEY BY LAG SO WICKEDLY WERE SHOT.
> ONE NAME, ONE CAUSE ONE GRAVE ONE HEAVEN DO TY
> THEIR SOULS TO THAT ONE GOD ETERNALLY.

David Halliday, in the "Short Memorial" of 1690, is described as "Portioner of Mayfield." Mayfield is a very common name in Scotland—the County Directory has no less than twenty-seven Mayfields; but here it is most likely to be the Mayfield to the west of the martyrs' monument on Kirkconnel Moor. Along with Bell of Whiteside, Jas. Clement, Andrew M'Robert, and Robert Lennox, he was surprised by Grierson of Lagg, and killed on the spot. Nothing more is known of him.

The second David Halliday is said to have been "once in Glenape," very likely the same as Glengap, the glen that gives a name to Glengapburn, the burn that skirts Mayfield on the east. The account of him in the "Memorial" is:

"The Laird of Lagg with the Earl of Annandale having command of some troops of heritors pursued another David Halliday and George Short, and apprehended and shot them under cloud of night in the parish of Twynholm in Galloway, anno 1685."

The stone over the mortal remains of George Short is in the south-west part of the churchyard. It stands upright, and is about three feet in height by two in breadth. It has the same characteristics as the stone to the Hallidays. The letters are deeply cut and sometimes combined, and in all likelihood have come under the chisel of Old Mortality. The inscription is:

HERE LYES
GEORGE SHORT
WHO WAS PURSUED
AND TAKEN AND
INSTANTLY SHOT
TO DEATH UNDER
CLOUD OF NIGHT
IN THE PAROCH
OF TONGUELAND
BY GRIER OF LAG.

On other side:

Death's head and cross bones.

MEMENTO MORI.

AND THE EARLE
OF ANNANDALE
BECAUSE OF HIS
ADHERENCE TO
SCOTLANDS RE
FORMATION COVE
NANTS NATIONAL
AND SOLEMN
LEAGUE 1685.

Wodrow gives as the date when this murder was perpetrated June 10th, but the lines upon the monument to the second David Halliday make it the 11th of July. Wodrow's account is more detailed, but is substantially the same as that of the "Memorial." The Earl of Annandale and Grierson of Lagg were in search of Nonconformists, and such as refused the ensnaring oaths devised by those who were then in power. The Earl of Annandale seems to have been in advance of Lagg, and he fell in with David Halliday and George Short. On their surrender he gave them quarter till their trial upon the following day. When Lagg came up and saw them, he would have shot them immediately as they lay bound upon the ground. They begged for a day to prepare for death; and the Earl of Annandale told Lagg that he had promised to give them till to-morrow. But Lagg was inexorable. He swore they should have no time, and ordered his men immediately to fire upon them. At first the men, less hardened than their master, refused, until he threatened to do it himself, when they shot them dead as they lay upon the ground, where their bodies remained till next day.

Balmaghie is the parish where the Rev. John Macmillan, the first minister of the Reformed Presbytery, afterwards the Reformed

Presbyterian Church, laboured for a number of years. Macmillan was ordained 18th September 1701. His predecessor was also a John Macmillan, A.M., ordained in 1693, who died July 26th, 1700, in the thirty-seventh year of his age; but, although of the same name, there was no relationship between them. The first Macmillan seems to have been a man of feeble health, or, as his successor expresses it, of a "valetudinary disposition, he being always in a dying condition, where through (*i.e.*, whereby) his public work was often retarded." The other Macmillan was a man of a different mould. The scroll minutes of the session in his own easily-read handwriting, from the date of his ordination to December 27th, 1702, are still in existence. The first entry is a specimen of the faithfulness to duty that characterised him during his long ministry.

> "Mr John M'Millan was ordained minr. in Balm'ghie the 18th of September 1701 years.
>
> "Sept. 23.—The forsd. Mr John desiring the elders and deacons after sermon to stay and the Session met after prayer. Sederunt—Minr. and elders [what follows was done in ye week days] 1, inquired, how many elders there was and deacons; its answered nine elders and two deacons. 2nd enquired if the parish was divided into quarters amongst the elders; its ansrd. No—there being a purpose of adding some moe to yr number, delays ye division of the parish into quarters till the new addition. 3 inquired what utensils yr was belonging to kirk and parish; its ansred. Non, save two coupes, two tables, and boxes for colecting ye poors money. 4 inquired qt. money yr was out belonging to ye poor and qt. security they had for it; its ansred. about fortie pound Scots, which was in several hands, but ye persons were sufficient enough, and yt yer had no security save of on man for twentie pound Scots, yr is 7 pounds Scots of the 40 for the us[e] of poor and oyr wiys.
>
> "No delations [*i.e.*, accusations] for the tyme.
>
> "Collected for the poor yt day, 02 04 0" [*i.e.*, £0 3s 8d]."

Macmillan soon evinced the same activity in the Church courts as in the session and in the congregation.

In 1702 the Synod of Galloway enjoined the ministers to explain the National Covenant to their people. This duty Macmillan discharged, and, in addition, he also expounded the nature and objects of the Solemn League and Covenant. The National Covenant mainly looks at Romanism, but the Solemn League took a wider range. In its title it is said to be for "The Reformation and Defence of Religion, the Honour and Happiness of the King, and the Peace and Safety of the three Kingdoms." This study of the Solemn League no doubt prepared Macmillan for the course he now entered upon. In July 1703, he, together with two other ministers, petitioned the Presbytery to assert the Divine Right of

Presbyterian Church Government, the intrinsic right of the Church courts to manage their own affairs, and the Headship of Christ over the Church. To understand why he did so, we must glance at the politics of the period.

The accession of Anne to the throne on the death of William III., March 8th, 1702, awakened the hopes of the Jacobites, for the new Queen and her advisers were supposed to be inclined to their cause. The Queen's letter to the Assembly in 1703 had a clause which seemed to be less favourable to Presbyterianism than former royal letters. The Assembly read between the lines of the letter, and saw in it an ignoring or a denial of the scriptural character of Presbyterianism. Hence the answer of the Assembly to the Queen declared Presbyterianism to be agreeable to the Word of God, and most conducive to the advancement of true religion and godliness.

At a later session of the General Assembly, while the records of several Synods were under consideration, in which the intrinsic power of the Church courts to meet and settle their own spiritual affairs was asserted, and while the Assembly was about to express its approval of these synodical utterances, Lord Seaforth, the Lord High Commissioner, rose and dissolved the Assembly in the Queen's name.

This was not the first time since the Revolution of 1688 that the civil magistrate had invaded the province of the Church, and interfered with her right to summon or dissolve her meetings. The Assembly appointed to be held in November 1691 was prorogued until January 1692, and when it met was suddenly dissolved by the Lord High Commissioner without ever entering upon any business. After a period of two years the Crown called an Assembly to meet in December 1693, but afterwards postponed it until March 1694. The next Assembly was fixed for April 1695, but was adjourned three several times before it was permitted to meet.

It is not wonderful that this new invasion by the civil magistrate upon the Church's right to regulate its meetings, gave great alarm to earnest evangelical Presbyterians throughout the Church; and that Macmillan, full of youthful zeal to proclaim the truth, should have petitioned the Presbytery as he had done.

But his petition was unpalatable to the majority of his brethren in the Presbytery. Some of them were afraid lest they should provoke the wrath of the Government, and others had no conviction of the scriptural character of Presbyterianism. Efforts were made to get him to withdraw his petition. These efforts succeeded with the two ministers associated with him, but not with Macmillan himself. He would neither withdraw nor be silent in the matter. The Presbytery now appointed a visitation of his congregation to take place upon December 30, 1703. But the real purpose of the Presbytery was not visitation. It was to serve a libel upon him, charging him with following divisive courses. This libel had been prepared without Macmillan's knowledge; and, when the day for visitation came round, it was handed to the Presbytery officer to read at the church door when the Presbytery met. But Macmillan, who opened the proceedings at the visitation by a sermon, according to the usual practice at that period, got hold of the libel, and read it to his audience, "obtesting them to produce whatever they had to lay to his charge."

After sermon the trial took place, but not one of the charges could be substantiated. The Presbytery now offered to proceed no further if the petition were withdrawn; but Macmillan declined to do so, and the meeting broke up. A few of the members, however, went to the neighbouring church and reconstituted the meeting of Presbytery; and, without summoning Macmillan, deposed him from the office of the Christian ministry.

This deposition was undoubtedly an unwarranted stretch of power. Macmillan was only asking for old paths when he petitioned the Presbytery to assert the Divine right of Presbytery, and it was altogether illegal to depose a minister without summoning him to be present at his trial. But the secret of this summary mode of procedure was the unevangelical and Jacobite sympathies of some of the members of the Presbytery, for even at that early period Moderatism was taking up its abode in the Church of Scotland.

Macmillan did not own the sentence; he continued to preach, and resided in the manse, for more than twenty years. The people of the parish remained with him. The deposition does not seem in any way to have affected his position in the district in which he lived. In 17— he married Mary Gordon, daughter of the Honourable Sir Alexander Gordon of Earlstoun, an alliance that he could not have formed had the sentence of the Presbytery been regarded in the south of Scotland as just and well merited. He did not formally separate himself from the Established Church till September 29th, 1708, when he and a probationer, Mr John M'Neil, "sent to the Commission of the Kirk at Edinburgh 'a Protestation, Declinatur, and Appeal.'"

The Protestation is a quarto of six pages, and sets forth in strong terms the evils of the times in Church and State. There is much in it that to us may seem harsh and overstated, but it was an age in which men did not use honeyed words when they spoke of what they believed to be wrong. Macmillan had manifestly a lofty conception of what the Church should be, and his idea of the State was not behind that which he entertained of the Church. The Church was a holy society, with rights and liberties secured to it by its divine Founder; while the State was not less than the Church to be an embodiment of the law of Him by whom kings reign and princes decree justice.

The last sentence of the Protestation shows very distinctly that Macmillan and his fellow-protestor had no intention of founding a new sect, and becoming "separatists from the Kirk of Scotland." It is: "Finally that we may not be judged by any as persons of an Infallible Spirit, and our Actions above the cognisance of the Judicatories of Christ's Appointment. We appeal to the first Free, Faithful and rightly constitute Assembly in this Church, to whose Decision and Sentence in the things lybelled against us, we willingly refer our selves, and crave liberty to extend, and enlarge this our Protestation, Declinature and Appeal as need requires."

For several years before Macmillan gave in this Protestation, he must have seen that continuance in the Established Church was in the meantime hopeless. The Societies, the followers of Richard Cameron and James Renwick, seem early to have entertained the conviction that Macmillan, in his contendings with the Presbytery, was occupying the same ground as themselves. Shortly after his deposition the General Meeting of the Societies invited him to meet with them. He accepted their invitation. They met together several times, until at last, October 10th, 1706, the Societies gave him a unanimous call to be their minister. He soon saw it his duty to accept the call, and on December 2nd, 1706, he began his ministry among the members of the Societies by a sermon at Crawfordjohn.

The members of the Societies were widely scattered over the south of Scotland, but Macmillan faithfully visited them in succession. Wodrow, in his Correspondence, makes not very friendly reference to his visits to Eastwood and its neighbourhood, and so does Boston in his Autobiography, of his occasional visits to Ettrick; but it is not difficult to see in these references that Macmillan must have been an attractive preacher. M'Neil continued to labour with him until his death in 1722. For the next twenty-one years Macmillan was alone, until he was joined by the Rev. Thomas Nairn, a minister who had been expelled from the Associate Presbytery for holding views similar to those of Macmillan. Nairn's accession led to the formation of the Reformed Presbytery, August 1st, 1743.

Macmillan died December 1st, 1753, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in Dalserf churchyard, in the neighbourhood of which he had resided since his removal to Clydesdale in August 1727. A monument to his memory, erected so long after his death as 1840, marks the spot where his body lies. The inscription, upon its four sides, from the pen of the late venerable Professor Symington of Paisley, successfully contrives to give a eulogistic but just account of Macmillan and his son and grandson. Macmillan seems to have published nothing after his Protestation. Doubtless the extent of country he had to travel over to serve his widely-scattered congregation, prevented all use of the press. He had friends, however, in the Societies who were always ready to defend him from the attacks of his enemies. A list of the pamphlets his controversy with the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright called forth, will be found in Dr Hill Burton's "History of Scotland." In later years William Wilson, the non-hearer, and Patrick Walker, each attacked him from their very different points of view, but Macmillan remained silent. About 1753 he was much pained by a controversy upon the extent of the benefits of Christ's death that arose in the Reformed Presbytery. Several pamphlets were issued by the contending parties. Messrs Hall and Innes, who seemed to incline to Arminian views, very much blamed Macmillan, but he preserved his wonted silence. He found, however, an able defender in Charles Umpherston, a surgeon in Pentland, in a now rare pamphlet, entitled "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing." Appended to the pamphlet there is "An account of some of the last words of the Reverend Mr John Macmillan on his Deathbed, November, 1753." This account gives full evidence of the large place he occupied in the affections of his people. The last words he was heard to speak, within a few minutes of his last breath, were, "My Lord, my God, my Redeemer, yea, mine own God is He."

Perhaps one of the most interesting of the pamphlets connected with Macmillan is an anonymous "Elegy upon the much lamented Death of that Religious and Virtuous Gentlewoman, Mrs Mary Gordon, Daughter to the Honourable Sir Alexander Gordon of Earlstoun, and spouse, first to Edward Goldie of Craigmuie, and thereafter to the Reverend Mr John Macmillan, Minister of the Gospel at Balmaghie, who departed this Life the Fifth Day of May, 1723, and of her Age the Forty-third year. Edinburgh, Printed in the Year MDCCXXIII." It extends to sixteen 12mo pages. Its poetry, while not of a high order, is yet full of feeling, and shows how worthy Mrs Macmillan was of the appellation of "a Religious and Virtuous Gentlewoman," and at the same time sheds a pleasant light upon her husband's piety and amiability. Its author's name has been withheld, but it must have been written, if not by Macmillan himself, by one intimate with him and his household. I give two specimens as a sample of the whole:

> "In youth her godly mother's steps she trac'd,
> And her good counsels readily embrac'd;
> And hence the virgin-saint became the heir
> Of her rich graces and endowments rare.
> Ev'n as the potter casts the clay with ease
> Into what shapes soe'er his fancy please,
> Her pious parents form'd her tender age
> With godly precepts and with counsels sage
> And as the thirsty earth drinks up the rain
> To yield it back with rich increase again,
> So she imbib'd with pleasing readiness,
> And did those precepts in her life express.
> Indulgent nature, like a palace fair,
> Had decked her body with perfections rare;
> The inward beauties of her mind did glance
> With gracious mildness in her countenance."
>
> "What tongue or pen her graces can recite?
> In Christian virtues she was so complete.
> Sweet natur'd yet not softly pliable,
> Reserv'd and yet discreetly affable;
> Modest and humble, grave and temperate;
> To poor and needy still compassionate;
> Saving and frugal but not covetous,
> Could please her husband and govern her house;
> Yet could her heart and fittest hours reserve
> Her God and Saviour dear to seek and serve.
> There shone all virtues in her pious life
> Which grace the virgin and adorn the wife;
> But true devotion always bore the sway,
> Both in her closet and her family."
>
> —pp. 4 and 5

CHAPTER XXIX

DALRY, CARSPHAIRN—EARLSTON, BALMACLELLAN

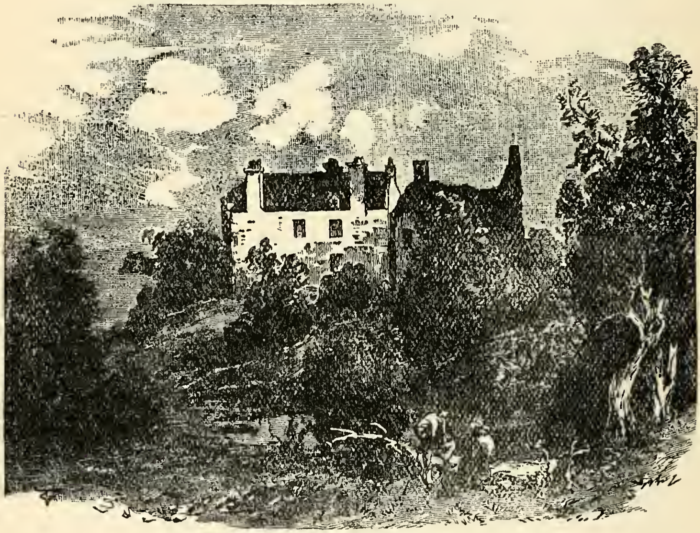
Oh! dreary, dreary, was the lot of Scotland's true ones then—
A famine-stricken remnant, wearing scarce the guise of men,
They burrowed, few and lonely, mid the chill, dank mountain caves,
For those who once had sheltered them were in their martyr graves.
—Mrs Stuart Menteath.

Dalry is best reached from Parton station on the railway from Dumfries to Stranraer. Here a public conveyance twice a day waits the arrival of the train, and in about an hour reaches Dalry. The road runs for about a mile near the bank of the river Dee, till where it issues from Loch Ken. Loch Ken is a low-lying sheet of water 130 feet above the level of the sea, and its shores on the eastern side gradually rise until, about three miles away, they become hills from 600 to 1000 feet in height. On the western side the margin of the shore is much narrower, and in little more than a mile from the water's edge, Cairn Edward rises to the height of 1066 feet. For two or three miles after we left Parton, the trees on the roadsides were plentiful, but by and by they became rare, while the hills behind them were bare of foliage of any kind.

After we had driven for eight miles, Loch Ken narrows, and the stream that below it is called the river of Dee, now becomes the Water of Ken. Here, however, on the western side, woods began to appear, and Kenmure Castle was seen embowered among trees.

Kenmure is associated with the name of Samuel Rutherfurd, forty-six of whose letters are addressed to Lady Jane Campbell, Viscountess of Kenmure, and sister to the Marquis of Argyle, one of the first victims of the hatred of Charles II. to constitutional government. Viscountess Kenmure must have been a lady of many gifts and graces. Rutherfurd delights to speak of her piety, and of the deep interest she took in the contest, which the best men in the Church of Scotland were then carrying on against the king, in his efforts to deprive the Church of its freedom, and to make it the slave of his own arbitrary will.

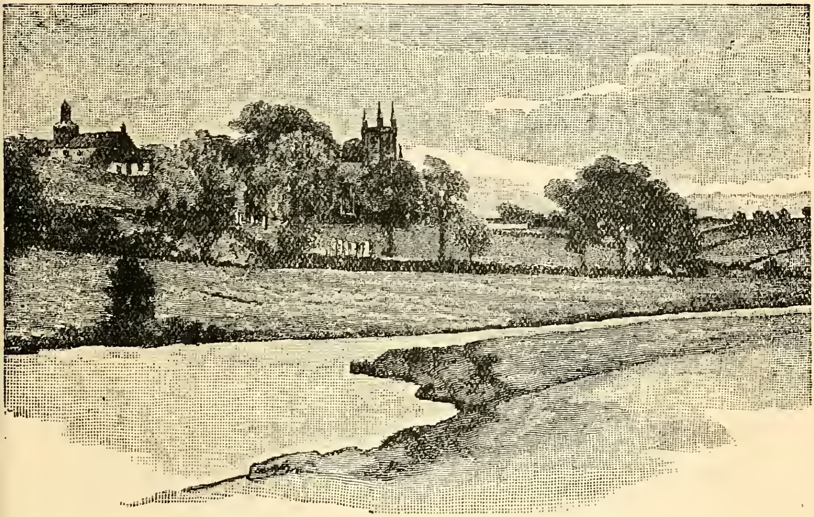
In 1628 she married Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar, afterwards Viscount Kenmure. He does not seem to have been a man of strong religious principle; for although trained in France under John Welch, and making a fair profession in the beginning of his public life, he yet, as he grew older, became a man of the world. After six years of married life he took ill, and it soon appeared it was to be death. In the approach of death the instructions received in early youth came to mind, and, under the guidance of Samuel Rutherfurd, he was led to faith in the Redeemer, and died in peace. A small quarto pamphlet of thirty pages appeared thirteen years after his death, and has been repeatedly reprinted, entitled, "The Last and Heavenly Speeches, and Glorious Departure, of John, Viscount Kenmure." Although anonymous, it is doubtless by Samuel Rutherfurd. The readers of his Letters will at once see that it can be from no other pen than his. It is full of their warmth and glow.



KENMURE CASTLE

As we passed Kenmure Castle, the town of New Galloway came into view. A little farther on, a cross road met our path, coming from New Galloway, and leading to Balmaclellan, a mile to the north-east. Our road for half a mile still kept northward, then it turned to the north-west, and two miles away St John's town of Dalry came in sight.

Dalry is a town of about six hundred inhabitants. Its two streets lie to each other like the limbs of the letter A—the thin limb is the new part of the town, and the thick the old. Where the limbs meet is the oldest part—the clachan of St John, Dalry. The town is built on rising ground looking to the south-west. Its situation, sheltered from the north-east winds, and the beauty of the surrounding country, have made it a favourite summer resort. The United Presbyterian church and manse are in the higher and older part, where, according to the Ordnance Map, the ground is 300 feet above the level of the sea, and fully 100 feet above the spot where the parish church stands.



DALRY CHURCH

The parish church is at the foot of the town, and beyond it, a few yards farther, is the moat of Dalry, one of the largest in the south of Scotland. The moat leads us back into Prehistoric times, so that Dalry has for many a day been the abode of man. The parish church is a modern building. Although at the foot of the town, it is yet above the holm of Dalry, the plain that lies between it and the river, and it commands a fine view of the wooded hills and glens on the east side of the Ken.

The Martyrs' Grave is at the north and farthest away end of the churchyard. It is a flat stone, about six feet in length by three in breadth, and stands upon supports that raise it at least a foot from the ground. The letters are deeply cut, and wherever it can be done TH or HE are run into one another; and must have come under the hand of Robert Paterson, the "Old Mortality" of Sir Walter Scott. The narrative part of the inscription runs along the outer edge of the stone, as if a framework for the rhymed lines in the centre. The inscription is:

HERE LYETH ROBERT STEWART SON TO MAJOR
ROBERT STEWART OF ARDOCH AND JOHN GRIERSON
WHO WERE MURTHERED BY GRAHAM OF CLAVER
HOUSE ANNO 1684 FOR THEIR ADHERENCE
TO SCOTLANDS REFORMATION AND COVENANTS NATIONAL
AND SOLEMN LEAGUE.

BEHOLD! BEHOLD! A STONE'S HERE FORCED TO CRY
COME SEE TWO MARTYRS UNDER ME THAT LY
AT WATER OF DEE WHO SLAIN WERE BY THE HAND
OF CRUEL CLAVERHOUSE AND'S BLOODIE BAND.
NO SOONER HAD HE DONE THIS HORRID THING
BUT'S FORCED TO CRY, STEWART'S SOUL IN HEAVEN DOTH SING
YET STRANGE! HIS RAGE PURSUED EVEN SUCH WHEN DEAD
AND IN THE TOMBS OF THEIR ANCESTOR'S LAID;
CAUSING THEIR CORPS BE RAIS'D OUT OF THE SAME
DISCHARGING IN CHURCH-YARD TO BURY THEM
ALL THIS THEY 'CAUSE THEY WOULD NOT PERJURE
OUR COVENANTS AND REFORMATION PURE
BECAUSE LIKE FAITHFUL MARTYRS FOR TO DY
THEY RATHER CHUSE THAN TREACHEROUSLIE COMPLY
WITH CURSED PRELACIE THE NATIONS BANE
AND WITH INDULGENCIE OUR CHURCHES STAIN
PERJURED INTELLIGENCERS WERE SO RIFE
SHEW'D THEIR CURS'D LOYALTY TO TAKE THEIR LIFE

MEMENTO MORI.

The story of these two sufferers strikingly illustrates the barbarities of the persecuting times. Major Stewart of Ardoch—a residence about two miles to the north of Dalry—was a staunch adherent to the cause of spiritual freedom, and his son Robert walked in his steps. Tradition still speaks of his piety. Pierson, the curate of Carsphairn, had made himself detested by his parishioners. He had been constantly informing Lagg of the absentees from church, and doing his utmost to track out the persecuted Presbyterians. His conduct at last became unbearable. James M'Michael, described by Wodrow as fowler to the Laird of Maxwellton, a bold and daring man, who was at Ayrsmoss, and escaped after Richard Cameron fell, and was the successful leader in the rescue at the Pass of Enterkin, along with a few like-minded spirits, drew up a paper for presentation to Pierson. In this paper they asked the curate to leave them alone in things spiritual, and promised that if he granted their request they would trouble him no more.

The paper was presented to Pierson in the manse. Pierson was of a passionate nature, and at once kindled up into a fury, and would listen to no remonstrance, but barred the door, and, with pistol in hand, threatened the intruders. The friends left outside of the manse, hearing cries from within for assistance, burst in with James M'Michael at their head. The first object M'Michael saw was the curate aiming the pistol at those already within. M'Michael, without a moment's consideration, and intent only upon the safety of his friends, fired, and shot Pierson dead. The deed was rash. The Societies judged it to be unjustifiable. M'Michael and his associates had gone to remonstrate and not to shed blood, and all should have kept themselves to remonstrance. Hence they removed M'Michael's name from their roll. This expulsion made no difference in M'Michael's course of conduct. He loved freedom in spiritual things as much as ever, only in the future he had to be more careful in his movements, and to keep more away from the busy haunts of men.

The death of Pierson, as might be expected, alarmed those in power, and Claverhouse was sent to the district. Claverhouse seems speedily to have got information as to where M'Michael and some of his friends were hiding upon Auchencloy Hill, a hill that rises to the height of 684 feet above the sea, from the northern shore of Loch Skerrow, a small sheet of water skirted on its eastern side by the railway half-way between New Galloway and Dromore stations.

Claverhouse took M'Michael and his associates, in all eight in number, by surprise. They were at first thrown into confusion, and two managed to flee away unnoticed, but the others were compelled to defend themselves. Claverhouse had a hand-to-hand contest with M'Michael, and was so sorely pressed that he had to call for assistance. When M'Michael heard this call, he is said to have exclaimed: "You dare not abide the issue of a single combat; and had your helmet been like mine, a soft bonnet, your carcase had now found a bed upon the heath." They were M'Michael's last words, for a dragoon had meantime stolen up behind him, and with one stroke of his sword he clave his skull.

Robert Ferguson, Robert Stewart, and John Grier were now easily overpowered, and were at once shot dead. Robert Stewart's excellent character must have been known to Claverhouse, for he is said to have exclaimed in derision after he had shot him, "Stewart's soul in heaven now doth sing." The two remaining prisoners, Robert Smith and Robert Hunter, were taken to Kirkcudbright and there hanged and beheaded.

In the inscription it is said Claverhouse's

> RAGE PURSUED EVEN SUCH WHEN DEAD
> AND IN THE TOMBS OF THEIR ANCESTOR'S LAID;
> CAUSING THEIR CORPS BE RAIS'D OUT OF THE SAME
> DISCHARGING IN CHURCH-YARD TO BURY THEM.

These lines plainly imply that after the bodies of Robert Stewart and John Grier or Grierson had been buried in the graves of their ancestors, Claverhouse had ordered them to be disinterred and then buried in some less honourable place. In pre-Reformation times the north part of a churchyard was regarded as the least honourable, and was left unconsecrated. Hence, no doubt, the reason why the bodies of the two martyrs were buried in the most northern part of the churchyard. Where criminals were usually buried, there Claverhouse ordered them to be put.

The two centuries that have passed since Claverhouse's time have changed men's opinions about the victims of his rage. They are no longer criminals but martyrs for the truth; and the places where they lie are places where constant successions of visitors come to have their memories refreshed with the story of their contendings, and to be made more thankful to Him who enabled them to be faithful unto the death to secure for us the liberties we now enjoy.

Perhaps one of the best illustrations we could have of the change that has come over men's minds in regard to the character of the martyrs is seen in the next grave, where, under an upright cross, Professor Sellar, lately Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, is buried. In summer he resided at Ken Bank, in the neighbourhood of Dalry, and he must have thought that the martyrs' corner was a spot where his mortal remains could honourably rest.

Carsphairn churchyard contains no martyr grave, but the district is one so full of memories of persecuting times that it required no persuasion to visit it. The village lies nearly ten miles due north of St John's town of Dalry. The road for about six miles runs very much on the rising ground up from the Water of Ken, and afterwards, when the Ken is left, from the Deuch. For the first mile it was on the east side, and then afterwards on the west. For two or three miles of our journey the country was pleasantly wooded, but for the last six or seven it was bare of trees, and as empty of people as a country well can be. It would seem as if the policy of proprietors in many other parts of Scotland had been followed here. To keep down the local poor-rates, every house to be got hold of has been pulled down, until the valley is little else than a vast, bleak, treeless, houseless sheep-walk. The population in 1881 was 484, while the parish must be at least ten or twelve miles in length by as many in breadth. Two hundred years ago it must have contained a very much larger population. Wodrow's "Abbreviate of Fines and Losses in the different Shires and Parishes" does not profess to be complete, "for many," he says, "have not come to my knowledge," yet it gives £18,597 as the sum levied in Carsphairn, and this does not include the fines exacted before the battle of Pentland, which were very large. This immense sum implies a population at least five or six times greater than at present, and perhaps even more.

Two miles after we left Dalry we came in sight of the ruins of Earlston Castle, a name, like Kenmure Castle, well known to the readers of Samuel Rutherfurd's letters. The Gordon family possessed from an early period the lands of Airds, a property to the south of Loch Ken. An ancestor, in the early part of the sixteenth century, when sent across the Borders to settle some family affairs, is said (Sir Andrew Agnew's "Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway," p. 164) to have fallen in with some of Wyckliffe's followers, with one of whom he formed a friendship, and influenced him to return with him to act as tutor to his family. He also brought with him from England a copy of Wyckliffe's famous Testament, which he always carried about his person, declaring he would part with it only with his life. In the second and enlarged edition, vol. i. p. 445 (Edin., 1893), the statement is repeated, although in somewhat different language. But in neither edition is any authority given.

What Sir Andrew Agnew has called some of Wyckliffe's followers must have been early disciples of Luther, and the portable New Testament must have been the duodecimo edition in English that Tyndale printed in Antwerp in 1526, the first edition of the New Testament in English. Wyckliffe's version of the New Testament remained in manuscript until 1731, when it was printed in folio by Lewis. When the old castle of Earlston was taken down, it is said that the volume referred to was found in a recess in the wall.

This lover of the English New Testament reached the age of 101, and died in 1580. His grandson married the co-heiress of Earlston, and brought the Earlston property with her. His great-grandson, Alexander Gordon, was a correspondent of Rutherfurd. Eight of Rutherfurd's letters are addressed to him. He manifestly stood high in Rutherfurd's esteem, and deservedly, for he was a pious, God-fearing man, and at the same time he did much to withstand the encroachments of the Bishop of Galloway upon the liberties of the Christian people. William, the son of this Alexander, was a man of like piety, and especially in his youth. In 1679, when on his way to Bothwell, as has already been mentioned, he was shot by a party of dragoons, and his body laid in Glassford churchyard. Jean, the daughter of Alexander Gordon, married Sir Robert Hamilton, the unfortunate commander at Bothwell Bridge. Six of James Renwick's letters in Macmillan's collection are addressed to her. The same volume contains a letter from Renwick, another from Donald Cargill, and two from Richard Cameron, all to her mother. The letters say much for the piety and patriotism both of the writers and of their correspondents.

After leaving Earlston Castle and its woods behind us the country soon became more bare, and put on the aspect of a vast, treeless sheep-walk. Here and there over the expanse could be seen a greener spot amid the surrounding waste. In all probability these spots marked the sites of houses in earlier times, when Carsphairn was noted for its many people as well as for its many sheep.

After a ten miles' drive we arrived at Carsphairn. It is a small village, whose population cannot be much above a hundred. The craig of Knockgray rises to the height of 1256 feet due north of the village, and shelters it from the north wind. Two miles to the west are the forsaken Woodhead lead-mines, that were opened in 1839, and for some years gave life and stir to Carsphairn, but all are now deserted. Indeed, the hill in which they were wrought, and the whole country around, as we saw it in the beginning of April, had the empty, waste appearance that would have gratified the poet Cowper when he sighed for a lodge in some vast wilderness.

Half-way between the mines and the village of Carsphairn is Garryhorn, the headquarters of Grierson of Lagg when he resided in the district. It is now a farmhouse of two stories, with three windows on the upper flat. Till recently the black oak bed upon which he slept was shown, as well as a species of kennel in which he kept the dogs used by him in scenting out the fugitive Covenanters. Here he lived for weeks together, carrying out the commission of Government. The commission is to be found in Wodrow, under the year 1684. The so-called crimes he was "to proceed against, punish, and sentence," were "being present at house or field conventicles, withdrawing from public ordinances, disorderly marriages and baptisms, and other ecclesiastical disorders." In executing this strange commission against men of good and honest lives, Lagg has left behind him an evil notoriety second only to that of Claverhouse.

As a specimen of his atrocities, Dr Simpson, in his "Traditions," gives the story of M'Croy, a farmer, who lived near Garryhorn. On a Sabbath morning Lagg and his troopers came suddenly upon

M'Croy as he was watching his cattle and reading a book, and asked him what he was reading. "The Bible," was the ready reply. "Then your cows," said Lagg, "must find another herd, as your life is now forfeited as a rebel;" and, without further trial, shot him dead.

But Carsphairn has other memories than those of Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg. It was in Carsphairn that John Semple laboured from 1646. He was outed in 1662, and died about 1667. He was a man of singular zeal and faithfulness. Patrick Walker, in a tract of twenty-two 12mo pages (Edinburgh, 1727), has recorded "Some Remarkable Passages of the Life and Death of Mr John Semple." He gives one or two specimens of his preaching. One day, preaching upon justification, whether by faith or good works, he said: "Come here, Bellarmin; let me hear what you say to this doctrine.

"Bellarmin: ''Tis by good works.'

"Oh, Bellarmin, Bellarmin, you speak always with a stinking breath. There is much of such poisonous, erroneous, and damnable doctrine in your Church and breast. But come here, Calvin; let us hear what you say.

"''Tis by faith in the receiving and resting upon the Lord Jesus Christ alone for salvation.'

"That is well said, John Calvin; you speak always with an honest, wholesome, sweet breath. Come, man, set your foot to my foot, and we shall hough Bellarmin."

But the most striking illustration of Semple's power as a preacher is the effect his preaching produced upon the people of Carsphairn. They had been careless and irreligious to a degree, but he quite reformed them, and many were converted under his ministry. When persecution came, few parishes contained more Nonconformists, or gave more occupation to Claverhouse and Lagg in hunting them down and spoiling them of their goods.

Next day we started for Balmaclellan, but before doing so we visited, in the old part of Dalry, the site of the house in which took place the rescue of the old man from the cruel treatment of the soldiers, that led to the rising that ended in the battle of Pentland. The house until lately was much in the state it was in in 1665, and was religiously preserved by its proprietrix. A year or two ago it had to be sold. Its purchasers had little veneration for the historic past, and speedily pulled it down to make way for the present modern abode.

From this site we returned, and our kind guide took us by a footpath that ran for a mile and a half in a south-east direction through the fields. At first it gradually rises until it reaches the height of

559 feet above the sea. This highest point is on a little hillock in the midst of a small young plantation, mainly of fir. The view from this hillock is very fine. To the north-west there is the vale of Glenkens; to the south the bright-looking town of New Galloway, and the more or less wooded range of hills that rise from the edge of Loch Ken. To the west was Dalry, as it were lying at length upon the brae face; while to the north-east was a wild waste of treeless hills and dales that seemed to stretch away into almost illimitable space. In one of these dales, we were told, about three miles from where we stood, was Lochinvar, a small sheet of water with a castle in its midst, the home of the hero in Lady Heron's song in Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion"—

"O young Lochinvar is come out of the west."

Walking amid such wild and romantic scenery, we came to a corn-mill, and soon to the high road, and another mile brought us to Balmaclellan. It is a small village, and the church is the first object that arrests the eye. The martyr's gravestone was easily found. It is flat, about five feet in length by three in breadth. At first it was laid level with the ground, but a zealous antiquarian, the late Rev. John Murray, the parish minister, had it set up about a foot from the ground. Its inscription is:

AT INGLESTOUN IN THE PAROCH OF GLENCARN ANNO 1685.

THIS MONUMENT TO PASSENGERS SHALL CRY
THAT GOODLY GRIERSON UNDER IT DOTH LY
BETRAY'D BY KNAVISH WATSON TO HIS FOES
WHICH MADE THIS MARTYRS DAYS BY MVRTHER CLOSE
IF YE WOULD KNOW THE NATURE OF HIS CRIME
THEN READ THE STORY OF THAT KILLING TIME
WHEN BABEL'S BRATS WITH HELLISH PLOTS CONCEAL'D
DESIGN'D TO MAKE OUR SOUTH THEIR HUNTING FIELD
HERE'S OF FIVE AT ONCE WERE LAID IN DUST
TO GRATIFY ROME'S EXECRABLE LUST
IF CARABINES WITH MOLTEN BULLETS COULD
HAVE REACHED THEIR SOULS THESE MIGHTY NIMRODS WOULD
THEM HAVE CUT OFF; FOR THERE COULD NO REQUEST
THREE MINUTES GET TO PRAY FOR FUTURE REST.

HERE LYETH ROBERT
GRIERSON WHO WAS SHOT TO DEATH BY COMMAND OF
COLONEL JAMES DOUGLAS

The story of Grierson's death has been preserved by Wodrow. "A profligate, villainous informer and apostate, Andrew Watson"—the "knavish Watson" of the inscription—"pretended to be a sufferer, and went up and down among the people who were upon their hiding;" but he was not able to conceal his real character. He became suspected, and soon after threw off the mask, and joined the enemy. Although the persecuted had not received him into their number, he became acquainted with several of their hiding-places, and made them known. There was a cave near Ingleston, in Glencairn, that had for several years been a place of safety to not a few fugitives. The secret of this cave he found out, and made it known. The result was that on April 28th, 1685, Colonel James Douglas and Lieutenant Livingston, by taking little used bypaths, suddenly came upon it, and surprised five fugitives who had taken refuge within. The five were John Gibson, brother to James Gibson of Ingleston, heritor of the ground; James Bennoch, in Glencairn parish; Robert Edgar, who had lately fled from his house for refusing the Abjuration oath; Robert Mitchell, from Cumnock; and Robert Grierson, a Galloway man.

When the soldiers came up they first fired into the cave and wounded one of the fugitives, and then rushed in and seized the five. Colonel Douglas, without any examination or trial of the prisoners, immediately passed sentence upon them, that they be taken out and shot, although no more could be laid to their charge than that they were found hiding in the cave. It was with difficulty that any of them was allowed to pray before death. The sister of John Gibson, through the favour of some of the soldiers, was allowed to see him. "He encouraged her greatly, and told her this was the joyfullest day he had had in the world." His mother, too, got to see him, and "he asked her not to give way to grief, but to bless the Lord upon his account, who had made him willing and ready to suffer for His cause and interest."

John Gibson was shot first. He was allowed to pray, which he did "to the admiration and conviction even of the soldiers." He sang part of Psalm xvii. and read John xvi., and after praying again was shot. The other four were not allowed this privilege. "They had great peace and consolation," and all were at once shot dead except one. A soldier and an apostate named Ferguson noticed this, and drew his sword and thrust it through the body of the wounded man. As the martyr lay expiring he was able to cry out, and they were his last words: "Though every hair of my head were a man, I am willing to die all those deaths for Christ and His cause." Gibson, Edgar, Bennoch, and Mitchell lie buried in Glencairn. The inscriptions upon their gravestones will be given in the chapter on that parish. Grierson was buried in Balmaclellan, most likely because, as Wodrow indicates, he belonged to that district.

Quite close to the martyr's stone is a monument to the memory of one who, in his time, did much to repair the martyrs' stones that a preceding generation had erected. Its inscription is:

TO THE MEMORY
OF ROBERT PATERSON, STONE ENGRAVER,
WELL KNOWN AS OLD MORTALITY WHO DIED AT BANKHEAD
OF CAERLAVEROCK, 14 FEBRUARY 1801 AGED 88.
ERECTED BY THOMAS PATERSON HIS GRANDSON
1855.

Paterson was overtaken by illness at Bankhead, in Caerlaverock, where, after a few days' suffering, he died, but Balmaclellan was the place where his wife and descendants lived. Messrs Black, the publishers of Sir Walter Scott's works, in 1869 erected in Caerlaverock churchyard a chaste memorial stone over the spot where his mortal remains rest, with this inscription: "Erected to the memory of Robt. Paterson, the Old Mortality of Sir Walter Scott, who was buried here, February, 1801."

[Robert Paterson was the son of a farmer in the parish of Hawick, and was born in the year 1715. On reaching manhood, he settled as a master quarryman at Gatelawbridge, about two miles from Thornhill, Dumfriesshire. When the army of the Pretender passed through the district on its return from Engand, his outspoken remarks about the "bloody and wicked house of Stuart," brought him into trouble; his house was plundered, and he was carried as a prisoner as far as Glenbuck, near Muirkirk. He had evidently imbibed the opinions of the Cameronians, and devoted many of his later years to the repairing and renewing of the tombstones of the martyrs,—a work that would commend him to the sympathies of that community. Mounted on his old white pony, he travelled from one churchyard to another over a large part of Scotland, from Dunnottar to the wilds of Galloway, till his death in his eighty-sixth year. Neither hardship nor infirmity could quench the enthusiasm of this singular man in his self-imposed work. He was poor, but more from choice than necessity; for his children were both able and anxious to keep their father at home; but he could not break off his wandering life. One of his sons, John, went to America, where he amassed a considerable fortune; and another, Walter, had two sons, who became ministers of the Free Church of Scotland. The elder of these was the well-known Dr Nathaniel Paterson, the author of "The Manse Garden," who was Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly in 1850, and died in 1871.—ED.]

CHAPTER XXX

KELLS, TWYNHOLM—KIRKCONNEL MOOR—BORGUE—KIRKANDREWS—GIRTHON

> Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
> Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
> Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
> My heart remembers how!—R. L. STEVENSON.

FROM Balmaclellan we turned to New Galloway, which stands out prominently two miles to the south-west, on the rising ground on the other side of the Water of Ken. It can hardly be called a village, yet it is not large enough to be a town. It is made up of one street about a quarter of a mile long, but tidy and smart looking, with a town hall and a comfortable hotel. Our object, however, was not to see New Galloway, but Kells churchyard, for New Galloway is in the parish of Kells. The church and churchyard are about a quarter of a mile to the north of the town. The tombstone we were in search of was easily found to the south-west of the church. When first erected it was a small, upright stone; but at the instance of the late Rev. James Maitland, D.D., minister of the parish, it was set in its present handsome granite frame, so that it can be easily read on both sides. The inscription upon the old stone tells the story of Adam Macwhan; while that upon the granite frame tells how the old stone has been put into its present surroundings. The inscriptions are:

The Righteous shall be in ever-
lasting remembrance.
Psa. CXII. 6.

HERE LYES
ADAM MACQWAN
WHO BEING SICK
OF A FEVER WAS
TAKEN OUT OF HIS
BED AND CARRIED
TO NEW TOWN OF
GALLOWAY AND THE
NEXT DAY MOST

CRUELLY AND UN-
JUSTLY SHOT TO
DEATH BY THE COM-
MAND OF LIEUTENANT
The above stone originally
erected to the memory of
ADAM MACWHAN
was placed in this granite
monument A.D. 1832.

On other side:

Be thou faithful unto death and I
will give thee a crown of life.
REV. II. 10.

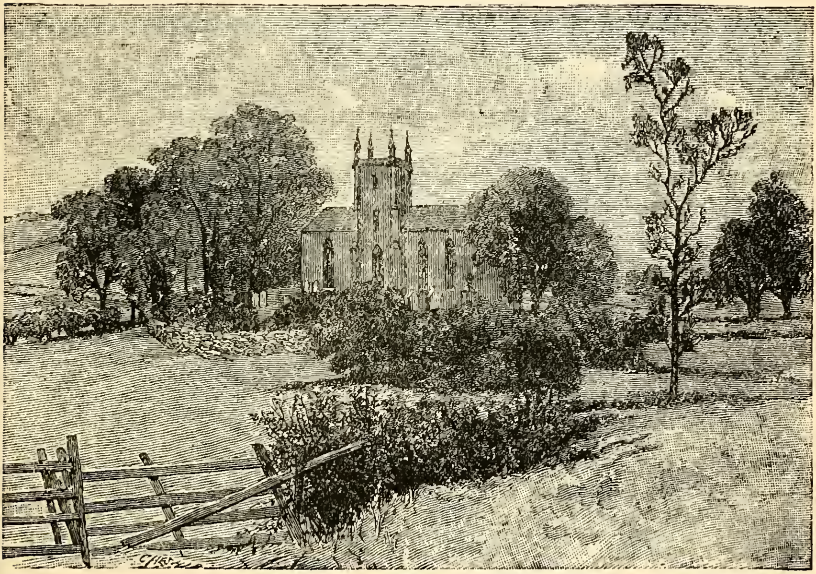
GENERAL JAMES
DOUGLAS, BROTHER
TO THE DUKE OF
QUEENSBERRY FOR
HIS ADHERENCE
TO SCOTLANDS
REFORMATION CO
VENANTS NATION
AL AND SOLEMN
LEAGUE. 1685.
The expense defrayed by the inhabitants
of Kells, after sermon by the
Rev. James Maitland,
minister of the parish.

Little more is known of Macwhan than what is told upon the monument. Upon the 10th of May 1685, Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas came into a house not far from New Galloway, and found Macwhan lying very ill of a fever. He put some questions to him, and when Macwhan was unable or unwilling to answer, he ordered his soldiers to carry him to New Galloway, and next day, May 11, 1685, he gave the command that he be shot without any form of trial.

There is another monument of Covenanting times in the churchyard. It is nearer the entrance than that to Macwhan. It is an upright stone, and the inscription is:

HERE LYES THE CORPS OF RO
GER GORDON OF LARGMORE
WHO DIED MARCH 2ND 1662
AGED 72 YEARS AND OF JOHN
GORDON OF LARGMORE HIS
GRANDCHILD WHO DIED JAN
UARY 6 1667 OF HIS WOUNDS
GOT AT PENTLAND IN DEFENCE
OF THE COVENANTED REFOR-
MATION.

The Gordons of Largmore had an honourable name for several generations for their attachment to the cause of spiritual freedom. Wodrow mentions the sufferings of John Gordon. He and his brother-in-law, William Gordon of Roberton, were both at Pentland. William Gordon was killed, and John severely wounded. His loss of blood, and his lying in the fields for some nights after the battle, so brought him down, that after he got home to Largmore he died in a few days. His early death anticipated the fury of his enemies, who were resolved to carry him to Edinburgh in a litter. Dr Simpson, in his "Traditions," has a chapter on Roger Gordon of Largmore, who he thinks must have been a son of John Gordon. The chapter narrates some hairbreadth escapes of Roger. He was at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, from which he escaped unhurt. He survived the years of persecution, and had many peaceful days. He presented the parish of Kells with a large bell in 1714, and a pair of communion cups, still preserved.



KELLS CHURCH

In the middle of September 1892 we started from Dalbeattie, the centre of the granite industry in the south of Scotland, in order to visit Twynholm. Tarff is the station on the line to Kirkcudbright, from which it can best be reached. In two miles from

Dalbeattie we passed the Moat of Urr, said to be the largest moat in Great Britain. Its great size made it easily distinguished as the train hurried on its course. The granite district through which we were passing has a venerable appearance to the visitor. The grey boulders that bestud its moors take one back to the Ice Age, and the houses built of granite, especially the stations, seem as if they would survive the railway itself, and be a monument of the past in the future age when some new invention will have superseded our iron or steel roads. But venerable and ancient as the granite district is, it looks as if its people were dying out, for its houses, after its towns are left behind, are few and far between, and its farms must be managed by a very small number of hands.

Castle-Douglas was our next station. It, like Dalbeattie, is largely a granite town, and here the branch line to Kirkcudbright begins. About a mile from Castle-Douglas we passed Threave Castle, situated half-way between the two railways, upon an island formed by the river Dee. It is a huge square tower, said to be nearly 70 feet high, and with walls 8 feet in thickness, and was the centre from which the Black Douglas, in the fourteenth century, ruled much of the south of Scotland. We next crossed the Dee, now become a considerable river, and in a few minutes we were at Tarff station. The large number of milk-cans and the bags of glucose — the cheap substitute for sugar — that we saw at the station, made us inquire how they came to be there. We learned that the cans were required for conveying the milk from neighbouring farms to the large creamery, which the farmers in the district had established, and which we passed on the road shortly after leaving the station; and that the glucose was used in the manufacture of jams and jellies. The road ran for two miles in a south-west direction through a pleasant-looking country. It was lined with trees, and the fields here and there were waving with corn ready for the reaping-machine. At the end of the two miles we had come to Twynholm, a thriving village, with its wool-mill, and joiners that seemed to have a trade much greater than usual in a country district. The church and churchyard are on the outside of the village, on the road to Kirkcudbright.

The martyr's monument is on the south side of the church, and was easily found. It is an upright stone, two feet six inches in length by two feet in breadth, and the letters are deeply cut and occasionally run together. The inscription is upon both sides of the stone. It is:

MEMEN [Crossbones] TO MORI.
HERE
LYES ANDREU
M'ROBERT WHO WAS
SURPRISED AND
SHOT TO DEATH
IN THE PAROCH.

Other side:

Skull.
TONGLAND BY
GRIER OF LAGG
FOR HIS ADHERE
ENCE TO SCOT
LANDS REFORMATION
COVENANTS NATION
AL AND SOLEMN
LEAGUE. 1685.

Nothing more is now known of M'Robert than that he was one of five murdered by Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg. The story of his death has been told in the chapter on Balmaghie, and will be again noticed in the chapter on Anwoth, in connection with the death of Bell of Whiteside.

From the churchyard we started for Kirkcudbright. We looked in upon the smith, and he directed us to go past the manse due east for half a mile, and then turn to the right due south. We found it to be just as he said. For the first mile and a half the road was lined with trees, and ere we finished another mile it joined the main road from Gatehouse to Kirkcudbright. As we walked on the trees became more abundant, and soon Kirkcudbright, its castle, its towers and steeples, and houses, enclosed as it were in a framework of foliage, came into view.

Kirkconnel Moor lies about three miles to the north-west of Tarff station, on the line from Castle-Douglas to Kirkcudbright; and our purpose was to have gone to Tarff, and walked from it to the martyrs' monument, but at Castle-Douglas station we had to change our plan. A brother in the ministry was there in waiting for us, with a proposal to come out and see Castle-Douglas, and in the afternoon he would drive us to the martyr's grave.

Castle-Douglas has an air of prosperity about it. It is one of the few Scotch country towns that, in late years, have been thriving and enlarging their borders. It has nearly three thousand of a population, and its streets have quite a prosperous appearance. This prosperity it largely owes to its situation in the centre of the county, and to the way in which the railway connects it with south, east, and west.

Our road for the first half mile out of Castle-Douglas ran alongside Carlingwark Loch, a sheet of water, about three-quarters of a mile in length by about a quarter in breadth, that lies to the south of the town. It is pleasantly wooded along its edges, and it forms a fine foreground to the hills in the distance. Near the south end of the loch the road for nearly three-quarters of a mile runs due west. Here we passed the farm of Hightae. It is situated upon a kind of ridge rising up from the lower ground, not unlike that upon which stands the village of Hightae, in the parish of Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire; so that both the farm and the village must have received their name from their situation, Hightae,—that is, a height or ridge out of or above the water.

As we left the farm of Hightae behind us, the road took a south-west direction for fully four miles, until we came to the hamlet of Ringford. As we turned south-west, Threave Castle, the ancient seat of the Douglases, came into view, a mile and a half away to the north-west. In two miles farther travelling we crossed the Dee. The country through which we passed was partly pastoral and partly agricultural. There were fields upon which the Galloway black cattle were quietly feeding, and there were fields studded with stooks, here and there beginning to be led away to the stackyard, for the time was the last week of August, in a season that had been specially bountiful to the Scotch farmer.

At Ringford—a hamlet about a mile to the north of Tarff station—we turned to the north-west by a road that kept more or less closely to the east side of the Tarff Water, until, after a mile and a half's pleasant drive, we reached the farm of Kirkconnel. Here we left our conveyance and set out for the monument, which was said to be about three-quarters of a mile up on the hill. The clump of trees that surrounds it was pointed out before we started. We found the road easily traceable all the way, as if the monument were a place that had many visitors. It was somewhat of a climb up to the monument, but what we saw amply rewarded us. The spot upon which it stands is marked in the Ordnance Map as about 500 feet above the sea. It lies in a depression of some size on the hillside, as if made to be a place of concealment. When down at the monument the ground rises up on all sides, and shuts one in from seeing the lower grounds, and you feel that this must be the very spot where Robert Lennox and the other four martyrs were surprised and killed by Grierson of Lagg.

The gravestone is an upright one, one foot nine inches in height by two feet in breadth. The body of the martyr must be buried at no great depth, as if done hurriedly, for the grass over the grave is of a deeper green than that upon the surrounding moor.

The inscription is:

On edge at top—Rend. by J. G.

HERE LYES
JAMES CLEMENT
WHO WAS SURPRIS
ED AND INSTANTLY SHOT TO
DEATH ON THIS
PLACE BY GRIER
OF LAGG FOR HIS
ADHERENCE TO

Other side:

Skull and cross bones.

SCOTLANDS REFOR
MATION COVENANTS
NATIONAL AND SO
LEMN LEAGUE. 1685.

Adjoining the gravestone is a tall obelisk, erected in 1831 or 1832. On its east side is the following inscription:

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
DAVID HALLIDAY OF MAYFIELD
JOHN BELL OF WHITESIDE
ROBERT LENNOX
OF IRLANDTON
ANDREW M'ROBERT AND
JAMES CLEMENT
WHO SUFFERED MARTYRDOM
ON THIS SPOT AD 1685
FOR THEIR
ADHERENCE TO THE COVENANTS
AND TRUE PRESBYTERIAN
PRINCIPLES BY THAT WICKED
PERSECUTOR GRIER OF LAG.

On the south side is another inscription, detailing the circumstances that led to the erection of the monument. On the north side a third inscription records how the monument has been repaired and suitably enclosed. In both of these inscriptions pleasant things are said of all concerned in the erection and the repair and the enclosing of the monument. The name of the preacher, the text of the sermon, the character of the sermon, the gentleman who gave the ground, the number of the audience, and the amount of the collection (£24), are all duly engraven on the stone for the good of future generations. But would not all these pleasant things have been better left unmentioned? Would not this silence have been more in keeping with the simplicity of the inscriptions upon the old gravestones, which, whatever they say about the martyrs or their murderers, are silent about the good people who erected them?

The story of the murder of these five martyrs has already been told in Chapter XXVIII. on Balmaghie, and will be told more in detail in the Chapter on Anwoth. The body of David Halliday lies in Balmaghie, of John Bell in Anwoth, of Robert Lennox in Girthon, and of Andrew M'Robert in Twynholm. James Clement is the only one who was buried where he fell.

[Not seldom has the dust of martyrs been disturbed by the hand of man, and for various reasons; but we know not that there is an instance of the grave of any other martyr being opened for such a strange reason as was that of James Clement. The story is briefly as follows:—

In 1828 four men living in Kirkcudbright had become ardent believers in phrenology. They entertained the notion that Clement had been a religious fanatic, and that this would be proved by the conformation of his skull. To satisfy themselves on this point they went secretly, and under cloud of night, to Kirkconnel Moor and opened the long-closed grave. They secured the object of their search, but were startled by the screech of a heron, and left the grave open. Whether they found any confirmation of their notion we know not, but a hole in the side of the skull revealed the place where the fatal bullet had entered. One of the four who were implicated in this shameful deed revealed it to one Morrison, a portrait painter, who with a friend went and filled up the grave. Morrison also received the martyr's skull, which he kept till his death, and it was buried with him in his coffin. The incident of course caused not a little excitement in the neighbourhood, to which expression was given by Morrison in a poem in which he wrote so strongly against the perpetrators of the deed, that they threatened legal proceedings against him.—Ed.]

After we had copied the inscriptions we looked about us. A few steps up from the monument the view to the north-west was very fine. The whole country for many miles was stretched out before us. We climbed farther up the hill, and the view became still finer, and, apart altogether from the martyr's grave, we felt that our visit to Kirkconnel Moor had been more than rewarded by what we saw. The Solway Firth and the Cumberland hills beyond it were in the distance, while nearer were the picturesque, rugged hills of Screel and Bengairn, and in the foreground the fertile, undulating fields of the parishes of Tongland and Kelton. Away to the north were the mountains of Carsphairn, and between us and them, the wonderfully attractive and beautiful country of which New Galloway may be said to be the centre, a country as yet so little known to the mass of our countrymen.

The two kind friends who accompanied us and regaled us from their stores of Gallowegian lore, while we were taking notes, walked on to two peaks about two hundred yards farther away. When they came back they had glowing accounts to give us of the magnificent view they had had of the country beyond, of Gatehouse, of the wooded heights of Anwoth, and of Creetown, of Wigtown Bay, of the opposite Wigtown and Whithorn coast, while to the south they had seen distinctly the Isle of Man.

Kirkandrews is six miles as the crow flies to the south-west of Kirkcudbright, but it is at least eight by the road. We took the conveyance that on alternate days runs from Kirkcudbright to Borgue. The road we found to be of unusual attractiveness. It skirts for fully two miles the west side of the estuary formed by the Dee as it falls into the Solway. St Mary's Isle, richly-wooded, lay upon the opposite side of the bay. The sea between rippled with the breeze, and, as it were, added to the beauty of the masses of foliage that lined its shores. The road itself was lined with trees on the side next the water, while on the other was a brae face clothed with a forest. For nearly three miles we drove through this scene of loveliness. At last the road turned landwards, away from the sea, and after two more miles' drive we were in Borgue and our ride at an end. Borgue is a small country village. The church we passed on our way. It is a comparatively modern structure, but it has been the site of a place of worship from a remote period. Before the Reformation it was served by the Priory of Whithorn. In 1572 it first had a reader, and in 1590 its first minister, one John Aikman. Thomas Wylie, a correspondent of Samuel Rutherfurd, was settled here in 1642. He was succeeded in 1649 by Adam Kae, who was turned out in 1662. Three of his sermons still exist in manuscript in a volume written by William Wilson, for the Society at Tinwald, 1723. Two of the sermons are on Song ii. 3: "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." The third sermon is on Song vii. 10: "I am my beloved's, and his desire is toward me." The three sermons are evangelical in tone, written in racy northern English, and show how well-served the south of Scotland must have been when remote country parishes such as Borgue and Anwoth had ministers like Kae and Rutherfurd.

We now left Borgue, and had a walk of three miles through a thinly-populated district. Houses of any kind were rare. The road ran almost due west, and soon the sea came in sight, and the opposite coast of Wigtownshire.

Kirkandrews lies on the shore, and is a small hamlet made up of a few houses, nearly all of which are thatched. Its ancient church has disappeared, and left no trace behind. The churchyard is of some size. The half of it seemed either unoccupied, or for some generations to have been unused, for it was without tombstones, and looked like a field of long, waving grass.

The stone we were in search of was easily found in the east end of the churchyard. It is not the original stone. That got broken; but the present one is said to be a faithful reproduction of it, and has all the appearance of being so. It is an upright stone, about three feet high by two feet six inches in breadth. The letters are, like the other martyr gravestones in the district, deeply cut. The inscription is:

HERE LYES
ROBERT M'WHAE
WHO WAS BARBAROUSLY
SHOT TO DEATH BY
CAPTANE DOUGLAS IN
THIS PAROCH FOR HIS
ADHERENCE TO SCOTLANDS
REFORMATION COVENANTS
NATIONAL AND SOLEMN
LEAGUE 1685

On other side:

ERECTED BY THE INHABITANTS
OF THIS PARISH 1855

This inscription is given in the Appendix to the first edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," but there is no notice of the martyr in Wodrow. Little else seems now to be known of him beyond what the inscription gives, except that he was shot in his own garden in the parish of Borgue.

From Kirkandrews we set out for Girthon old church. In about two hundred yards from the old churchyard we had left we came upon a road leading north-east. We took it, and soon passed on the left the remains of a moat. This road we kept for about a mile, until it was joined by another coming from the south-east. At the point of junction there is a small plantation, in the middle of which is another moat. Our road now went nearly due north. About five minutes from the point of junction, a gate on the left took us into a track that had the appearance of being seldom frequented. After about a mile's walk the road ran among trees, and Plunton Castle came into view. It is now roofless, but from its size and situation it must, two centuries ago, have been no ordinary place of strength. It is said to be the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Doom of Devorgoil," and the roughness and unevenness of the ground about it, and the adjoining crags, suit very well the requirements of the story. Lennox Plunton is a farmhouse close to the castle. Here, from diverging roads appearing that were not in the Ordnance Map, we had to go in and inquire our way. The intelligent farmer at once took us in charge, and kindly led us for a mile through his fields, until we reached a place well called Tophill, a height from which we had a view of the surrounding country. A mile away among trees was Girthon churchyard, studded with white tombstones, while farther away was Fleet Bay, and the richly-wooded Boreland Hills in Anwoth, with Rutherfurd's Monument on their summit. The path we had been seeking, and which is marked on the Ordnance Map, the farmer told us, had been ploughed up. It is therefore not a path for any one to follow seeking Girthon churchyard. We afterwards found that Girthon is most easily approached from Gatehouse.

Girthon old churchyard bears, as its name implies, the marks of antiquity. The church is long and narrow, much after the fashion of that at Anwoth, and looks as if it had been a pre-Reformation church. The martyr's stone stands against the outside of the eastern wall. It is an upright stone, a little smaller than that in Kirkandrews. The inscription is:

WITHIN THIS TOMB
LYES THE CORPS OF
ROBERT LENNOX SOME
TIME IN IRELAND TOUN
WHO WAS SHOT TO
DEATH BY GRIER OF
LAGG IN THE PAROCH
OF TONGLAND FOR
HIS ADHERENCE TO
SCOTLANDS REFORMATION
COVENANTS NATIONAL
AND SOLEMN LEAGUE
1685

CHAPTER XXXI

KIRKCUDBRIGHT, AUCHENCLOY—LOCH SKERROW, CRAIGMODIE

'Mid bleatings of the mountain lamb,
  The melody of rills,
The moss-hay, 'mid the purple blooms,
  Deep in the heathy hills;
The auld cairn, where the plover wails,
  And fern or thistle waves,—
'Mid green spots in the wilderness—
  There, seek the martyrs' graves.—M. P. AIRD.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT is easily reached by railway from Dumfries. It is situated on the east bank of the Dee. The tide flows up past the town and makes it a seaport; but it has little trade, although, in 1526, Hector Boece calls it "a rich town and of good trade in merchandise." Last century it carried on a lucrative trade with the West Indies, its ships bringing home sugar and tobacco. Up till recent years it had a steamer that plied between it and Liverpool, but railways have changed all this. At our visit, its quays were found quite deserted; nothing was to be seen on its waters but one or two little boats.

The history of the town goes back at least to Roman times. Agricola visited it in A.D. 85, and there are traces of no less than three Roman camps in the neighbourhood. It would be often visited by the roving Danes and Scandinavians in early times. Few towns of the size have seen in later times so many historic persons. Edward I., Sir William Wallace, Henry VI. and his Queen Margaret, our own ill-fated Queen Mary, and James VI., all visited it and made it their residence for a longer or shorter period. The ruins of its castle are still in existence close to the river's edge; and farther up the town, in its High Street, there are some buildings of the seventeenth century that have gone down in the world since they were first erected. But though Kirkcudbright is undoubtedly one of the most ancient of Scottish towns, the first impression it makes upon the visitor is its present-day appearance. The range of buildings that meets his eye as he comes from the station has obviously been designed by a student of Mr Ruskin. The fine building recently opened as a museum for antiquities and objects of natural history, both in its contents and external and internal appearance, says much for the culture of the good people of Kirkcudbright.

But our object was not Kirkcudbright and its attractions. It was St Cuthbert's churchyard that we came to see. The churchyard is about a quarter of a mile to the east of the town, on the rising ground that overlooks the valley of the Dee. Its gate was locked, but a wicket at the side admits the visitor. As we entered, a monument on our left at once attracted attention. It occupies a considerable space upon the wall, and is to the memory of one Andrew Ewart, a young man of promise, who died in his twenty-fourth year, so far back as January 14, 1642. The inscription records that the monument was erected by his father, John Ewart, at that time chief magistrate of Kirkcudbright. This John Ewart was of an ancient and honourable family, represented in our own time by the distinguished statesman, William Ewart Gladstone. He was also a correspondent of Samuel Rutherfurd. Letter cxxxiv. is addressed to him. Rutherfurd calls him "very worthy and dear friend." The letter is one of the most beautiful in the collection. Toplady must have had it before him when he wrote his hymn, "Rock of Ages." The line—

> "When my eye-strings break in death,"—

that editors of hymn books have so generally mangled, has evidently been suggested by a sentence in the letter. The inscription is partly in English and partly in Latin. It is dated 1644, and is of more than ordinary length, as well as beauty. The writer of an interesting article on the monument in the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*, August 6th, 1884, suggests that Rutherfurd was its author. It is certainly worthy of Rutherfurd, but we have no authentic proof that he ever wrote poetry in English, however much his Letters evince a poetic mind. One specimen alone of his Latin poetry exists, in ten lines prefixed to an edition of Row's "Hebrew Grammar," issued at Glasgow, 1644. Dr Andrew Bonar justly says "it is not elegant." The English part of the inscription is:

WELCOM SOFT BED MY SWEET REPOSE
AND SO FOR CHRIST FROM HENCE AROSE
WELCOM SWEET SLEEP FROM THEE I WAKE
OF ENDLESS JOYES FOR TO PARTAKE
WELCOM FAIR NIGHT THY FAIREST MORRO
DRIVES FROM MINE EYES ETERNAL SORRO
WELCOM SOFT BED, SWEET SLEEP, FAIR NIGHT TO ME
THRICE WELCOM CHRIST WHO SANCTIFIED YOW THREE.

. . . . . .

REPENT IN TYM YOURE LIVES AMEND
THAT IN CHRIST JESUS YOU MAY END

I GO TO GRAVE AS TO MY BED TO SLEEP
AND RISE AGAIN
I LIVED IN CHRIST I DIED IN CHRIST
I MUST NOT HERE REMAIN.

Near this monument there are several others of the same century. One we notice was of so early a date as 1602. The monument we were in search of we found to our right hand on entering, where the brae-face rises from the somewhat level ground that forms the greater part of the chuchyard. It is a flat stone, six feet in length by two feet six inches in breadth. The inscription is:

WILLIAM HOUNTURE
ROBERT SMITH. 1684.

THIS MONUMENT SHALL SHEW POSTERITY
TWO HEADLES MARTYRES UNDER IT DOTH LIE
BY BLOODY GRHAME WERE TAKEN AND SURPRISED
BROUGHT TO THIS TOUN AND AFTERWARDS WERE SAIZ’D
BY UNJUST LAW WERE SENTENCED TO DIE
THEM FIRST THEY HANGED THEN HEADED CRUELY
CAPTANS DOUGLAS BRUCE GRAHAME OF CLAVERHOUS
WERE THESE THAT CAUSED THEM TO BE HANDLED THUS
AND WHEN THEY WERE UNTO THE GIBBET COME
TO STOPE THEIR SPEECH THEY DID BEAT UP THE DRUM
AND ALL BECAUS THAT THEY WOULD NOT COMPLY
WITH INDULGENCE AND BLOODY PRELACIE
IN FACE OF CRUEL BRUCE DOUGLAS AND GRAHAM
THEY DID MAINTAINE THAT CHRIST WAS LORD SUPREAM
AND BOLDLY OUNED BOTH THE COVENANTS
AT KIRKCUDBRIGHT THUS ENDED THESE TWO SANTS.

William Hounture, or Hunter, and Robert Smith, were seized by Claverhouse along with Robert Ferguson, James M‘Michael, Robert Stewart, and John Grierson, at Auchencloy, in the parish of Girthon, as has been told in the chapter on Dalry. Two others escaped. Ferguson, M‘Michael, Stewart, and Grierson were at once shot; but Hunter and Smith were taken to Kirkcudbright, where Claverhouse went through a form of trial, and they were sentenced to death. The inscription states that they were not allowed to speak when brought to the gibbet, and Wodrow says he would not allow them to write anything, not even letters to their relatives. After they were hanged they were beheaded. The two that escaped were traced by the soldiers to a house into which, however, they had gone and left again immediately. As the soldiers did not find the two, they took all in the house prisoners, and then burned it to the ground.

In the centre of the churchyard there is another monument. It is an upright stone, two feet in height by eighteen inches in breadth. The inscription on the one side is:

HERE LYES JOHN
HALLUME WHO
WAS WOUNDED
IN HIS TAKEING
AND BY UNJUST
LAW SENTENCED
TO BE HANGED
ALL THIS DONE
BY CAPTANE

On the other:

Death's head.

MEMENTO MORI

DOUGLAS FOR
HIS ADHERENCE
TO SCOTLAND'S
REFORMATION,
COVENANTS NATION
AL AND SOLEMN
LEAGUE 1685.

The letters of the inscription are large and deeply cut. The story it tells is one of the most iniquitous of that iniquitous time. John Hallume, or Hallam, was a young man of eighteen years of age. He seems to have been travelling in the parish of Tongland. He had noticed in the distance, according to the inscription on the monument, a party of dragoons under Captain Douglas, brother to the Duke of Queensberry, but according to Wodrow, Lieutenant Livingstone. The difference in the two statements is reconciled by the fact that Douglas and Livingstone were often together. Livingstone seems to have been lieutenant under Douglas as captain, and at a later period as colonel. When Hallume saw the soldiers, he turned off his way. The soldiers pursued him, fired and wounded him, and when they came up one of them struck him on the head with a sword. All the while they never asked him a question. Wodrow says they carried him prisoner from one place to another, till at length they brought him to Kirkcudbright. Here they asked him to take the Abjuration oath that the Privy Council had drawn up the preceding November. He declined, as from his youth he might well do. Immediately an assize was called, made up of the soldiers, and he was condemned and executed there.

Auchencloy Hill lies to the north of Loch Skerrow. It is one of the bleakest and most forbidding of hills in the wild and barren country through which the railway goes after it leaves what is called New Galloway station, although New Galloway must be at least five or six miles away. How a railway was ever taken through the bleak and desolate and repulsive wilderness between New Galloway and Dromore stations, when it might have taken a shorter route through an inhabited country by way of Corsock and New Galloway, a country full of attraction from the beauty of its scenery, is a question for the shareholders and not for us to answer.

Loch Skerrow, although prominent on the map of the railway company, is only a siding, at which trains do not usually stop. By intimation at Castle-Douglas to the stationmaster, the train stops and lets off passengers. But this must be an event that rarely happens, for it would be hard to conceive of a more lonely spot than the siding at Loch Skerrow. The celebrated chapter in Horrebow's "Natural History of Iceland," concerning snakes, might be slightly altered, and applied to Loch Skerrow, and read thus: "Concerning roads, houses, and inhabitants—There are no roads, no houses, and no inhabitants in this part of the world."

The morning train duly let another passenger, evidently a gamekeeper, and ourselves off at Loch Skerrow siding. On asking the box-keeper where the martyrs' monument was, he courteously pointed out where it lay, about a mile from the siding, and directed us how best to go to it. There is a hilly ridge of no great height not far from the siding. We went over it, and when we reached the top we saw the martyrs' monument down in the valley right before us, about half a mile away, in the centre of a wide expanse of moor, and beyond it Auchencloy Hill, rising to the height of 684 feet above sea-level. The desolation of Loch Skerrow was here intensified. All was moor around us, while Auchencloy, with its bare sides besprinkled here and there with grey blocks of granite, made the desolation still more complete. The moor has a small flora. The heather was still in bloom and gave the hillside a purple hue, and the bell heather, with its larger flowers, peeped out here and there over the moor as we went along. The tormentil, with its bright yellow cruciform flowers, easily seen amidst the dark background of the surrounding heather, made up the list of all we could see. Living creatures were equally rare. We met with no birds of any kind. The twelfth of August had made an end of the grouse, and flies and wasps, so abundant in August near the abodes of men, were not to be seen.

It took us the greater part of an hour ere we reached the martyrs' monument. It is not easy to go quickly through the long heather, for the ground was rough and the heather tall. We had slowly to wade our way. The object of our visit was a tall, square granite monument, that cannot be much less than thirty feet in height. On its west side is an inscription, stating that it had been

ERECTED
IN MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS
R. FERGUSON, J. M'MICHAN
R. STUART AND J. GRIERSON
WHO FELL ON THIS SPOT 18 DEC 1684

and then follows an account of the circumstances that led to its erection, the collection at a sermon preached by the late Rev. R. Jeffrey of Girthon, on the 18th August 1835, and the profits of the sermon when it came to be published.

About twenty-five yards to the west of the monument is the stone to the memory of Robert Ferguson. It is an upright stone two feet in height by twenty inches in breadth, and has evidently had its lettering recently deepened, as well as itself been set in a granite socket or pedestal. Its inscription is:

HERE LYES
ROBERT FERGUIS WHO WAS
SURPRIZED AND
INSTANTLY SHOT
TO DEATH ON THIS
PLACE BY GRAHAM
OF CLAVERHOUSE
FOR HIS ADHERENCE
TO SCOTLANDS

Other side:

Skull and bones.

REFORMATIONE
COVENANTS
NATIONALL
AND SOLEMN
LEAGUE 1684

The story of the murder of Robert Ferguson and his associates has been told in the chapter on Dalry. It was at Auchencloy that Claverhouse overtook them. Had they got two miles farther they would have escaped, for the ground is there so rough that he could not have followed them, but so long as they were in the moor at Auchencloy they were an easy prey.

Craigmodie, as the crow flies, lies eight and a half miles to the north-west of Kirkcowan station. It may be found down in a corner of Sheet 8 of the Ordnance Map. But the eight and a half miles as the crow flies we found to be at least ten by the road. It was a long summer day in July 1881, that a party of us, consisting of the late Rev. John Inglis, D.D., and his wife, both notable for their manifold labours in evangelising the New Hebrides, and both with memories well stored with traditions of persecuting times, and a relative of both, who kindly undertook to drive and pilot us upon our way.

The road was through among the grass-covered hills of Galloway, none of them very high, but still hills, varying from four hundred to a thousand feet in height. Craigmodie itself will be about eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, and about a mile to the north-west of it is Craigairie Fell, that rises to a height of a thousand feet. Craigmodie is about as lonely and secluded a place as can well be conceived, and had it not been for the local knowledge of our excellent guide, it would have been hard to have found it out. It seemed to be far away from all human habitations.

The stone we came to see is an erect one, about three feet in height by two in breadth, and is in appearance like the martyr stones scattered throughout Galloway. It was erected in 1827 in the place of an older one. The original inscription has been preserved. It is:

HERE LYES
THE BODY OF ALEX-
ANDER LIN, WHO WAS
SURPRISED AND INSTAN-
TLY SHOT TO DEATH
ON THIS PLACE BY
LIEUTENANT GENERAL
DRUMMOND FOR HIS
ADHERENCE TO SCOT-
LAND'S REFORMATION
COVENANTS NATION
AL AND SOLEMN LEAGUE
1685

Little is now known of Lin. There is a short sentence about him in the "Cloud of Witnesses" in the list of those killed in the fields, under the heading "Lieutenant-General Drummond":

"At the same time," *i.e.*, in 1685, "his soldiers did shoot Alexander Lin."

According to the tradition still lingering in the district, he was a shepherd, and belonged to Laris, New Luce, and consequently would be a parishioner of Alexander Peden's, and good sowing had produced a good harvest. Drummond's soldiers were crossing from Colmonell to Glenluce, and had come as far as Craigmodie. They saw the peesweeps (lapwings) gyrating, and always sweeping down at one particular spot, as they are wont to do when anyone comes near their nests or their young. This aroused the suspicion of the soldiers that some Covenanter was in hiding at that spot. They hastened forward, found Alexander Lin concealed, and at once shot him dead.

There is another tradition. It is not about the martyr but about his gravestone, and wears rather an apocryphal appearance, although it goes in the direction of proving the certainty of the martyrdom, had it, like the drowning at Wigtown, been called in question. A man engaged for mowing was passing by the grave. He had no stone with which to sharpen his scythe, for there is no freestone found in Galloway. As he passed by the grave he saw the old gravestone. What a fine scythe-stone could be made of that stone, he thought to himself. The temptation prevailed. The opportunity made the thief. He broke off as much of the stone as made a scythe-stone, and went on his way. When he reached the farmhouse at which he was engaged to mow, the master asked him where he had got his scythe-stone. "Oh," said he, "I just took it off Sandy Lin's headstone." "If that," said the master, "is the way you have got your scythe-stone, you shall not mow any hay for me; you can go home as you came." On his way home, as he was climbing a dyke he fell, and so hurt one of his legs that he mowed none that year. "My informant," said Dr Inglis, from whom we received the story, "is an intelligent and reliable United Presbyterian elder." But as we saw no appearance of breakage about the old gravestone at Craigmodie, the story is somewhat improbable. Still, if the old stone had been lying on the ground, the basement might have been broken off. There is no basement on the old stone, and the tradition may be the explanation of its present appearance.

CHAPTER XXXII

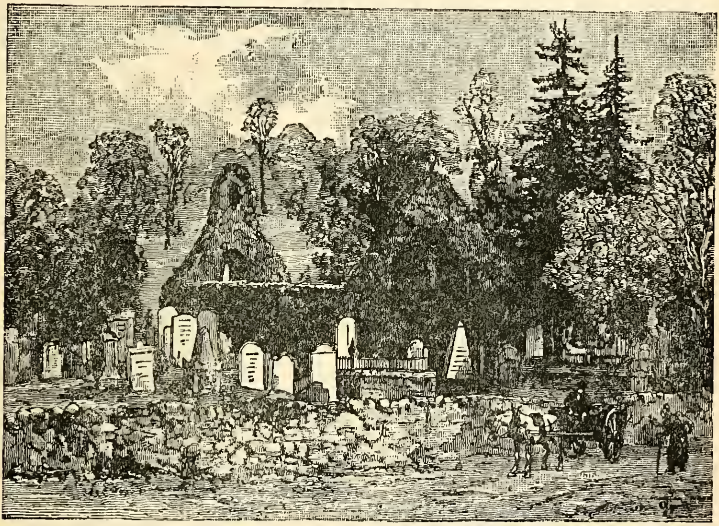
ANWOTH

Green Anwoth keeps her Sabbath rest
  Through many a change of good and ill;
Outwearied, on his Saviour's breast
  He sleeps, whose name embalms her still!
And martyr graves beneath the sod,
Hold some—his first-fruits unto God.
—Mrs STUART MENTEATH.

THE Water of Fleet separates the parish of Anwoth from that of Girthon, and Gatehouse is partly in the one and partly in the other of these parishes. A coach runs daily from Kirkcudbright to Gatehouse, and another from Dromore, on the line between Castle-Douglas and Stranraer. We chose the one from Kirkcudbright. The first part of the road we had already gone over as we came from Twynholm, but what was new to us was not less interesting and beautiful. It was in the third week of September 1892. The harvest had been late. The reaping-machine was in active operation, and already in some fields the farmer was leading in. Away to the south was the Irish Sea, and in the far distance were the mountainous heights of the Isle of Man. When about half way, at Boreland, we passed a large moat. Moats are generally said to be places where justice was administered. But when they were in use, the population of the south of Scotland must have been much greater than it is now, for there are few parishes without its moat.

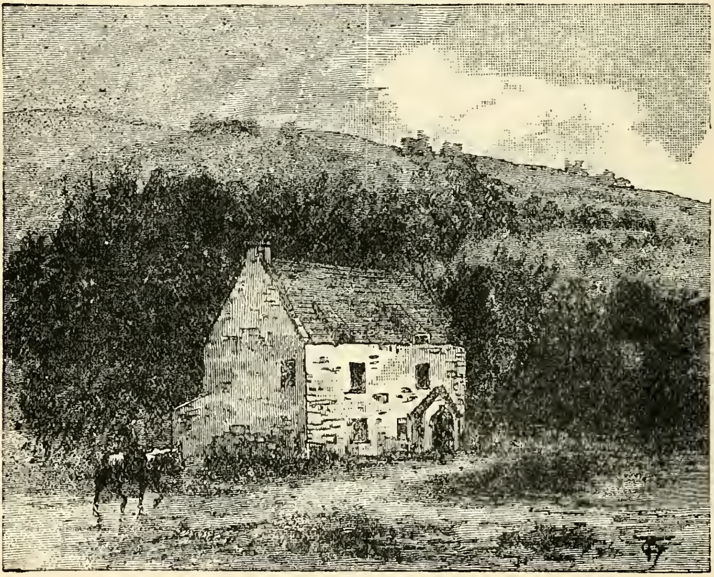
When about two miles from Gatehouse, at the junction with the road from Girthon old church, we passed the site of a dependency of the Abbacy of Tongland. Here the Abbot sometimes resided, as, after the Reformation, did the Bishop of Galloway. Traces of the residence can still be seen from the road, in the form of a large ring or circular rampart, the ground within which still bears the name of the Palace Yard.

Gatehouse is a small town with one main street, about a third of a mile in length; behind it are one or two smaller streets. The Water of Fleet runs through its west end. A little beyond this west end the main road turns almost due south, but at the turn a path goes off in an opposite direction. This path is the short way to Anwoth churchyard. A wooden gate on the left leads into a well-beaten path that goes over the Boreland hills until it reaches Anwoth churchyard, a mile away. We took the longer way, by the main road, which goes along between the base of the Boreland hills and the Water of Fleet. The walk was one of much beauty. The road was lined with trees; and on the left, rising up from the road itself, were the Boreland hills, richly wooded, and on their summit the monument to Rutherfurd, a tall granite obelisk, erected in 1842. After about a mile and a half's walk we came to a side road. At its entrance was a placard marked "To Anwoth." It soon brought us to the object of our visit.



ANWOTH CHURCH

Anwoth church is romantically situated at the foot of the west side of the Boreland hills. It is long and narrow, but roofless, and so more than ever the place for the sparrows and swallows that Rutherfurd so envied when he was confined to Aberdeen. It seemed filled with graves and gravestones, and the whole had a most antiquated look; yet its present condition must be comparatively recent, and the result of the neglect of the heritors, or of their wish that the church of Rutherfurd should go to ruins. Dr Chalmers, in his Journal, of date Wednesday, 23rd August 1826, gives a graphic account of his visit to Anwoth. He says: "Started at five o'clock, ordered the gig forward on the public road to meet us after a scramble of about two miles among the hills in the line of Rutherfurd's memorials. Went first to his church, the identical fabric he preached in, and which is still preached in. The floor is a causeway. There are dates of 1628 and 1633 in some old carved seats. The pulpit is the same, and I sat in it. It is smaller than Kilmany, and very rude and simple. The church bell is said to have been given to him by Lady Kenmure, one of his correspondents, in his 'Letters.' It is singularly small for a church, having been the Kenmure house-bell. We then passed the new church that is building, but I am happy to say that the old fabric and Rutherfurd's pulpit are to be spared. It is a cruel circumstance that they pulled down, and that only three weeks ago, his dwelling-house, the old manse which has not been used as a manse for a long time, but was recently occupied. It should have been spared. Some of the masons who were ordered to pull it down refused it, as they would an act of sacrilege, and have been dismissed from their employment. We went and mourned over the rubbish of the foundation, then ascended a bank, still known by the name of Rutherfurd's Walk. Then went farther among the hills to Rutherfurd's witnesses—so many stones



RUTHERFURD'S MANSE

which he called to witness against some of his parishioners, who were amusing themselves at the place with some game on the Sunday, and whom he went to reprove. The whole scene of our morning's walk was wild and primitive and interesting. Mr Turnbull and his little son accompanied us all the way till we met our gig. Got into it, and had a delightful drive before breakfast" ("Memoirs," vol. iii. p. 130).

It is much to be regretted that the old church has not been spared, as Dr Chalmers thought it was to be, for it would have been a much more interesting memorial of Rutherfurd than the granite obelisk that now crowns the Boreland hills. The stone we were in search of we found about the centre of the churchyard, close to the south-west corner of the roofless church. It is a flat stone, five feet eight inches in length by two feet eight inches in breadth, and rests upon six small square supports, which lift it fully a foot above the ground. The cutting of the letters is deep, and the stone is in good preservation. The inscription is:

HERE LYES JOHN BELL
OF WHITESYDE WHO WAS BARBAROUSLY SHOT
TO DEATH IN THE PAROCH
OF TONGLAND AT THE COMMAND OF LAG 1685

THIS MONUMENT SHALL TELL POSTERITY
THAT BLESSED BELL OF WHITESYDE HERE DOTH LY
WHO AT COMMAND OF BLOODY LAG WAS SHOT
A MURDER STRANGE WHICH SHOULD NOT BE FORGOT
DOUGLAS OF MORTON DID HIM QUARTERS GIVE
YET CRUEL LAG WOULD NOT LET HIM SURVIVE
THIS MARTYR SOUGHT SOME TIME TO RECOMMEND
HIS SOUL TO GOD BEFORE HIS DAYS DID END
THE TYRANT SAID, WHAT, DEVIL! YE'VE PRAY'D ENOUGH
THIS LONG SEVEN YEAR ON MOUNTAIN AND IN CLEUCH
SO INSTANTLY CAUS'D HIM WITH OTHER FOUR
BE SHOT TO DEATH UPON KIRKCONNEL MOOR
SO THUS DID END THE LIVES OF THESE DEAR SAINTS
FOR THEIR ADHERING TO THE COVENANTS

John Bell was the proprietor of Whiteside, in Anwoth. After the death of his father his mother married Viscount Kenmure. Wodrow says he was a singularly pious and very sensible gentleman, and after Bothwell he endured a sore fight of tribulations. His house was rifled, three good horses taken away, and all the furniture the soldiers expected to make anything of. In June 1680, he, with about thirty others, was charged with murdering Archbishop Sharp, burning the king's laws, and with accession to what is called "the rebellion last year." It does not appear that in Bell's case any of the charges were made out. Neither he nor any one of the others charged along with him was present at their trial. Nevertheless all were found guilty.

In 1681 Claverhouse came with a party of soldiers, and lay at Whiteside till they had eaten up all the provisions in the house. They then compelled the people round about to bring them provisions, until their horses consumed all that the meadows could give them. They had now to leave, but they left carrying away everything from the house that they could carry, and they broke down the timber of the house and burnt it. They even destroyed the trees about the house. They carried off his whole stock of sheep, "which were many," and all his horses. His whole crop Claverhouse gave to the curate.

Henceforth Bell was a fugitive. "Many," says Wodrow, "were the straits this excellent gentleman was put to in his wanderings, which I must pass over." Dr Simpson, in his "Traditions," chapters xix. and xxxi., tells of four remarkable escapes from his persecutors, accounts of which are still current in the neighbourhood. At last his time came. It was in February 1685 that he and David Halliday of Mayfield, Andrew M'Robert, James Clement, and Robert Lennox were in hiding upon Kirkconnel Moor. Grierson of Lagg got information of their hiding-place, and with a troop of soldiers came upon them. They at once surrendered after promise of quarter. But no sooner had he them in his power than he gave orders to have them shot. Bell was well known to Lagg, and he earnestly besought him for a quarter of an hour to prepare for death. Lagg's only response was—"What, the devil! have you not had time enough to prepare since Bothwell," and immediately shot him with the other four, and would not at first suffer their bodies to be buried. No wonder that in the south of Scotland Lagg's name should still excite horror, and be regarded as a synonym for all that is barbarous and cruel.

It is said that some time after this satanic deed, Viscount Kenmure, Claverhouse, and Lagg happened to meet at Kirkcudbright. Kenmure challenged Lagg for his cruelty to one whom he knew to be a gentleman, and nearly related to himself, and especially for refusing to allow his body to be buried. Lagg swore at him and said—"Take him, if you will, and salt him in your beef barrel." Kenmure immediately drew his sword, and would have run him through had not Claverhouse, Lagg's counterpart in cruelty, interposed.

There is much worthy of notice in Anwoth churchyard. Several of its tombstones are of the seventeenth century, and have quaint inscriptions. We were particularly taken with those upon a monument to the memory of three ladies, members of the Gordon family. The earliest, on the north end of the stone, is to "Mariovne Mvre, goodwife of Cvllindach, departed this life, anno 1612."

WALKING WITH GOD IN PVRITIE OF LIFE
IN CHRIST I DIED AND ENDIT AL MY STRYFE,
FOR IN MY SAVLE CHRIST DID HEIR DWEL BY GRACE.
NOW DWELLS MY SAVLE IN GLORIE OF HIS FACE.
THAIRFOIR MY BODIE SAL NOT HEIR REMAINE
BUT TO FUL GLORY SUIRLIE RISE AGAINE.

The other two inscriptions on the monument are to the memory of two wives of a son of this lady. The first is said to be to "Margrat Makclellane, goodwife of Ardwel, departed this life, 2 Apprile, 162–, aetatis suae 31."

Dvmbe senseles statue of some painted stones
What means thy boast? Thy captive is bvt clay
Thow gaines nothing but some few lifles bones
Hir choicest pairt hir sovle triumphis for ay.
Then gazeng friendis do not hir death deplore,
Yow lose a while, she gains for evermore.

The second is to "Christen Makcaddam, Lady Cardyness, depairted 16 Jany 1628 aetatis suae 33."

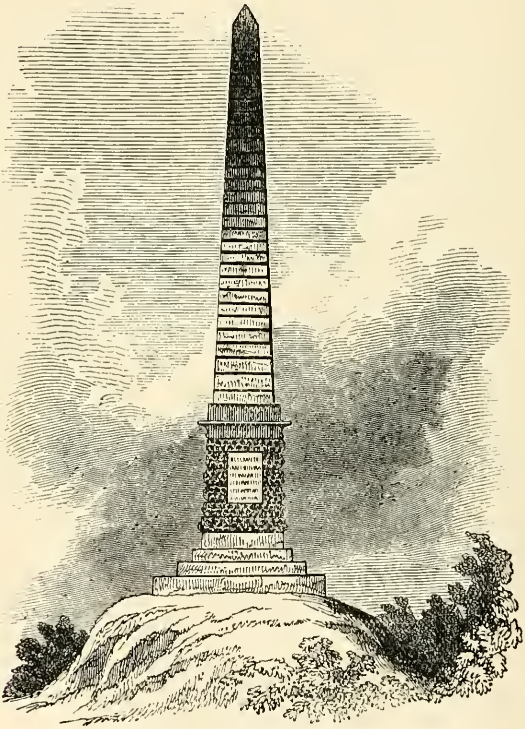
Ye gaizers on this trophee of the tombe
Send out one grone for want of hir whoise lyfe
Twyse borne on earth and now is in earth's wombe
Lived long a virgine now a spotless wiff.
Chvrch keepis her godlie life—this tomb hir corps
And earth hir famous name.
Who then doth lose? Her husband? No—since heaven
Her saule does gane.

In their simplicity and beauty these three inscriptions look as if from the same pen as that to a member of the Ewart family in Kirkcudbright churchyard.

We could have waited long looking at the old church and churchyard and its ancient tombstones, as well as at the hills and meadows around us, so associated with Samuel Rutherford, or, as he himself in the title-page of his books spells it, Rutherfurd; but we had to hasten back to Gatehouse to be in time for the afternoon coach to Kirkcudbright. A stone-cutter working in the churchyard kindly directed us to what he called the short cut. It took us across the meadow, over the style, among trees and brushwood, and then in among the Boreland hills, not far from the Rutherfurd Monument, over hill and dale, until after a quarter of an hour's walk we came in sight of

Gatehouse, stretched out before us at our feet. In five minutes more we were in the town itself.

Our walk from the churchyard we found not less attractive than our walk to it. We realised the truthfulness of Dr Chalmers' description—"Wild, primitive, and interesting." The district is rich in the remains of prehistoric times. The hand of man has left untouched much of its surface. Flowers, brushwood, trees sown by themselves, are everywhere up and down its heights and valleys. Though it was in the midst of harvest when we passed through its hills, all was solitude. We met no one. It was just the place for Rutherfurd. The scantiness of the population, so apparent in the all but entire absence of houses, would give him time to amass the vast and varied learning that appears upon almost every page of his treatises. And its solitude would give him the quietness for meditation upon the manifold aspects of the work of redemption, upon which he so delights to expatiate in his Sermons and Letters.



RUTHERFURD'S MONUMENT

Rutherfurd was settled in Anwoth in 1627, and was deprived, August 27th, 1636, for nonconformity, and confined to Aberdeen, now a stronghold of evangelical Presbyterianism, but then noted for its love of the highly Erastian prelacy that James VI. and his son Charles I. were so eager to press upon the Church of Scotland. In the last of his years at Anwoth he published in Latin his first work—"Discussions upon Divine Grace." It bears all the marks of a hard student and diligent reader of the literature of his own and of past times, and fully justifies the tradition that he rose at three in the morning to preoccupy the day in study and in prayer.

Rutherfurd lived to be a voluminous author. Dr Andrew A. Bonar, in his list of Rutherfurd's works, enumerates no less than sixteen publications in his lifetime. Twelve of these were issued in London. These twelve, and two more issued in Edinburgh, are in the ordinary English of the period. But shortly after the Revolution of 1688 a number of sermons began to appear bearing the name of Samuel Rutherfurd. The oldest of these that we have seen is in quarto, and is without a date or printer's name, as if issued in Scotland in the seventeenth century, when Rutherfurd was a proscribed name. Later editions in the eighteenth century are generally in 12mo.

In 1802 "A Collection of Valuable Sermons preached at Sacramental Occasions," "by the eminently learned and pious Mr Samuel Rutherford," was printed at Glasgow by Stephen Young, Princes Street, for Hugh Shields, Nether Newton, Mearns, Renfrewshire. There are nine sermons in this volume. They are said to be "candidly printed from an old manuscript."

In 1876 Dr Andrew A. Bonar collected twelve of these sermons, the nine in Hugh Shields' edition and three others, and issued them under the title of "Communion Sermons." The impression of two thousand copies was soon sold, and next year Dr Bonar issued a second edition, with the addition of two more sermons.

These sermons are in substance undoubtedly Rutherfurd's, and must have been taken down by some hearer skilled in the art of shorthand writing. Here and there they contain clauses and sentences awkwardly constructed, very unlike the mastery over our English language either in its southern or northern form, so manifest in his Letters or in the books published by himself.

In 1883 or 1884 Dr Bonar received a manuscript volume that had been an heirloom in the family of Rev. David Russel, fifty-seven years minister of the Relief, and then of the United Presbyterian Church, first in Hawick and then in Errol. The volume was in the archaic handwriting of the middle of the seventeenth century, and had all the appearance of being written by a contemporary of Rutherfurd. It was found to contain all the sermons of Rutherfurd that had been hitherto published under the title of "Communion Sermons," and about twenty others. The whole volume was transcribed, and most of the sermons, that had not hitherto been published, were issued in 1885 by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton in a volume entitled "Quaint Sermons of Samuel Rutherford."

All the sermons or addresses in the manuscript volume were found to have the same peculiarity as the Letters. They abound in Scotch or Northern English words and phrases. Rutherfurd, therefore, must have had two styles. From the pulpit, when in Scotland, he spoke in the vernacular of his audience, but when in England, and in his books, he conformed with the English of the culture of his time.

The awkward phraseology that sometimes occurs in the sermons as hitherto printed is not found in the old manuscript volume, and in its place there is some nervous Scotch or Northern English word or phrase, whose meaning the editor or transcriber thought it his duty to translate into modern language, but failed in the first duty of a translator, an exact knowledge of its signification. Two specimens, that might be multiplied manifold, of misunderstanding of Rutherfurd's meaning will suffice. In the printed copy, page 96, it is said of sin it is a joker, a very unlikely figure for Samuel Rutherfurd; but in the manuscript volume it reads, "their sin is a jouker," *i.e.*, a deceiver, what Rutherfurd must have said. Again, in the printed copy, page 358, the Church is said in herself to be black like the moon, an equally unlikely comparison for Samuel Rutherfurd, but in the manuscript volume it is "black like the moor." This, we may be certain, is what he said.

The earliest of these Communion Sermons is one that has been often reprinted. Its title is "Christ and the Doves. Heavenly Salutations with their pleasant conference together, or a sermon before the communion in Anworth. Anno 1630." This sermon, though preached in the third year of his ministry, is Rutherfurd all over. It has the wealth of imagery and the unction so marked in his Letters, and is much more condensed than the sermons published by himself preached before the House of Commons in 1644, and before the House of Lords in 1645.

Rutherfurd, therefore, from the beginning of his career, had taken the place as a preacher that he maintained to the close of his life. He was no ordinary preacher. Mr Taylor Innes, in his appreciative paper on Rutherfurd in his "Studies in Scottish History," has gathered together the testimonies to Rutherfurd's power as a preacher.

"I went to St Andrews," said an English merchant during the Protectorate, "and there heard a little fair man; and he showed me the loveliness of Christ." An old Morayshire minister who survived the Revolution, looking back over his lifetime, said: "I have known many great and good ministers in this church, but for such a piece of clay as Mr Rutherfurd was, I never knew one in Scotland like him to whom so many great gifts were given." How did that piece of clay strike contemporaries? Other observers give us (in Wodrow's "Analecta") what amounts to a description of him. It is a pen sketch which is invaluable, for no portrait of Rutherfurd has come down to us. "He had two quick eyes, and when he walked it was observed that he held aye his face upward and heavenward." "He had a strange utterance in the pulpit, a kind of *skreigh* that I never heard the like." "Many a time I thought he would have flown out of the pulpit when he came to speak of Jesus Christ." To these testimonies may be added that of Robert Baillie, a fellow-commissioner to the Westminster Assembly: "Mr Rutherfoord hes an excellent gift both of preaching and prayer" ("Letters," vol. i. p. 79).

While thus remarkable as a preacher, Rutherfurd was no less notable as a controversialist. Baillie again and again records his own testimony, as well as that of many others, to the great service he rendered by his controversial writings. He always wrote in intense earnestness, and in full conviction that he was advocating the truth. Nevertheless, his controversial books are hard and even repulsive reading, for they bristle with references to learned but now forgotten writers; they are often cast in a scholastic form; and they pursue the adversary through all the ramifications of his argument, until it seems as if nothing else needed to be said for his utter destruction. Nevertheless, in his most learned and most scholastic books there are always gleams of the writer of the Letters, as, for example, in the noble passage that closes his address, "To the Reader," in his "Plea for Paul's Presbyterie in Scotland."

Perhaps the most singular of Rutherfurd's controversial books is his "Lex Rex—the Law and the Prince: A Disputation for the just Prerogative of King and People." The aim of the book is to show that constitutional government, in which the rights of the people and of their rulers are both observed, is the best for all parties. This maxim has long been regarded as a self-evident truism, but it was not so in Rutherfurd's time. Twenty-eight years of persecution must be gone through, the reigning dynasty must be set aside, and two rebellions put down before it could become a generally recognised truth. In 467 closely printed quarto pages, Rutherfurd discusses his theme in all its bearings. The formidable power of the book at the time it was published, is seen in the effect it produced on the enemies of civil and religious liberty. It discusses such questions as these:

Whether or no the King be only and immediately from God, and not from the people? Whether the King be above the law? Whether or no the King be in dignity and power above the people? Whether the King of Scotland be an absolute prince, having prerogatives above laws and Parliaments? The answers that are given expound and defend the principles of constitutional government, and could not be acceptable to the supporters of arbitrary power. In September 1660 the Committee of Estates issued a proclamation in which it is declared to be "full of seditious and treasonable matter," and "all copies are to be called in and delivered up, that his Majesty's good subjects be not longer infected or poisoned thereby." But for the illness that ended in death, March 30th, 1661, Rutherfurd would have been imprisoned and speedily have followed the Marquis of Argyle and James Guthrie to the scaffold.

"Lex Rex," as a book that has served its own generation, does not readily admit of quotations that will interest the modern reader. Perhaps its last paragraph is as suitable a one as can well be given to exhibit Rutherfurd writing as a civilian. It has the scholastic form and the exhaustive treatment characteristic of the book. It is "Quest 21 [*Whether the Seas, Floods, Road-Wayes, Castles, Ports publike, Militia, Armour, Forts, and Strengths be the Kings*]. 1 They are the King's *quoad custodiam et publicam possessionem* as a pawn is the Man's in whose hand the pawn is laid down. 2 They are the King's, *quoad jurisdictionem cumulativam non privativam.* The King is to direct, and Royally to command, that the Castles, Forts, Ports, Strengths, Armour, Magazine, Militia, be employed for the safetie of the *Kingdome.* All the Wayes, Bridges, the publike Road-Wayes are the *King's*, in so far as he, as a *publike and Royall Watchman*, is to secure the subjects from Robbers, and to cognosce of unknown Murthers, by himself and the inferior Judges; yet may not the King imploy any of these against the *Kingdome.* 3 They are the King's, as he is King *quoad officialem et Regalem et publicam proprietatem:* for he hath a Royall and Princely propriety to all these, as his own, in so far as he useth them according to Law. And thus they are, 4 The King's also *quoad usum* in regard of official use. But they are the Kingdome's, *quoad fructum*, in regard to the effect and fruit. 5 They are the Kingdome's, *finaliter*, being destinated for the safetie and securitie of the Kingdome. They are the Kingdome's, *quoad proprietatem propriam et legalem stricte sumptam;* according to the proper and legall proprietrie: And are not the *King's* proper heritage, as he is a Man 1 Because he may not sell these Forts, Strengths, Ports, Magazine, Bridges, &c., to a stranger, or a Forraigne Prince, 2 When the *King* is dead, and his Heires and Royall line interrupted, these all remaine proper to the Kingdome; yet so, as the State cannot, as they are Men, make them away or sell them more then the *King:* for no Publike persons, yea the Multitude cannot make away the securitie, safetie, and that which necessarily conduceth to the securitie of the Posteritie. *The Lord build his own Zion and appoint Salvation for walls and bulwarks.*"

It is, however, by his "Letters" that Rutherfurd has been best known and appreciated by Christian people; but to pass from "Lex Rex" to the "Letters" is like passing from one country to another, in which the language, ways, and manners are entirely different. At first sight it might seem as if the author of "Lex Rex" could not be the same person as the writer of the "Letters," yet undoubtedly both are from the same pen. Indeed, they furnish a striking illustration of how a theme in the same writer may dominate a style, and make it upon one class of subjects altogether different from what it may be upon others. The "Letters" are entirely free from scholastic forms. They are pithy, and nervous in expression to a degree. They abound in illustration. They have a rare unction, and are never mawkish. Sometimes they have a warmth that goes beyond modern taste; but it is the warmth of a loving and devout student of the Song of Songs, who has been so much in among the imagery of its garden and vineyard and pleasant fruits that it has become his own. The "Communion Sermons" contain three and the "Quaint Sermons" two upon the Song of Songs, and they look very like sections of a course that Rutherfurd must have preached upon the whole book. The "Letters" often seem as if written in the midst of his earnest studies on this sacred book. They are now all of them at least two hundred and thirty years old, but they give no evidence of the approach of decay. Publishers, as time rolls on, continue to send them forth in more and more attractive forms, and never more attractively than in the recent one-volumed form, so admirably edited by Dr Andrew A. Bonar. To-day they are just as suitable for a devout mind as when they were first given to the world by M'Ward, in 1664. It is true they contain many Scotch or Northern English words. But these words verify the "Letters" as the production of the seventeenth century, and preserve archaic forms of our language in association with what is pure and holy, an association that cannot always be said of much that is written in our Scotch tongue. Hence it is that the "Letters" are still an every-day book, sought after by learned students of our language, and are favourite reading with pious people in all sections of Christ's Church.

CHAPTER XXXIII

WIGTOWN

The earth keeps many a memory of blood as water poured,
The peasant summoned at his toil, to own, and meet his Lord,
The secret hungering in the hills, where none but God might see,
Ay, earth had many martyrs—but these two were of the sea!
—Mrs Stuart Menteath.

Wigtown is most easily reached by the branch railway from Newton-Stewart, a main station on the line from Dumfries to Stranraer. It is one of the oldest towns in Scotland. It seems to have been a burgh town so early as the beginning of the fourteenth century. Wigtown itself, with much that is of the nineteenth century, has yet, in many of its old houses, marks ot the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries, and possibly even of the sixteenth. Its name is said to signify the village upon the hill, a signification that exactly describes the site of the town. It is upon a hill. The churchyard we were in search of is in the lower end of the town. It is separated from the new church by a low wall. It contains the ruins of the old church, built in 1730 upon the site ot a still older one, and is the resting-place of the mortal remains ot the inhabitants of Wigtown for many generations.

The stones we were in search of are a little to the north of the site of the old church. Very likely the martyrs were buried there, because, as has already been mentioned, the northern part of a churchyard was regarded as the least sacred, and therefore the place for the bodies of those who were regarded by the authorities of the time as criminals. But when the old church was taken down the stones were shifted for safety a few yards to the north, to the spot where they now stand.

The largest stone is that of Margaret Willson or Wilson. It is a flat stone, five feet in length and two in breadth. The inscription is:

HERE LYES MARGARET
WILLSON DOUGHTER
TO GILBERT WILLSON
IN GLENVERNOCH
WHO WAS DROUNED
ANNO 1685 AGED 18

LET EARTH AND STONE STILL WITNES BEARE
HEIR LYES A VIRGINE MARTYRE HERE
MURTER'D FOR OUNING CHRIST SUPREAME
HEAD OF HIS CHURCH AND NO MORE CRIME
BUT NOT ABJURING PRESBYTRY,
AND HER NOT OUNING PRELACY,
THEY HER CONDEM'D, BY UNJUST LAW,
OF HEAVEN NOR HELL THEY STOOD NO AW
WITHIN THE SEA TY'D TO A STAKE
SHE SUFFERED FOR CHRIST JESUS SAKE
THE ACTORS OF THIS CRUEL CRIME
WAS LAGG · STRACHAN · WINRAM · AND GRHAME
NEITHER YOUNG YEARES NOR YET OLD AGE
COULD STOP THE FURY OF THERE RAGE

Close beside the stone to Margaret Wilson is that to Margaret Lachlane, or Lachlan, or Laughson, or Lauchlison, or M'Lachland, or M'Lachlan, for in each of these different forms is her name sometimes found spelt. We prefer the form Lauchlison. This was her maiden name; her married name was Milligan, her husband being a carpenter and small farmer in Kirkinner, the neighbouring parish to Wigtown. It is a small upright stone. Its top edge is waved. The scroll at one of the corners seems to have been broken off. Upon this waved edge the words

MEMENTO MORI

are engraved. The inscription is upon both sides of the stone. Upon the one side it is:

HERE LYES
MARGARET LACHLANE
WHO WAS BY UN
JUST LAW SENTENC
ED TO DIE BY LAGG
STRA HANE WIN
RAME AND GRHAME
AND TYED TO A
STAKE WITHIN THE
FLOOD FOR HER

SURNAMED GRIER

Upon the other side:

Cross bones and skull.

ADHERENCE
TO SCOTLANDS RE
FORMATION COVE
NANTS NATIONAL
AND SOLEMN LEAGUE
AGED 63. 1685.

Lord Macaulay, in the fourth chapter of his "History of England," gives a few instances of the sufferings of the Presbyterians under the rule of James II. These instances are taken from the history of a single fortnight, the very fortnight in which the Scottish Parliament, at the urgent request of James, enacted a new law of unprecedented severity against Dissenters. These instances are the murders of John Brown of Priesthill by Graham of Claverhouse, of Peter Gillies and John Bryce by fifteen soldiers at Mauchline, of Thomas Cook, John Urie, and Robert Thom at Polmadie, near Glasgow, of Andrew Hislop at Eskdalemuir, and the drowning of the Wigtown martyrs. Lord Macaulay prefaces his account of these martyrs by a paragraph in which he describes the agents of the Government in the work of persecution. He says: "The shires in which the Covenanters were most numerous were given up to the license of the army. With the army was mingled a militia composed of the most violent and profligate of those who called themselves Episcopalians. Pre-eminent among the bands which oppressed and wasted these unhappy districts were the dragoons commanded by John Graham of Claverhouse. The story ran that these wicked men used in their revels to play at the torments of hell, and to call each other by the names of devils and damned souls. The chief of this Tophet, a soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper, and of obdurate heart, has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred. To recapitulate all the crimes by which this man and men like him goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness, would be an endless task."

These sentences stung to the quick Sheriff Napier, a man of strong Jacobite proclivities, and an intense admirer of Claverhouse. In 1859 he published a eulogistic life of Claverhouse, which he followed up by two smaller productions, in which he affirms that the drowning of Margaret Wilson and Margaret Lauchlison never took place. Sheriff Napier is a singular writer; his pages have the manner of a man educated in Billingsgate rather than at a university. They are crowded with examples of faults in taste and temper that educated men as a rule strive to avoid. Indeed, after reading his book and his pamphlets, it becomes matter of wonder how such a man should ever have held the office of Sheriff in a Scotch county. Notwithstanding the offensive oddity of his book and pamphlets, his statements regarding the Wigtown martyrs soon attracted notice; and the interest increased until all over Scotland the matter was discussed in a multitude of letters and articles in newspapers, magazines, and reviews.

The result of the discussion has been that an amount of evidence has been submitted that establishes the substantial truth of the story, as presented in the pages of Daniel Defoe, the "Cloud of Witnesses," Wodrow, Patrick Walker, and of Lord Macaulay.

Of the many able writers who took part in this discussion, the Rev. Thomas Gordon, D.D., of Newbattle, in three articles in the *Scotsman* newspaper, August 8th and September 4th 1867, and July 5th 1870, took a foremost place. The articles were remarkable for their research, their lucidity, and their judical fairness. In strong contrast with Sheriff Napier, they are in many respects a model worthy of imitation by controversial writers. It is much to be regretted that the author did not afterwards give them to the world in a collected form.

Dr Thomas Gordon was followed by the late Rev. Archibald Stewart, D.D., of Glasserton, in "History Vindicated in the Case of the Wigtown Martyrs." (Second edition. Edinburgh, 1869.) Dr Stewart's book is a careful and minute and yet always interesting examination of the evidence. After an Introduction stating the design of the book, he in chapter i. reviews the previous legislation of Charles II. and James II., and shows how it changed Scotch Presbyterians from the most loyal of subjects to a state of discontent and even of rebellion; in chapter ii. he examines Sheriff Napier's proof upon the negative side, and shows it to be inconclusive; and in chapter iii. he presents the affirmative evidence. He arranges it under—first, Tradition; second, Early Pamphlets; third, Early Histories; fourth, Minutes of Local Church Courts; and lastly, Monumental Evidence.

As a specimen of the valuable matter in the book, and at the same time as presenting the story of the martyrdom by persons who cannot but have known the reality of what they tell, we give the statement of the kirk-session of Kirkinner, Margaret Lauchlison's parish, and that of the kirk-session of Penninghame, Margaret Wilson's parish, that were drawn up by the injunction of the General Assembly in order to be forwarded to Wodrow for his forthcoming "History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland from the Restoration to the Revolution."

Kirk-Session of Kirkinner.

The minute of the 15th April 1711 is:

"Post preces sederunt, all the members except John M'Culloch, William Hanna, and John Martin, younger in Airles. *Inter alia*—The minister gave in the account of the sufferings of honest Godly people in the late times which was read, and is as follows: Margaret Laughson, of known integrity and piety from her youth, aged about 80, widow of John Milliken, wright in Drumjargan, was, in or about the year of God 1685, in her own house, taken off her knees in prayer, and carried immediately to prison, and from one prison to another, without the benefit of light to read the Scriptures; was barbarously treated by dragoons, who were sent to carry her from Mahirmore to Wigtown; and being sentenced by Sir Robert Grier of Lagg to be drowned at a stake within the flood mark just below the town of Wigtown for conventicle keeping and alleged rebellion, was, according to the said sentence, fixed to the stake till the tide made, and held down within the water by one of the town officers by his halbert at her throat till she died."

After narrating twelve other cases of suffering, in forms of banishment, imprisonment, fining, etc., the minute concludes:

"The which particulars aforesaid being read, they partly from credible information, partly from their own personal knowledge, do believe the said informations to be matters of fact, and appoint the same to be recorded in their session-book *ad futuram rei memoriam*, and the clerk to give extract to the Presbytery of Wigtown according to appointment. Sederunt closed with prayer."

KIRK-SESSION OF PENNINGHAME.

The minute, dated 19th February 1711, is a long one, and contains the names of *twenty-nine* persons connected with the parish who had been subjected to suffering in various forms. The part of the minute relating to the Wilson family is:

"Gilbert Wilson of Glenvernock, in Castle-stewart's land, being a man to ane excess conform to the guise of the tymes, and his wife without challenge for her religion, in good condition as to worldly things, with a great stock on a large ground (fitt to be a prey) was harassed by his childrene who would not conform. They being required to take the test, and hear the curates, refused both; were searched for, fled, and lived in the wild mountains, bogs, and caves. Their parents were charged, on their highest peril, that they should neither harbour them, speak to them, supplie them, nor see them; and the country people were obliged by the terror of the law to pursue them as well as the soldiers with hue and cry.

"In February, 1685, Thomas Wilson of sixteen years of age, Margaret Wilson of eighteen years, Agnes Wilson of thirteen years, children of the said Gilbert—the said Thomas keeping the mountains, his two sisters Margaret and Agnes went secretly to Wigtown to see some friends, were there discovered, taken prisoners, and instantly thrust into the thieves' hole as the greatest malefactors; whence they were some tymes brought up to the tolbooth, after a considerable tyme's imprisonment, where several others were prisoners for the like cause, particularly one Margaret M'Lachlan of Kirkinner parish, a woman of sixty-three years of age.

"After their imprisonment for some considerable tyme Mr David Graham, sheriff, the Laird of Lagg, Major Winram, Captain Strachan, called ane assize, indicted these three women, viz., Margaret M'Lachlan, Margaret Wilson, Agnes Wilson, to be guilty of the Rebellion at Bothwell Bridge, Airds Moss, twenty field conventicles, and twenty house conventicles. Yet it was well known that none of these women ever were within twenty miles of Bothwell or Airds Moss; and

Agnes Wilson being eight years of age at the time of Airds Moss, could not be deep in rebellion then, nor her sister of thirteen years of age and twelve years at Bothwell Bridge its tyme. The assize did sitt and brought them in guilty, and these judges sentenced them *to be tied to palisados fixed in the sand within the flood mark, and there to stand till the flood overflowed them and drowned them.*

"They received their sentence without the least discouragement, with a composed smiling countenance, judging it their honour to suffer for Christ's truth, that He is alone king and head of His Church. Gilbert Wilson foresaid got his youngest daughter, Agnes Wilson, out of prison upon his bond of ane hundreth pounds sterling to produce her when called for, after the sentence of death past against her; but was obliged to go to Edinburgh for this before it could be obtained. The tyme they were in prison no means were unessayed with Margaret Wilson to perswade her to take the oath of abjuration and hear the curates with threatenings and flattery, but without any success.

"Upon the eleventh day of May, 1685, these two women, Margaret M'Lachlan and Margaret Wilson, were brought forth to execution. They did put the old woman first into the water, and when the water was overflowing her, they asked Margaret Wilson what she thought of her in that case? She answered: 'What do I see but Christ wrestling there? Think ye that we are sufferers? No, it is Christ in us, for he sends none a warfare on their own charges.' Margaret Wilson sang Psalm xxv., from the 7th verse, read the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and did pray, and then the water covered her. But before her breath was quite gone, they pulled her up and held her till she could speak, and then asked her if she would pray for the king. She answered that she wished the salvation of all men, but the damnation of none. Some of her relations being on the place cried out, 'She is willing to conform,' being desirous to save her life at any rate. Upon which Major Winram offered the oath of abjuration to her either to swear it or return to the waters. She refused it, saying, 'I will not, I am one of Christ's children, let me go.' And then they returned her into the water, where she finished her warfare, being a virgin martyr of eighteen years of age, suffering death for her refusing to swear the oath of abjuration and hear the curates.

"The said Gilbert Wilson was fined for the opinion of his children, harassed with frequent quarterings of souldiers upon him, sometymes ane hundreth men at ance, who lived at discretion on his goods, and that for several years together; and his frequent attendance in the courts at Wigtown almost every week, at thirteen miles distance for three years tyme; riding to Edinburgh on these accounts, so that his losses could not be reckoned and estimate (without doubt) not within five thousand merks: yet for no principle or action of his own, and died in great poverty lately a few years hence: his wife, a very aged woman, lives upon the charity of friends: his son Thomas lived to bear arms under King William in Flanders and the castle of Edinburgh; but had nothing to enter the ground which they possessed where he lives to certifie the truth of these things with many others who knew them too weel."

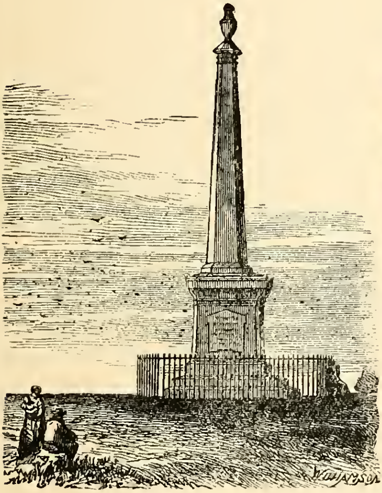
The attestation of the Session to the case of Margaret Wilson, and to all the cases recorded in the minute is:

"The Session having considered the above particulars and having certain knowledge of the truth of most part of them from their own sufferings, and eye-witnesses of the foresaid sufferings of others, which several of this Session declares, and from certain information of others in the very tyme and place they were acted in, and many living that have all these things fresh in their memory, except of those things concerning Gilbert Milroy—(he was banished, sold as a slave in Jamaica, had returned, and was then an elder in the neighbouring parish of Kirkcowan)—the truth whereof they think there is no ground to doubt of; they do attest the same, and order an extract to be given in their name to the Presbytery, to transmit to superior judicatories. Sederunt closed with prayer."

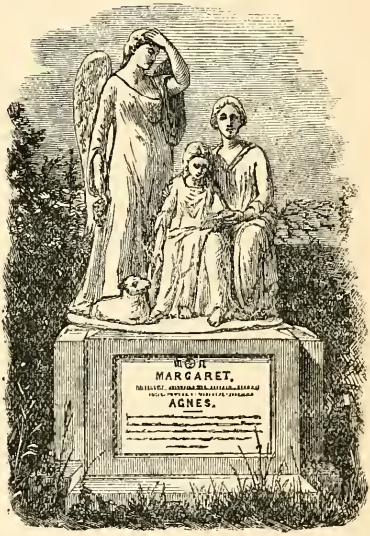
To Scotch people well acquainted with the trustworthiness and truthfulness of the men who discharge the duties of an elder in their different congregations, it will seem impossible to doubt the veracity of these narratives attested by the respective Sessions, and that, indeed, they bear the marks of truth stamped upon their every line.

The most recent admirer of Claverhouse is Mr Moubray Morris, in a volume of a series that, by an odd misnomer, its editor, Mr Andrew Lang, has called "English Worthies." Mr Moubray Morris is not a lover of Presbyterianism, nor yet does he give evidence of knowing much about it, and he makes some curious blunders and strange omissions in his book; but he, in general, has an English love of fairness. Hence he has read some other books about Claverhouse than those of Sheriff Napier. He has even looked into Dr Stewart's "History Vindicated," and he frankly owns that the drowning of the two women in the waters of the Bladnoch on May 11, 1685, is surely a fact as well authenticated as any in the martyrology of the Scottish Covenant—indeed, it is hard to see how even a cursory student of the history of the period, not unduly biassed by preconceived opinions, could have come to any other conclusion.

Defoe's account of the Wigtown martyrs, in his "Memoirs of the Church of Scotland," is one of great interest. He came to Scotland in 1706 to further the Union, and he resided in Edinburgh till the close of 1707, when he returned to London. The "Memoirs" were written in 1708, although not published till 1717. In the gathering together of their materials Defoe evidently took pains. He says in his Preface, "he has applied himself by books, by just authorities, by oral tradition, by living witnesses, and by all other rational means, to make himself master of the matters of fact." Notwithstanding these efforts to get at the truth, the "Memoirs" bear the marks of hurried writing, and they have not the sustained power throughout that he was afterwards to show when he took to fiction and gave to the world his masterpiece, "Robinson Crusoe." Here and there, however, there are passages that present him in his best form. The rescue at the Enterkin is one of these passages, and the Wigtown martyrs is another. The account of the Wigtown martyrs he says he received from "creditable" witnesses. Its chief merit is not so much the skill with which he tells the story as the defence he makes for the women refusing to pray for the king. Its English is sinewy and nervous, the English of the man who had written "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters." As a defence it is masterly; and is as just as it is masterly; and shows that Defoe when in Scotland must have met with the most intelligent of the Society people, and talked with them over the position Donald Cargill and Richard Cameron took up when they renounced allegiance to the last of the Stuarts, until he was thoroughly persuaded that they were right in what they had done; and that when the heroic women refused to pray for the king, it was simply because they could not ask a blessing to rest upon a ruler who had broken every pledge he had made when he ascended the throne, and who, in his daily life, was trampling upon the laws of his country as well as those of God.



MONUMENT AT WIGTOWN TO WIGTOWN MARTYRS



MONUMENT AT STIRLING TO WIGTOWN MARTYRS

No chapter in Scottish martyrology has excited more sympathy and more admiration than that recording the last hours upon earth of Margaret Lauchlison and Margaret Wilson. Allusion to it in a sermon never fails to increase the attention of the hearer, or to draw forth the plaudits of an audience to a speaker upon a platform. It has inspired Millais to one of the best efforts of his pencil, and Mrs Stuart Menteath to one of the most touching of her ballads in her "Lays of the Kirk and Covenant."

We give the following Defence from Defoe's "Memoirs of the Church of Scotland," as a fitting pendant to the Minutes of the Sessions of Kirkinner and Penninghame:

> "It has been matter of censure among some, and even of those otherwise in the same interest and of the same doctrinal principles with these people, when they found that they were so severely nice in this particular of praying for the King, seeing that they are bid to pray for kings and all in authority. But not to make these memoirs enter into long disputes of the points between them and their persecutors which is not the work of a historian, I shall only state and remove the question in few words from these poor sufferers to their enemies, and leave them to answer it if they know how.
>
> "In the first place, it is true they began with these poor women upon that question of praying for the King, which was a piece of wicked policy on their parts, because it was the most popular question and by which they thought they made these people odious to the King, and represented them as his particular enemies; and persuaded him by it to let them go on with their persecution, which, by the way, they had much ado to prevail in—for the King, who was in himself of a merciful disposition, being often shocked with the accounts of their crueltie, and often saying openly he would have no more blood shed. I say this was a wicked policy on their part; for it is known they had three or four questions more in their orders, any of which were of such a nature as that the poor people would have suffered death rather than to have complied. For example, had these two poor women answered, 'Yes, we will say God save the King;' the next question had been, 'Will ye renounce the Covenant?' a question which, if it were now asked in Scotland, I believe there are 50,000 people would as soon renounce the very name of Christians—that is to say, they would suffer all that human nature could suffer rather than do it. So that, upon the whole, these people did not suffer for a single opposition of the King's lawful authority, as was wickedly charged on them; but they were given up to death by a party, and they singled out such points to question them upon as they knew they could not comply with that they might destroy them; and if these questions would not have done it, they would have named others for the purpose.
>
> "Further, it is evident that they refused praying for the King upon a religious principle, not upon a rebellious principle; and that as they believed the King, as before, to be an idolator, a persecutor, and an enemy to God and his people. They believed that for them to pray to God to bless him would be either to mock God by seeming to pray for what they did not mean, or really to pray to God to bless the King even in his persecuting God's people, which would be impious, and was against their consciences.
>
> "As to the other part which the objectors allege—viz., it was a trifle and a thing so small as that they could not answer to lose their lives for it—we answer that then much less could those cruel and inhumane persecutors answer to take the lives of poor innocent women and children away for so small a thing, which, in the common judgement and by their own confession, was but a trifle in its nature.
>
> "Likewise, if it was against the consciences and principles of the poor people,

> though we were to suppose them misinformed or uninformed, yet they died in a righteous cause, not as they died for refusing to pray for the King, but as they chose to die rather than to violate their obedience to the sovereignty of conscience, which is a principle every Christian ought to adhere to.
>
> "Let these things serve for answers, till they can be confuted, to the persecutors themselves, and to all those who would blacken the memory of these conscientious zealous people, pretending they were obstinate, that they threw away their lives, and that they died upon foundations and principles which are not to be justified. It is evident they were right in their adhering steadfastly to the known duty of a Christian, viz., of suffering the greatest evil rather than committing the least sin. Nay, though they were to have it granted that they were (as I said above) misinformed in the nature of the thing they suffered for, it might be observed here, that it was the very argument used with many of the primitive martyrs in the time of the ten persecutions—that it was a small thing but to take a censer in their hands to seem as if they did sacrifice, though they did not; that the prayer to the gods was made by the priests, and it was a thing of no consequence to bow the head which they might do as to Cæsar and not to the gods above.
>
> "Thus also in the case of the martyred Maccabees their persecutors pretended in clemency to offer them their lives, if they would but take a bit of swine's flesh into their mouths, though they did not swallow it down. But with what abhorrence did they refuse! with what joy and alacrity did they die!—I mean the primitive Christians as well as the Maccabees—insomuch that the wisest of the heathen condemned them as fools for that they cast themselves away and lost their lives, not for the essential parts of religion, but for trifles and circumstances of no consequence."

Within the same railing as that which encloses the monument to Margaret Lauchlison and Margaret Wilson is a stone to the memory of other three martyrs. The stone is upright and is waved upon the edge at the top, and is somewhat larger than the one at its side to Margaret Lauchlison. Upon its upper waved edge are the words

MEMENTO MORI.

The inscription is:

N
HERE LYSE WILLIAM JOHNSTO
JOHN MILROY GEORGE WALKER
WHO WAS WITHOUT SENTE
NCE OF LAW HANGED BY MA
JOR WINRAM FOR THEIR ADHER
ANCE TO SCOTLAND'S REFOR
MATION COVENANTS NATIO
AL AND SOLEMN LEAGUE.
1685.

The story of these three martyrs is one of the saddest in that sad time. "Some time this year—1685," says Wodrow, "there were three men in the parish of Penninghame taken and executed very summarily, William Johnstone, gardener to the laird of Fintilloch, George Walker, servant in Kirkaulay, and John Milroy, chapman, living in Fintilloch."

The first of them, some time before he was taken, had conformed so far as to take the Test; but after he had taken the oath he fell under deep remorse, and became seriously thoughtful about his sins and his danger as a sinner, about which he had previously been unconcerned. He forsook hearing the curate. The curate informed against him, and he had to leave his home and wander among the moors and mountains. He and the other two kept close together in their hiding-places. They had many remarkable escapes, but were at last taken by a party sent out by Major Windram, and brought in prisoners to Wigtown. Here the Major immediately examined them. They declined to answer some of his questions, and refused to attend the services of the curate, when, without even the form of a trial, he ordered them to be hanged at Wigtown next day.

The martyrs, whose mortal remains lie in Wigtown churchyard, were not the only sufferers belonging to the parish ot Penninghame. Wodrow gives the case of the Milroys, as a specimen of the persecution then endured by those who would not take the Test or the Abjuration oath. The account, he says, I have well attested by my dear friend the late worthy and learned Mr Robert Rowan, minister in the parish of Penninghame.

Gilbert and William Milroy, brothers, lived at Kirkaulay, a farm on the lands of Castle Stuart. In 1684, when the Test was pressed violently, William took it, but Gilbert gave the Sheriff-depute twelve pounds and got off. Next year, when all were obliged to take the new oath, both brothers, with their younger brother Patrick, rather than perjure themselves, left their home and became "wanderers" upon the moors or among the hills. In midsummer the Earl of Home sent his Merse Militia to rifle their houses. When they had cleared the houses ot all their valuables, the Militia drove away all the cattle they could find. Two days afterwards seventy horsemen came after sunset and completed the work of plundering begun by the Militia. They kept at it all night. When the women, especially Gilbert's wife, were for retaining some clothes of their own, saying men had no use for them, they seized her and applied—what had become a favourite mode of torture with the representatives of the Government—lighted matches between her fingers. Several of the other women were laid hold of and tortured in the same way.

Next morning they searched the fields, and found hidden among the corn Gilbert's younger brother William, and a lad of sixteen. They carried them away to prison to Minnigaff. At the same time they took what cattle had been left by the Militia. In all, besides emptying the houses of their contents, in the two raids of the soldiers there were taken away eighty black cattle, many younger beasts, about five hundred sheep, and eight horses, some of them of great value. In addition to this plundering of the stock, the standing corn was eaten or trodden down to such an extent that what was left was worth little, and indeed was entirely lost, for the families durst not stay to reap it.

These losses were only the beginning of their sufferings. Gilbert and William were taken before the Earl of Home at Minnigaff and examined, and when they would not tell who had given them shelter during their wanderings, lighted matches were put between their fingers, but they heroically made no discoveries. They remained at Minnigaff for six days, and each day were threatened with immediate death, if they would not disclose the names of their friends. At last they, with several others, were taken to Barr. Here Major-General Drummond repeated the torturings and threatenings of death they had endured from the Earl of Home, but they remained by their first resolve. They would betray no one. They were now sent to Edinburgh, and were sentenced to have their ears cut off and to be banished for ten years. In about six or seven days after sentence Gilbert Milroy and the rest of his fellow-sufferers, to the number of one hundred and ninety, were marched down, tied together in sixes, to Newhaven and put into a ship, fettered two to two, and thrust under deck. Their voyage to Jamaica lasted three months and three days. They suffered all the horrors of the mid-passage. Want of fresh air, starvation, and extreme thirst did their work so effectually that thirty-two died before they reached Port Royal. Here the rest were sold as slaves, and the proceeds of the sale handed over to Sir Philip Howard, who had received a gift of them from the king.

Many of their number, worn out with suffering, died in bondage. Gilbert had not less trials and dangers to pass through in Jamaica than he had encountered in Scotland and on the voyage, but he lived to see the Revolution of 1688, when he was set free and returned to his native land; and when the account of his sufferings was written, says Wodrow, in December 1710, he was a very useful member of the Session of Kirkcowan.

CHAPTER XXXIV

CLOSEBURN, DALGARNOCK, TYNRON, GLENCAIRN

> There came a shadow o'er the land, and men
> Were hunted by their fellow-men like beasts,
> And the sweet feelings of humanity
> Were utterly forgotten.—L. E. LANDON.

CLOSEBURN is a station on the South-Western Railway, about three miles to the south of Thornhill. The churchyard is about half a mile due east from the station. The old church was in use up to 1876. Part of its walls still remains. The new church is quite close to the old. The object of our search was the gravestone of John Mathieson. The kind friends who acted as our guides pointed out the spot, but told us that for some reason or other John Mathieson's representative had put another stone on the top of it, so that we could only see where the old stone was, but not the inscription.

John Mathieson rented the farm of Rosehill, in Closeburn. On June 19th, 1684, Wodrow records, "the lords by sentence appoint James M'Gachin in Dalry, John Creichton in Kirkpatrick, John Mathieson in Closeburn, John M'Chisholm in Spittle, libeled for reset and converse with rebels found guilty by their confession judicially adhered to, to be transported to the plantations."

Dr Simpson, in his "Traditions of the Covenanters," chapter xxxii., gives an account of Mathieson's capture. An informer, who had discovered that Mathieson and a few associates were in hiding in a cave on a farm called Kirkpatrick, requested the proprietor, Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, to send a messenger to tell the commander of a company of dragoons quartered at the house of Balagan, a distance of six or seven miles. Sir Thomas refused, and told him to be his own messenger. The informer immediately set out for Balagan. When Sir Thomas found out what the informer had done, he sent a servant to warn Mathieson and his companions. But it was too late, for the dragoons came in sight just as the fugitives were making their escape. The ground was marshy, so that they had somewhat slowly to pick their steps. The informer advised the dragoons to dismount and follow them on foot, while he held their horses. The dragoons took his advice, and Mathieson's friends were soon caught. Mathieson himself reached his own house, but only to be overtaken like the others. They were sent to prison in Dumfries, where they lay for a season until taken to Edinburgh.

Dr Simpson gives a number of details of Mathieson's adventures during his banishment that, he says, had been transmitted orally by his descendants, and he adds there is "a pretty large account of his sufferings and wanderings written by himself at present in the possession of a family in Galloway, but it is questionable if it can be recovered."

Dr Simpson does not seem to have known that in a rare 12mo volume, printed in Kilmarnock in 1806, for the non-hearer, John Calderwood of Clanfin, called "A collection of Dying Testimonies of some Holy and Pious Christians who lived in Scotland before and since the Revolution," there is a testimony by Mathieson, entitled "Nathaniel; or the Dying Testimony of John Mathieson in Closeburn unto the noble cause and truths and testimony of Christ, for which he suffered banishment unto the foreign land of America."

This testimony had not escaped the research of Lord Macaulay. In a note to chapter xvi. of his "History" he styles it one of the most curious of the many curious papers written by the Covenanters of that generation. If Lord Macaulay's words refer to the good things in Mathieson's Testimony, then they are strong enough; for the "Cloud of Witnesses" contains the testimonies of Donald Cargill and James Boig, that in matter and in expression are far its superior; but if they refer to the odd things in it, they are not too strong. Mathieson in his later years connected himself with a small party that withdrew from fellowship with the Societies and the Rev. John Macmillan of Balmaghie, so that the odd things in his testimony and in the testimonies of his associates, are not at all to be credited to the main body from whom he had seceded.

With about thirty others, Mathieson was gifted to a Captain James Gibson, who had freighted a ship for Carolina. The ship sailed from Greenock in the beginning of July, and the prisoners had much to suffer during the nineteen weeks that elapsed ere they reached their destination. The money their friends had scraped together for their use was taken from them. "Their cruelty to us," says Mathieson, "was because we would not consent to our own selling or slavery—for then we were miserably beaten, and I especially received nine great blows upon my back, so that for many days I could not lift my head higher nor my breast." Although the ship was well supplied with water, the prisoners were allowed only an English pint a day. The daily allowance of food at the commencement of the voyage was a quart of porridge among eight of them, and a little beer, two and a half ounces of salt beef, with a few old peas sodden in salt-water, to every two of their number. The biscuit served out to them was so old and hard that they could not eat it, but bartered it to the sailors in exchange for rain-water. When they sought to engage in worship they were disturbed and threatened, and whenever they began to sing psalms the hatches were closed upon them.

When they landed in Carolina, nearly all the prisoners were laid down with sickness. The marvel is that any survived the voyage. Carolina must then have been scarcely reclaimed from a state of nature. Mathieson calls it "that strange and uncouth land." Soon after landing, Mathieson, by a remarkable providence which he does not specify, got free from his harsh taskmasters, and sailed to Virginia; but on the voyage he encountered a long and severe storm, and was reduced to great straits through lack of provisions. "From Virginia we went into Pennsylvania, where I was near unto death by a great weighty sickness." From Pennsylvania he went to East Jersey. Here he met with no small kindness from the man and his wife to whom he had bound himself, "for albeit," he says, "we had escaped from them that brought us over, yet we behoved to work for something to bring us back again." Here, too, he met with the rest of his banished brethren. He had still other wanderings until he reached New York, where he agreed with a shipmaster to bring him to London, and from London he soon reached Scotland. He came home in the autumn of 1687, where he speedily had an opportunity of hearing the Gospel "powerfully preached by that shining light, Mr James Renwick." He survived his wanderings a number of years, and died October 1, 1709.

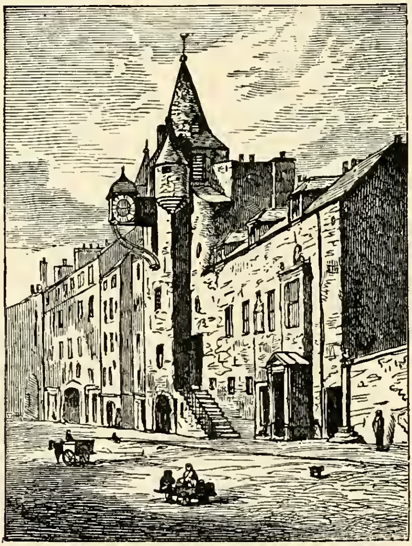
Dr Simpson tells a pleasing story of his return to Rosehill, his old abode in Closeburn. It was harvest time. He entered his old house, uncertain what might have happened during his long absence. He found his wife preparing dinner for the reapers. She did not recognise him, and he did not make himself known. He sat down, and she took him for a travelling stranger, and proceeded to set food before him. She then set out to the harvest-field with a portion for the reapers. As she rose to go out, he too rose, but not to go away. He followed her into the field. She soon noticed him, and said to the reapers that she believed he wanted a second dinner, as he did not seem to be satisfied with what he had got in the house. The reapers at once turned and gazed upon the stranger, when one of the sons whispered into the mother's ear, "If my father be alive, this is certainly he." She looked for a moment into the stranger's face, and cried out, "My husband!" and ran to his embrace.

Dalgarnock churchyard is fully two miles to the north-west of Closeburn parish church; the road is good, and easily found out. Dalgarnock was originally a separate parish, but was united to Closeburn in 1606. The church has long since disappeared, but the churchyard is still used as a place of burial. The stone we were in search of is not difficult to discover. It is a flat stone, about six feet in length by about two in breadth, and a little broader at the head than at the foot. The inscription is:

Here lyes the body of James
Harkness in Locherben who
died 6th Dec. 1723 aged 72 years
Belo this stone his dust doth ly
who endured 28 years
Persecution by tyranny—
Did him pursue with echo and cry
Through many a lonesome place
At last by Clavers he was taen—
  Sentenced for to dy;
But God, who for his soul took care,
Did him from prison bring
Because no other cause they had
But that he ould not give up
With Christ, his glorious King,
And swear allegence to that beast
The Duke of York, I mean,
In spite of all there hellish rage
A natural death he died
In full assurance of his rest
With Christ ieternalie

James Harkness was a farmer in Locherben, a wild retreat among the hills in the east end of the parish of Closeburn. He and his brother Thomas were attached to the cause of liberty from their youth. To escape persecution, they took refuge in Ireland, then a favourite asylum for those who had to flee from tyranny in Scotland. But they soon began to regard themselves as deserters from the cause of truth while they remained in Ireland, and both went back to Scotland.

Here their enemies speedily came to know about them, and gave James the name of "Long Gun" and Thomas "White Hose." James became so noted that Claverhouse several times tried through emissaries to gain him over to the Royalist side, and held out to him a captaincy as the reward of compliance. But he withstood the temptation. At last he and some associates were surprised and taken prisoners by a party of dragoons. They were taken to Edinburgh and put into the Canongate jail; but on the 16th September 1683 they and twenty-five others succeeded in making their escape. The prison was secured with iron bars. One bar was cut through, but the opening was not large enough, and other three had to be removed. It was a long and laborious task, and they were in constant fear of discovery. The sentry marched to and fro on the street below, but their height—they were in the third storey of the prison—prevented the noise of filing through the bars being heard. It was nine o'clock at night when the first bar was cut, which almost immediately slipped out of the cutter's hand, and fell upon the pavement. They at once concluded that they were discovered, but the bar lay upon the street all night, and was picked up by a friend coming past in the morning, and he contrived to get it sent up to them. When all was ready, a beam was cut in the floor of the storey above, and its inmates were let down. There now remained the getting out at the window. At a given signal, two friends upon the street overpowered the sentinel, and threatened him with death if he uttered a word. The whole



CANONGATE TOLBOOTH

number now safely slipped down from the window on to the street.

On January 22nd next year, 1684, the magistrates and town of Edinburgh were charged before the Council for "suffering Mr John Dick, Adam Philip, George Aikin, prisoners, for high treason," and about two and twenty others "criminal prisoners to escape." The magistrates were heard in their defence, but they were "assoilied," *i.e.*, acquitted, says Wodrow, inasmuch as it had been "a casual and fortuitous escape," and they were admonished to take heed to their prison in time to come. All the twenty-five prisoners escaped, and none of them, with the exception of John Dick, who was captured in the beginning of the following March, and was executed on the 5th of the same month, was ever again laid hold of.

Dr Simpson gives a story which tradition, perhaps, has embellished a little, of a visit that James Harkness and his associates made at Biggar, as they were returning home after their escape from prison, to the captain of the dragoons that had conveyed them to Edinburgh. As they came near, he recognised them as the prisoners who had been under his care. He boded no good to himself in their appearance, and he ran and hid himself; but his little boy innocently said, "I will show where my father is." They soon found him and dragged him out, and in the very manner he himself had followed with the persecuted Covenanters, they made him kneel down, after they had tied a napkin over his eyes, and told him to prepare for death. After a few moments' suspense Harkness fired —into the air. When they had sufficiently frightened him, they took the bandage from off his eyes, and told him he was free. The unexpected gift of life, when he had been in their hands, overcame the man. He left the ranks of the persecutors, inquired into the truths Harkness and his companions so valued, and embraced them, and in his turn suffered not a little persecution because of his firm adherence to what he himself had once sought to root out and destroy.

Dr Simpson tells also a story of how, when the dragoons, under the forced guidance of a neighbouring proprietor, had come to apprehend Harkness, he successfully escaped their hands by assuming the guise of the cow-herd.

It was James Harkness who planned and carried out the rescue at the Pass of Enterkin, so vividly described by Defoe in his "Memoirs of the Church of Scotland." Such a brave man well merits remembrance in the stone his descendants have erected over his remains. Dr Ramage, in his interesting account of Closeburn in his "Drumlanrig Castle and the Douglases," gives the Harkness pedigree, and it contains more than one name which shows that the ability of their ancestor still lives in the family.

Thomas Harkness was James's brother. He does not seem to have had any share in the rescue at the Enterkin Pass. Some days after the rescue, Claverhouse and a company of soldiers were scouring the neighbourhood. When in the parish of Closeburn, they came upon Thomas Harkness, Andrew Clark, Samuel M'Ewen, and Thomas Wood. They were sleeping. When wakened up by the soldiers, they were for running away, but were pursued, fired at, and wounded. The soldiers would not allow their wounds to be dressed, and a woman who kindly offered some help to dress them was seized and carried prisoner part of the way. They were hurried to Lanark, and then to Edinburgh. On the march they came to a narrow part of the road, when Claverhouse, afraid lest he might be attacked, commanded his men, as soon as anyone appeared in sight, to kill the prisoners, although they had confessed nothing and no charge had been proved against them.

When brought before the Council, three of the soldiers affirmed that the prisoners were at the rescue in the Enterkin, and that there they had received their wounds. But the prisoners denied these allegations. There was absolutely no evidence against them, but they were found guilty. They received sentence at one o'clock afternoon, and that same day (August 15, 1685), at five o'clock, they were hanged. Their sentence bears that they were "guilty of being in arms, and that one of them presented a gun to the King's forces, that they had ball upon them, that they had conversed with rebels, denied authority, and fled from his Majesty's forces."

Short as the time was between their sentence and its execution, they managed to draw up a joint testimony. This Testimony is not found in the first edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses." There is only a notice of their indictment, extending to no more than thirteen lines. It closes by stating that they "either got not leave to write any testimony for the persecutors' cruelty, or at least they are not come to the hands of the publishers of this collection." Wodrow had a prejudice against the compilers of the "Cloud of Witnesses," and he lets it appear in his introductory notice of their testimony which he prints in his "History." He says of it—"It runs not in the strain of those contained in the 'Cloud of Witnesses,' and therefore is omitted by them." The Testimony has a place in the third edition of the "Cloud," which appeared after the publication of the "History."

Wodrow justly says that it breathes much plain honest simplicity, and it certainly has a terseness and brevity sometimes lacking in the other testimonies in the "Cloud of Witnesses." Its faith, and hope, and courage are very striking. "Dear friends," they say, "we entreat you to stand to the truth, and especially all ye that are our own relations, and all that love and wait for the coming of Christ. He will come and not tarry, and reward every one according to their deeds in the body. We bless the Lord we are not a whit discouraged, but content to lay down our life with cheerfulness, and boldness, and courage; and if we had a hundred lives we would willingly quit with them all for the truth of Christ. Good news! Christ is no worse than He promised."

Tynron and Glencairn are best reached from Thornhill station, on the South-Western Railway. An omnibus runs between the station and Moniaive, which lies two miles to the west of Glencairn church. Thornhill is about a mile from the station, and is made up of two streets that cross each other at right angles. One of them is of no great length, but the other extends to nearly half a mile. These two streets are, somewhat unusually for Scotch villages, lined with lime trees. In two miles farther we came to Penpont, a small village, and half a mile more brought us to Scar Bridge, a bridge over the Scar, a tributary of the Nith. Close by the bridge is the Penpont West United Free Church, long the place of worship for the adherents of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in the district. The manse adjoins it, and, like the church, is beautifully situated near the banks of the Scar.

Tynron was still two miles and a half away. About a mile from Scar Bridge the road divides, and one part turns to the south, and, for nearly a mile, skirts the Shinnel Water, a tributary of the Nith; the other runs south-west. It was along this latter road that we went. The grass-covered slopes of Tynron Doon, a hill of conical form, 945 feet above the sea, were right before us. It is a hill of more than ordinary beauty, and, our companion assured us, commands a fine view of the surrounding country. The apex of its cone is flattened, and the ramparts that line its edges show that, in troublous times in the past, it must have been a fortified place. As we passed by Tynron Doon we came upon a higher hill, Auchengibbert, while to the south the ground rises up into a hill of 625 feet.

As we got out of the pass, Tynron lay before us. It is a mere hamlet. The parish church is a modern structure, and the churchyard surrounds it. The martyr's grave was close to the wall of the church on the left hand as we entered. It is a flat stone resting on supports that raise it about a foot from the ground, and is six feet two inches in length by one foot eight inches in breadth. The inscription is deeply cut, and is as follows:

HERE LYETH WILLIAM
SMITH SON TO WILLIAM
SMITH IN HILL WHO FOR
HIS ADHERING TO THE COVE
NANTED WORK OF REFOR
MATION WAS SHOT AT
MINNYHIVE MOSS THE 29
DAY OF MARCH 1685 HIS AGE
19 YEARS, THIS DEED WAS
NOT DONE BY A COUNCIL
OF WAR BUT BY COUNTRYMEN
WITHOUT SYSE

I WILLIAM SMITH NOW HERE DO LY
ONCE MARTYR'D FOR CHRIST'S VERITY
DOUGLAS OF STENHOUSE LAWRIE OF MAXWELTOU
N
CAUSED CORONET BAILIE GIVE ME MARTYRDOM
WHAT CRUELTY THEY TO MY CORPSE THEN US'D
LIVING MAY JUDGE: ME BURIAL REFUSED

The story of the martyrdom of William Smith is briefly given in the "Cloud of Witnesses," in the list of those killed in the fields. It is told with more detail by Wodrow.

He seems to have been assisting his father, who had a farm at Hill, a mile to the east of Moniaive, and was in the fields when he was met by Cornet Bailie. The usual questions were put by the Cornet, but when Smith declined to answer them he was carried away to Caitloch, a house a mile to the north-west of Moniaive, and where what Wodrow calls a "garrison" was stationed. Tidings of the son's capture were brought to the father, who waited on his laird, Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton, to use his influence in his son's behalf. According to the "Cloud of Witnesses," Sir Robert had a daughter married that day, and the father had doubtless thought that the fact of the marriage would be in his favour. Sir Robert Laurie was prevailed upon to meet Cornet Bailie next day at Glencairn Kirk, but it was with no intention, as the meeting showed, to accede to the father's desire.

Next day, March 3, 1685, William Smith was brought before them, and when he still refused to answer the ensnaring questions put to him, Sir Robert Laurie, true to the character given him in the "Cloud of Witnesses," "an oppressor and persecutor," in virtue of the power, he said, he had as a commissioner appointed to see the laws against nonconformity put in force, passed sentence of death upon him. Cornet Bailie declared such a sentence to be illegal, as there had been no "syse," *i.e.*, no trial by jury. But Sir Robert Laurie would hear of no delay, and threatened to report the Cornet for sparing him so long.

Smith was immediately taken out to the Race-Muir, to a large stone still shown in a field, to the east of Moniaive, and shot by a party of soldiers. Wodrow says he died with a great deal of holy composure and courage, and in full assurance of faith. He declared to the spectators that he died for no rebellion nor for any crime laid to his charge, except that he had conversed with the persecuted people as they came in his way, and that he had refused to disclose where their places of concealment were. He said much for the comfort of his parents when he took his farewell of them.

At the instigation of Sir Robert Laurie, his body was refused burial in the churchyard, and ordered to be buried under the doorstep of the farmhouse at the Hill, that his father might be compelled to step over his remains, and so dishonour them every time he went out or into his house. This order was actually carried into effect, and the body lay under the doorstep until the Revolution, when no one will wonder it was speedily exhumed and buried in the spot where it now lies.

From Tynron we now turned to go to Glencairn churchyard. As the crow flies Glencairn churchyard is a mile and three-quarters to the south of Tynron, and as many to the east of Moniaive. Peelton Hill, 942 feet in height, lay between us, so we took the road which winds round it, and made it an hour's walk ere we reached the churchyard. It lies on the south side of Peelton Hill, and almost on the banks of the Cairn water. The gable ends of the old church were standing when we visited it in 1881. They are about 120 feet from each other, so that the church must have been of unusual length. It was used as a place of worship up till 1836. On its eastern gable there is a monument with the date MDCXXXVII., and the gravedigger told us the bell bore the still older date of 1611.

The stones we were in search of were easily found. They lie enclosed within a railing to the south of the church, not far from the roadside. At one time they were placed in different parts of the churchyard, but for their preservation they were all put together, where they now are. The three stones are nearly of the same size, about six feet in length by two feet six inches in breadth. Originally they lay level with the ground, but when last repaired they were set on their present stone supports about eighteen inches from the ground. The inscriptions are:

HERE LYES JOHN GIBS
ON MARTYR SHOT
TO DEATH BY COL: DO
UGLAS AND LIVINGS
TON'S DRAGOONS AT
ENGLESTON IN GLEN
CAIRN FOR ADHERING
TO THE WORD OF GOD
CHRIST'S KINGLY GOV-
ERNMENT IN HIS HOU-
SE AND THE COVENA
NTED WORK OF REFO-
RMATION AGAINST
TYRANY, PERJURY AND
PRELACY. APRIL 28
1685 REV 12 11

MY SOULS IN HEAVEN
HERE'S MY DUST
BY WICKED SENTANCE
AND UNJUST
SHOT DEAD CONVICTED
OF NO CRIME
BUT NON COMPLYANCE
WITH THE TIME
WHEN BABELS BASTARD
HAD COMMAND
AND MONSTEROUS TYRA
NTS RUL'D THE LAND

HERE LYES ROBERT EDGAR
AND ROBERT MITCHELL MAR-
TYRS SHOT TO DEATH BY
COL DUGLAS AND LIVING-
STONS DRAGOONS AT ENG-
LISTON FOR ADHERING TO
THE WORD OF GOD CHR
ISTS KINGLY GOVERMENT
IN HIS HOUSE AND THE COVE-
NANTED WORK OF REFOR
MATION AGAINST TYRANY
PERJURY AND PRELACY APRYL
28 1685 REV-12-11

HALT PASSENGER TELL IF
THOU EVER SAW
MEN SHOT TO DEATH
WITHOUT PROCESS OF LAW
WE TWO OF FOUR WHO IN
THIS CHURCHYARD LY
THUS FELT THE RAGE OF
POPISH TYRANNY

HERE LYES JAMES
BENNOCH SHOT
DEAD BY COL DUGLAS
AND LIVINGSTONS
DRAGOONS AT ENG
LESTOUN FOR ADHE
REING TO THE WORD
OF GOD CHRISTS KI
NGLY GOVERNMENT
IN HIS HOUSE AND
THE COVENANTED WO
RK OF REFORMATION
AGAINST TYRANNY
PERJURY AND PRELA
CY APR 28 1685 REV
12 11

HERE LIES A MONUMENT
OF POPISH WRATH
BECAUSE I'M NOT PERJUR'D
I'M SHOT TO DEATH
BY CRUEL HANDS MEN
GODLES AND UNJUST
DID SACRIFICE MY BLOOD
TO BABELS LUST

From the church we retraced our steps eastward until we came to a road going southward, which by a bridge took us over the Cairn water. We then turned westward and walked for fully a mile in the valley of the Cairn, until we came to the farmhouse of Lower Ingleston, about a quarter of a mile away by a road that runs nearly south-east.

The object of our search was in a small patch of hedged-in ground, into which we entered by a garden attached to the farmhouse. It was an upright stone, three feet in breadth by two feet two inches in height. On it was the following inscription:

IN THIS YARD WERE SHOT JOHN GIBSON
JAMES BENNOCH ROBERT EDGAR
ROBERT MITCHELL AND ROBERT GRIER
SON APRIL 28 1685 BY COLDREL
DOUGLASS AND LIVINGSTOUNS DRA
GOONS FOR ADHEREING TO CHRISTS KING
LY GOVERNMENT IN HIS CHURCH AGAINST
TYRANNIE PERJURIE AND PRELACIE

About fifty yards to the east of the stone, and nearly in front of the farmhouse, is a thorn, close to which tradition says they were shot.

Robert Grier, or Grierson, was buried in Balmaclellan. The story of the death of these five martyrs is briefly told in the Appendix to the "Cloud of Witnesses," but much more fully by Wodrow, from a narrative written at the time. In substance it has been given in the chapter on Balmaclellan, in the account of Grierson.

[These are all the martyr graves in the parish of Glencairn, but there is a monument to the memory of one who occupied the most prominent place during the later years of the persecution, of whose career it is not unfitting that a brief notice should here be given. We refer to the Rev. James Renwick. He was a native of Glencairn, having been born there in 1662. His parents were poor; but with the aid of friends who recognised his promising talents, he completed his Art studies in the University of Edinburgh in 1681. His parents were not connected with the persecuted Covenanters, but from the time of Cargill's execution, of which he was a witness, Renwick resolved to cast in his lot with that party. He had a considerable share, even at that early age, in organising the United Societies, and during his whole career he exercised a wholesome influence on their proceedings. He was sent to Holland to complete his theological studies and obtain ordination. Having accomplished this object, he returned; and in October 1683 the Societies, who had been without a minister since Cargill's death, invited him to that office, and he accepted the call. It was an arduous and dangerous work to which he devoted himself, and during his brief career he gave himself wholly to it, and proved himself to be a faithful servant of Christ Jesus. He witnessed fearlessly against prevailing evils, but the central theme of his preaching was the Gospel of Christ, which he fully expounded and earnestly pressed on his hearers. In that was to be found their great stay in the day of tribulation. And the Lord blessed his labours. Gentle and affectionate, courageous and patient, considerate yet firm, he won the hearts of the scattered remnant. His constitution was feeble, and they tenderly watched over him. Sometimes he was so weak that he had to be lifted on horseback, and supported by a man on each side. Thus for years he wandered over mountain and moor, exposed to summer heat and winter storm; thankful and glad if he could cheer the hearts of the wanderers in the desolate wastes where they found safety. He shared their dangers and their hardships. His enemies eagerly sought his life; timid friends reproached him; men of extreme opinions sought to thwart him; but he held patiently on his way. It has already been mentioned that he was the chief writer of the "Informatory Vindication" and other papers, and his last public act was to give in a Protest against the Toleration granted by James VII. It was marvellous that, despite all the efforts of the persecutors, he escaped their hands so long. After more than four years of toil and hardship, he was seized in Edinburgh on 21st January 1688, and was executed on 17th February. His body was interred in the Greyfriars Churchyard, where rest in hope the remains of many a Scottish worthy. The persecution began with the execution of Argyle and Guthrie; and James Renwick was the last to sufer by the hands of the public executioner, and he was worthy of a place in the noble army of martyrs.

The monument to Renwick occupies a prominent position a little to the west of the village of Moniaive, and about 230 yards from the site of the cottage in which he was born. No trace of the cottage now remains, but there is an old gean tree which is said to have occupied a corner of the garden attached to it. The monument is about twenty-five feet in height, and bears the following inscription:

IN MEMORY
of the late
REV. JAMES RENWICK
The last who suffered to death for
attachment to the Covenanted Cause of
Christ in Scotland; born, near this spot,
15th February 1662,
And executed at the Grass Market, Edinburgh,
17th February, 1688.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

Erected by subscription. A.D, 1828.

—ED.]

CHAPTER XXXV

TWEEDSMUIR, CRAIGHAUGH—ESKDALEMUIR

So they left you, martyr brave,
  Left you on the reddened sod;
But no raven touched your face,
  On it lay the peace of God.—Professor VEITCH.

BROUGHTON is a station on the Caledonian branch line between Symington and Peebles, and the road to Tweedsmuir, which is eight miles distant, runs nearly due south from the station. After a walk of two miles we entered the valley of the far-famed Tweed. According to the Ordnance Map, the bed of the river is here between six and seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, while the ranges of hills on either side are upwards of a thousand feet higher. The time was the month of July, and the day was fine. The sun shone in its full strength. The Tweed, swollen by recent rains, was more like a river than a purling brook. All around us hills and valley were clothed in verdure.

We thus saw the Tweed in its upland home in its best form, and did not wonder that poets should delight to sing of its many and varied beauties. After seven miles' walk we reached the Crook Inn, and found it a comfortable resting-place. Here the hills began to lessen and to disappear, and as we got on it was not difficult to see that we must have entered the parish of Tweedsmuir. At last the church came in view, but on the other side of the Tweed. The road we had been travelling still kept southward, but an off-shoot and a bridge over the river soon brought us to the churchyard. As we entered, an obelisk, eight or nine feet in height, standing in front of the entrance to the church, met the eye. Its inscription was:

IN MEMORY OF
JOHN HUNTER
MARTYR
WHOSE
GRAVESTONE
IS IN

THE LOWER PART
OF THIS
CHURCHYARD
1837.

The church stands on a knoll not unlike a moat. In the lower part of the churchyard we found the stone we were in search of. It is a small upright stone, and had been recently painted white with the lettering in black. The inscription on the east face of the stone is:

Here lyes
The body of John Hunter
Martyr who was cruely
Murdered at Corehead
By Col James Douglas and
His party for his adherance
To the Word of God and
Scotlands covenanted
Work of Reformation
1685.
Erected in the year 1726.

On the west face:

When Zions King was robbed
of his right
His witnesses in Scotland
put to flight
When popish prelats and
indulgancie
Combin'd gainst Christ to
Ruin Presbytrie
All who would not with
their idols bow
They sought them out and
whom they found they slew
For owning of Christs cause
I then did die
My blood for vengeance on
His en'mies did cry.

Wodrow does not mention John Hunter. In the "Cloud of Witnesses," in the "List of those killed in the fields" under "Colonel James Douglas," it is said:

"The said Col. James Douglas and his party shot to death John Hunter for no alleged cause but running out from the house of Corehead, in the parish of Moffat, the same year, 1685."

The inscription is not in the first edition of the "Cloud." It first appears in the third edition of 1730.

John Hunter was a native of Tweedsmuir. His neighbour, Welsh, called from his great strength "The Babe of Tweedhopefoot," the name of his farm, had often given shelter to the persecuted. Colonel James Douglas came into the district, and Welsh resolved to withdraw into the moorlands for safety. John Hunter joined him, and both went to Corehead, a lonely spot near the source of the Annan. Colonel James Douglas got information of their concealment, and he and his soldiers went in search of the two. They soon came upon them. When Welsh and Hunter saw the soldiers they endeavoured to reach the "Straught Steep," a wild spot inaccessible to cavalry. As they were coming near it the dragoons began to fire, and a ball struck Hunter while scrambling over the rocks, and he fell dead. His body was buried where it now lies, in the churchyard of Tweedsmuir.

Welsh escaped. Dr Simpson, in his "Traditions," chapter xi., tells how he reached Carterhope. He arrived there without being seen by the soldiers, sat down by the fire, and fell asleep. The soldiers soon came uproariously into the house. As they had no personal knowledge of Welsh they took no notice of the man sleeping by the fireside. The mistress of the house was concerned lest discovery should be made, and gave Welsh a hearty blow between the shoulders, ordering him to go out at once to his work, and not be idling by the fireside. Welsh at once took the hint. Many a time in after days he used to say that the kindest cuff he had ever got was from the gude-wife of Carterhope, whose presence of mind had saved his life.

Such is the story of Welsh as told by the Rev. Dr Simpson, of Sanquhar; but upon writing to the Rev. John Dick, M.A., of Tweedsmuir, about the monument, he sent me the following deeply interesting account of Andrew Welsh, dated Nov. 1, 1892:—

"Many years ago I received a letter from Australia. The writer was Andrew Welsh, great-grandson, or great-great-grandson, of the Welsh who was John Hunter's companion at the time of his death. He wanted a memorial stone erected over the grave of his kindred in our churchyard. This was the beginning of a long correspondence, in the course of which he communicated to me some interesting particulars regarding his ancestor's connection with the martyr, of which the following is the substance:

"Hunter was visiting the Welshes at Corehead when it was reported that Colonel Douglas and his troops were coming up the glen. Hunter and Welsh fled on foot up the hill at the back of the house. When two-thirds of the way up Hunter was seized with a violent pain in his side, and could run no farther. So, telling Welsh to go on and save his own life, he waited there to meet his fate. Up came the dragoons and shot him down like a dog. Welsh got out through the Skail Step, otherwise named Coolin Pass, and on to the moor above, where for a time he was master of the situation, for the ground being rough with moss and hay, a hardy peasant could easily outstrip the best mounted trooper. On he flew past

Earlshaugh, making for his aunt's home at Carterhope, which he at length reached in safety.

"Here his aunt made him strip and put on old working clothes, and then said, 'Sit ye doun by the fire.' By and bye the soldiers came to the door and demanded the fugitive. She told them to search the house, and at the same time called out to Welsh, 'Get up and haud the sodgers' horses.' He did as he was bid. They searched the house in vain, then came out, mounted, and rode off, leaving Welsh exactly as they found him.

"Such is the story as told to me by Welsh's descendant, who died about his nintieth year, at Coilsfield, Kyneton, Australia.

"The spot where Hunter was killed is marked by large blocks of undressed stone piled one upon another and grey with moss and lichen, and the surrounding scenery being 'stern and wild,' is a most fit theatre for such a tragedy. Close by I saw two seedling trees about four inches high—the one a beech, the other a hazel—growing, you may say, on the very ground that drank the martyr's blood. I took them home and planted them, the beech at the head and the hazel at the foot of the grave. The beech is now about fifteen feet and the hazel nine feet high, and both in good health. I have had the stone with the lettering carefully repaired."

Craighaugh is about fifteen miles to the north of Lockerbie, its market town. The only conveyance from Lockerbie is an omnibus which runs on the afternoon of Thursday, the weekly market day.

Lockerbie, our starting-place, is not without interest. Its old tower still exists, and is used as a prison in connection with the police office. When we visited it in October 1893, in company with the much respected parish minister of Lockerbie, the Rev. J. A. Johnston, its cells were empty, so that we had a good opportunity of seeing the thickness of its walls. They were from three to four feet thick. Some alterations must have been made to adapt it to the requirements of a modern prison; but, substantially, it is the lower storey of the old tower of Lockerbie. It cannot have been a pleasant place to live in. Its cells, with their arched cellar roofs, and small, highly-placed windows, were not inviting.

The recently-erected public hall of Lockerbie is in strong contrast with its ancient prison. It is an unusually fine hall for a town of little more than two thousand inhabitants. Lockerbie, from its termination "bie," is an old town, and must go back to the days when Danes were invading our country and destroying or driving inland its Keltic occupants, and making it their own for a continual possession. But the invasion must have stopped about its neighbourhood, for to its westward the names are largely Keltic, while to the eastward they are those of the invader. In the district of Robert the Bruce's four towns of kindly tenants, Hightae, Heck, Greenhill, and Smallholm, the pronunciation of the invaders can still be heard, as in such words or phrases as "Mei" for me, or "Gei mei the kei," give me the key, while in Dumfries, eight miles away as the crow flies, it is unknown.

At the north end of Lockerbie the road forks into two—the one on the left goes to Moffat, the other on the right goes to Eskdalemuir. We took the road to the left. About a mile from Lockerbie we turned off to the left at a road that takes to the manse. This side road, according to the map of the Ordnance Survey, is marked "Roman Road." It has all the appearance of a Roman road, straight as a yard measure for half a mile, and rising gradually and not broad, as if for times when beasts of burden in single file and men's backs would be the usual method of carrying merchandise. After half a mile the road takes a turn, but still preserves its Roman appearance. At last it joins a road that leads from Torwood farmhouse, and speedily it brought us to the river Dryfe. We crossed the Dryfe by a wooden bridge, and there, not far from the bridge end, was a small fenced-in enclosure containing two or three flourishing trees that were overshadowing and destroying a sickly-looking thorn in their midst. A board upon a post bore in faded letters the words, "Maxwell's Tree." We were now upon the scene of the battle of Dryfesands. From the tree we walked up the banks of the river till we came to the sandbeds. Here the course of the Dryfe has been changed, and at present it flows close by the foot of the rising ground, a change that leaves the holm entire, unbroken by a stream meandering through its midst. On this holm and on the rising ground the battle of Dryfesands was fought. The Johnstones began the fight from the rising ground, while the Maxwells were upon the plain. The Maxwells were speedily forced back, and the retreat soon became a rout. Calderwood says that "Maxwell himself and others, to the number of twenty in his company, were slain." This, however, was only the beginning of the slaughter. The Johnstones pursued the fleeing Maxwells, and no less than six hundred are said to have been killed in the flight.

The tree we had visited marks the place where Maxwell was slain with the huge key of Lockerbie tower by its mistress, after the wounded and dying man had sought mercy at her hands.

Four thousand combatants are said to have taken part in the battle. For years after the conflict Dumfriesshire remained in a disturbed state, and baffled the efforts of King James to bring the leaders of its chief families into subjection. Indeed, it was not until the next century was far on that it began to assume the respect for law and order for which it has long been noted.

But we had come for another object than to see the site of the battle of Dryfesands. The Dryfesands are said to be the spot where Richard Cameron preached when he visited Annandale. They are just the place for outdoor preaching. They are level, and the braeface that rises up from the river's bank would make the speaker better heard, and would give ample sitting room to his audience. The tradition is, therefore, likely to be true.

Patrick Walker says the first place Richard Cameron was sent to preach after he had been licensed was Annandale, a district of ill repute at that period. He asked Welsh of Irongray, who licensed him, "How could he go there, for he knew not what sort of people they were?" "Go your way, Ritchie," Welsh replied; "set the fire of hell to their tail." His first text was, "How shall I put thee among the children?" In his application he said, "Put you among the children, the offspring of thieves and robbers!" Some of these "Annandale thieves," Walker adds, "got a merciful cast that day."

From the Dryfesands we turned back by the road we came for the old churchyard. The site of the old church itself can still be traced upon the holm of Dryfesands. The churchyard was round the church. The Dryfe had formerly a course somewhat to the west of its present one, and when in full flood had carried away so much of the churchyard that it became necessary to remove to the site the parish church now occupies. The old churchyard we now visited is the part upon high ground that the waters of the Dryfe could not reach. It is situated close to the public road, and is now the private burying-ground of the Johnstone-Douglas family. It is planted with trees, and is kept in beautiful order. The stone we were in search of was that of a former minister of the parish. We found it at the north-west corner of the churchyard. It is a large flat stone upon supports, raising it up from the ground, and is seven feet in length by three in breadth. It was covered with moss, and the inscription all but illegible. Mr Johnston and I set to, however, and scraped off the moss, and by our joint labours letter after letter began to reveal themselves, until we were able to read—

HERE LYS

MR ROBERT HERRIES
MINISTER OF DRYSDAL
WHO DEPE
RTED THIS
PRESENT LIFE
10 OF MAY 1662
THE YEAR OF GOD
HIS AGE WAS 80 YEARS

LUSTRA ULTRA
OCTO HIC PRAECO
ORBIS PATER
HOSPES EGENIS
SEDULO AGENS
SUDS OMNIBUS
AMICUS ERAT

That is, in English, "This herald [of the cross] for more than forty years was a father to the fatherless, kind to the needy, constant in attention to his flock, and a friend to all."

Scott, in his "Fasti," says he was the son of a merchant burgess of Edinburgh, and was presented to the vicarage by James VI., 24th December 1616, and probably remained under Episcopacy in 1662. But Scott does not seem to have known of his tombstone, which gives 10th of May, 1662, as the date of his departure from this life, so that death spared him the degradation, if ever he intended it, of submitting to the Episcopacy of Charles II. Herries, although presented to the vicarage in the close of 1616, had yet the courage to sign the Protest in favour of the liberties of the Kirk, 27th June 1617. His name, with fifty-four other protesters, will be found in Calderwood. The Protest is a manly document. It respectfully yet boldly entreats the king not to interfere with the liberties of the Kirk, and to seek the Parliament to grant him "full power to advise and conclude in all matters decent for the external policy of the Kirk." "Robert Haeresse," for so Calderwood spells the name, seems to have escaped notice, but David Calderwood, afterwards the historian of the Church, who had a large share in the drawing up of the Protest, was summoned before the High Commission at St Andrews on the 12th of July. The king was present and took a leading part in the proceedings. Calderwood devotes ten pages of his "History" to a report of what took place. The king speaks with an air of superior wisdom the most foolish things he could well have uttered; while Calderwood, although sorely tried, preserves his composure, and never says a word unworthy of his profession as a servant of Christ in the gospel. Indeed, the whole interview amply justifies the saying of Henry IV. of France, that James I. was the wisest fool in Christendom.

There are several old stones in the churchyard besides that to Herries and those to the Douglas family. Among others we noticed:

HERE LIES MARGRAT BEATTIE
SPOUSE TO THOMAS SMITH WHO
DIED 1700 AGED 40 YEARS
SINCE OLD AND YOUNG
AND ALL MUST DIE
FRIENDS FIT YOU FOR
ETERNITY

After an hour well spent in pleasant converse, and in effort to bring to the light of easy reading the stone memorial of a man who well deserves to be remembered in the district where he laboured for so many years, we returned to Lockerbie. It was on another day, with a kind friend whose business took him all the way, that we set out for Craighaugh. For about three miles from Lockerbie the road to Craighaugh is very much like the road we had already gone over to Dryfesands; it is through hedgerows and green fields, but for the next seven or eight miles it keeps close by the river Dryfe, and it was not till almost our journey's end that it comes close to the Esk. Gradually the trees that lined the road in its first part become fewer, and as we near Eskdalemuir they disappear and the country becomes bare, and a wide expanse of treeless muir stretches out to view. Bare as the country is, the number of forts that are marked upon either side of the road in the Ordnance Map is surprising. Ere we had gone about half way we noted not less than six of them, two on one side of the road and four on the other. The country must have had a warlike past very different from its peaceful present, in which human habitations are rare and sheep plentiful.

At last we reached Craighaugh. The monument stands in the open field about a hundred yards to the west of the road. Its inscription is:

Here lyes Andrew Hislop
Martyr shot dead upon
This place by Sir James
Johnston of Westerhall
And John Graham of C
laverhouse for adheri-
ng to the word of God
Christ's kingly govern-
ment in his House and
the covenanted work of
Reformation against tyran
ny, perjury and prelacy
May 12 1685 Rev 12. 11. Halt p
assenger, one word wi-
th thee or two why I ly
here wouldst thou tru-
ly know by wicked han-
ds, hands cruel and unj-
ust without all law
my life from me they
thrust and being dead
they left me on this s
pot, and for burial this
same place I got. tr-
uth's friends in Esk
dale now triumph
their lot, to wit the faith-
ful for my seal that
1702 got

The monument presents the appearance of an oblong chest about five feet long, two and a half feet wide, and three feet high, and seems to consist of an under flagstone fully five feet in length, and two and a half feet in breadth. Upon the top of this flagstone are placed four stones set on edge—one at the head, one at the foot, and one at each side—and resting upon these stones is the monumental stone itself on which the inscription is cut. The letters are tolerably well formed, but no attention has been paid to the proper arrangement of the words; for as many words, and even parts of words, are crowded into each line as can be got in until all is finished. On the upright stone, at the foot, are the words:

Repaired by subscription. April
1825

The last two lines of the inscription are somewhat doubtful in meaning. Possibly "triumph" should be read as if one syllable and "in" inserted, thus:

Truth's friends in Eskdale now triumph in their lot,
To wit, the faithful for my seal that got.

Andrew Hislop belonged to the parish of Hutton, in Dumfriesshire. Two small cottages, about a mile to the north of Gillesbie, are still pointed out as the place where he lived along with his mother, a younger brother, and two sisters. His mother, says Wodrow, was a very honest, religious woman. One of the persecuted, overtaken by sickness, had taken shelter in her house, and died after a few days' illness. He seems to have been a stranger. "Reset and converse" with such a person in those times were crimes punishable with death. Mrs Hislop and her sons therefore deemed it most prudent to bury the body under covert of night in the fields near her house. In a country district it is hard to conceal a death. Hence a report of the burial soon reached a zealous persecutor, Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, near Langholm. He immediately set out with a party of men, and lifted and broke open the coffin. There must have been some one present to tell whence the dead body had come, for Westerhall, according to Wodrow, went straightway to the house, spoiled it, took away everything that was portable, and pulled it down, putting the woman and her children to the fields. The loss Mrs Hislop thus sustained was reckoned to amount to six hundred and fifty pounds Scots.

While Mrs Hislop and her family were thus homeless, Andrew was wandering in the fields, and in the distance saw Claverhouse and his troopers approaching. He immediately ran to catch a horse that had escaped Westerhall's clutches. It had always been very tractable, but that day it refused to come near him. Andrew immediately hid himself in a clump of bushes near by. The soldiers passed by and would not have seen him had not his dog betrayed him by barking. It is said the neighbours were asked for a rope to bind him. One woman wrapped her cart rope round her body, and would give the loan of it for no such purpose. At last a man without scruples came out with his, saying, "I'll give you ropes to hang all the Whigs in Dryfe." Hislop was at once taken prisoner and brought by Claverhouse to Sir James Johnston, while he was in Eskdale. Sir James had once been a Covenanter, but had renounced his past professions, and, with the new-born zeal of a young pervert, was eager to show his loyalty. As Hislop had been seized in the fields, he, in virtue of the summary powers conferred upon him by the Council, at once sentenced him to death. Claverhouse was loath to carry this sentence into execution—it may be not without his own reflections upon the murder of John Brown of Priesthill ten days before—and urged delay. Westerhall was inexorable. Claverhouse yielded, saying, "The blood of this poor man be upon you; I am free of it."

Claverhouse now ordered a Highland gentleman, captain of a company traversing the country with him, to shoot the lad, who, tradition says, was of a fresh and ruddy countenance. But he refused, and, drawing off his men to some distance, said: "Me no shoot that bonny young man; me fight Clavers and a' his men first." Upon this refusal three of his own soldiers, less scrupulous and more accustomed to deeds of blood, were charged to execute the sentence.

Andrew was allowed a short time for prayer. He is said also to have sung some verses of Psalm cxviii.

"The mighty Lord is on my side,
I will not be afraid;
For any thing that man can do
I shall not be dismay'd.

"Thou sore hast thrust, that I might fall,
But my Lord helped me.
God my salvation is become,
My strength and song is He."

When all was ready the soldiers bade Andrew draw his bonnet over his eyes. He refused, saying he could look his death-bringers in the face without fear. He had done nothing whereof he was ashamed, and, holding up his Bible which he had in his hand, charged them to answer for what they had done and were about to do at the great day when they would be judged by that book. His body was buried where it fell.

His mother must have been near when he was seized, for she was soon told that her son had been taken prisoner. She asked which of them, and was told Andrew. "It is well," she replied; "he is best prepared to die." She must also have followed him to the place of execution, for she is said to have gathered up his brains in a napkin.

CHAPTER XXXVI

DURISDEER AND ENTERKIN

> Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
>   Hills of home! and to hear again the call;
> Hear, about the graves of the martyrs the pee-wees crying,
>   And hear no more at all.—R. L. STEVENSON.

WHEN we first visited Durisdeer we approached it by a rather circuitous road, that will amply repay the extra time and expenditure of strength it requires. We came at it from the Elvanfoot station on the Caledonian Railway. Durisdeer is about ten miles by the road south from Elvanfoot. Shortly after leaving the station, the road separates into two; one turns off westward to Leadhills, about five miles away, while the other goes south. It was the south road we now took. For the first two miles the Clyde, as yet a brook rather than a river, runs onward at no great distance to the east of the road; but when close to Glenochar farm it ceases to exist under the name of Clyde. It now forks into three branches that form its sources—Glenochar Burn, Powtrail Water, and the Daer Water. We followed up the road for six or seven miles with the Powtrail always in view, until at Durisdeer Hill we lost sight of it by our turning south-west, when we were not much more than a mile from its source. Soon after leaving Elvanfoot station, traces begin to appear on the east side of an older road, and they are more or less visible all the way until we almost reach Durisdeer. They are traces of a Roman road that must have connected the valley of the Nith with the road that runs not far from Lockerbie, very nearly parallel to the line of the Caledonian Railway until it reaches Carstairs. It is of no great breadth, and would do little more than allow a single cart to go along it, so that it must have been meant for files of beasts of burden rather than for modern means of conveyance. It was in use up till the beginning of the present century. Save where it has been incorporated with the present road, it is now grass grown; but its straightness, and the way in which it cuts through the knolls that cross its path, make it easily recognisable to the passer-by.

For seven miles from the Elvanfoot railway station, the road runs through a pastoral country, with ranges of hills, grass grown to the summit, rising on either side, some of them as high, as in the case of the Green Lowther, as 2403 feet above the level of the sea. It was the beginning of autumn, and although the country was bare of trees, yet the grass all around, and the patches of heather here and there beginning to come into flower,—the bleating of sheep, the occasional hum of the wild bee as it passed by, the round-topped hills, scarred here and there by the shingle that the rain and the frost had loosened from their side, and the perfect solitude—for we walked for miles without meeting a person,—all made it a scene full of attraction. As we travelled along we had been gradually rising from the 889 feet above the sea, at the Elvanfoot station, until, when opposite Comb Law, at the spot on which the old toll-bar stood, where the road turns off to Dalveen Pass, we had reached a height of fully 1100 feet. At the old toll-bar we now left the turnpike road and followed the Roman road, due south through the moor. For two miles the road still rose until we reached its highest point, about 1300 feet above the sea-level. About the highest point we passed out of Lanarkshire into Dumfriesshire, and gradually over to the other side of the valley. As we proceeded, the Roman road came into greater prominence. It was from nine to ten feet in breadth, and in the next two miles it sloped downwards by a regular descent as if laid down by the straight line of an engineer, until we reached Durisdeer, where we were only 575 feet above the sea. About the middle of this descent we could plainly see a Roman camp on the other side of the valley.

Durisdeer is so small as to be called a clachan rather than a village. The church is its one prominent object. It has an ancient appearance, as if of the seventeenth century. It is cruciform. Built on to its northern end is the mausoleum of a Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. It contains a recumbent marble full-length statue of the Duchess who died in 1709, and another of the Duke who died in 1711. Both statues are of great beauty. A gate of wrought iron, quite a work of art, separates the mausoleum from the church. The gate is said to have been made by a smith at Drumlanrig Mains, in the neighbourhood. The churchyard contains a few old tombstones. We noticed one with the date 1540, and another to an "Andw Patrik," the builder of Drumlanrig Castle, of date 1685.

The stone we were in search of we found on the south side of the churchyard, close to the wall of the church. It is a flat stone, raised about eighteen inches from the ground, and is five feet in length by two in breadth. It is in good preservation. Behind it is a modern stone telling of a sermon preached to raise a collection to repair the stone, of the date when it was preached, and of the name of the preacher. The inscription on the old stone is:

HERE LYES DANIEL MC
MICHEL MARTYR SHOT
DEAD AT DALVEEN BY
SIR JOHN DALYEL FOR HIS
ADHEREING TO THE
WORD OF GOD CHRISTS
KINGLY GOVERNMENT IN
HIS HOUSE AND THE
COVENANTED WORK OF
REFORMATION AGAINST
TYRANNY PERJURY AND
PRELACY 1685 REV 12 : 11

AS DANIEL CAST WAS IN
LYONS DEN
FOR PRAYING UNTO GOD
AND NOT TO MEN
SO LYONS THUS CRUELLY
DEVOURED ME
FOR BEARING WITNES TO
TRUTHS TESTIMONY—
I REST IN PEACE TILL
JESUS REND THE CLOUD
AND JUDGE TWIXT ME AND
THOSE WHO SHED MY BLOOD

Wodrow, under the year 1685, gives an account of the last days of Daniel M'Michael; and Dr Simpson, in his "Traditions of the Covenanters," chapter x., has gathered up the traditions about him still lingering in the district. His brother James, a man of great bravery, while defending himself from the sword of Claverhouse, was killed by a dragoon. The story of his death has been told in Chapter XXIX. The bold daring of James M'Michael very likely made Daniel M'Michael to be sought after by the enemies of freedom. But he was altogether of a different stamp, quiet and peaceful rather than a valiant man of war. His house at Blairfoot, near the ruins of Morton Castle, was not unlike that of John Brown of Priesthill, a favourite place of resort for the pious people in the district.

In January 1685, Daniel was overtaken by fever. His old friends did not forsake him in his trouble, and occasionally met with him and worshipped God together—a terrible crime in the estimation of the men then in power. At one of these meetings they had taken the precaution to post one of their number at some distance from the place where they had met, in order to give the alarm if the persecutors were seen approaching. The precaution was not unneeded, for the watcher soon observed the approach of a party of fifty soldiers, under the command of Sir John Dalziel of Kirkmichael and Lieutenant Straiton. An informer had given intelligence of the prayer-meeting, and hence the approach of the soldiers. The watcher immediately ran back and told his friends of the nearness of danger. They at once prepared for flight. As they knew from sad experience, that sickness would not save Daniel M'Michael from ill-treatment by the soldiers, they wrapped him up, and took him with them to a cave close at hand, that had often in the past proved a place of concealment.

They reached the cave in safety. But there had been a Doeg among them, and he soon left the cave to give information. The character of the traitor was discovered by one of their number who had left the cave shortly after him. He immediately went back to the cave, and told his brethren that their place of retreat had been made known to their enemies. It was at once agreed to divide into two companies, the one to go with Daniel M'Michael northwards to Durisdeer, and the other southwards, as a decoy, to the Mosses of Kirkhope. But the dragoons also divided, and the division that followed the company with Daniel M'Michael rapidly gained upon them, when it was resolved, at the pressing request of the sick man himself, that they should leave him behind, as escape for them was otherwise impossible. They had time to conceal him in a cave which he had reminded them of, and then they left him in order to provide for their own safety, under the hope that his hiding-place would not be found out. But the dogs the dragoons had with them scented out the spot where he lay.

He was at once dragged out and taken to Durisdeer. Many questions were put to him, which he declined to answer; and many charges were brought against him, which he denied, or affirmed he knew nothing about them. At last he was told that unless he owned the royal supremacy in Church and in State by taking the oath of allegiance now pressed upon him, the law made him liable to immediate death. Wodrow says Daniel was a very sedate, sensible countryman; and he replied to Dalziel: "Sir, that is what in all things I cannot do, but very cheerfully I submit to the Lord's disposal as to my life." "Do you not know," responded Dalziel, "your life is in my hand?" "No, sir," answered M'Michael, "I know my life is in the Lord's hand, and if He see good He can make you the instrument to take it away."

M'Michael was now ordered to prepare for death on the morrow. He was able to reply with the calmness that men in his situation have often evinced—"If my life must go for His cause, I am willing. My God will prepare me." He was kept prisoner all night in Durisdeer. "That night," records Wodrow, "he enjoyed a sweet time of communion and fellowship with God, and great outlets of joy and consolation, so that some of the soldiers desired to die his death, and not a few convictions were left in their bosoms."

He was brought out of prison next day, fever stricken though he was, in order to be taken to the garrison in Crawford Moor, whose headquarters were where the mansion-house of Newton now stands, close to Elvanfoot, some twelve or thirteen miles to the north. But it was soon found that he was too feeble to be carried so far; and at the entrance to Dalveen Pass, one of the most striking passes in the south of Scotland, he was told to prepare to die.

He had liberty granted him to pray, a liberty often denied to his fellow-sufferers, and he prayed to the wonder of the bystanders. He sang part of the forty-second psalm, a psalm that most probably describes the experience of David when excluded from the sanctuary by the rebellion of his son Absalom, and one peculiarly fitted to be the expression of the thoughts of the people of God, when called to face death because of their attachment to truth:

"Like as the hart for water-brooks
In thirst doth pant and bray;
So pants my longing soul, O God,
That come to Thee I may.

"'Tis as a sword within my bones,
When my foes me upbraid;
Ev'n when by them, Where is thy God?
'Tis daily to me said.

"O why art thou cast down, my soul?
Why, thus with grief opprest,
Art thou disquieted in me?
In God still hope and rest:

"For yet I know I shall Him praise,
Who graciously to me
The health is of my countenance,
Yea, mine own God is He."

He then read the sixteenth chapter of John's Gospel, a chapter in which these words occur: "These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be offended. They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service. And these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor Me. . . . In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." He then spoke with much gravity and solemnity to Captain Dalziel. After the napkin was put over his head, he said: "Lord, thou broughtest Daniel through many straits, and hast brought me, Thy servant, hither to witness for Thee and Thy cause. Into Thy hands I commit my spirit, and hope to praise Thee through all eternity." At a given sign four of the soldiers shot him dead. It is not to be wondered at that, as Wodrow records, "some of the poor soldiers were for some time after in confusion, for their obeying commands in this matter;" for it would have needed a heart of stone, to have been unmoved at the spectacle of a sick man being put to death, because he had allowed a prayer-meeting to be held in his house.

[In 1836, when the present farmhouse of Dalveen was being built, the masons erected a small monument to mark the spot where M'Michael was shot, and an iron railing has been placed round it. The monument bears the following inscription, in old English letters:

SACRED
To the Memory of
DANIEL M'MICHAEL
who suffered martyrdom here
by Sir James Dalziel. A.D. 1685.

Erected in 1836. —Ed.]

At a second visit to Durisdeer we took a much shorter road to reach it. We came out at the Carronbridge station of the South-Western Railway. Durisdeer lies two miles to the north of the station. The railway crosses the Carron a few yards to the south of the station. We went down the road to the south of the bridge, to see the wild and deep glen spanned by the viaduct. The scene well repaid the short detour. The central arches are of great height, and through them, as if set in a frame, were to be seen in the background the grass-covered lofty ranges of the Lowthers.

The road to Durisdeer from Carronbridge, for the first mile runs not far from the Carron, that noisily flows in a deep ravine between it and the high hills that begin the Lowthers. In three-quarters of a mile farther, the road turns off from the main road, which leads on to Dalveen Pass, and shortly after we turn off, Durisdeer and the tower of its church come into view, and behind it the Durisdeer Pass; while more to the west were the equally wild-looking entrances to the passes of the Dalveen and the Enterkin. Between the hills the large fields, with their trim-cut hedges, seemed admirably cultivated. The week before our visit to Durisdeer we had come from London by the North-Western Railway, and had been struck with the untrimmed and many-gapped hedges, the small and irregularly-shaped fields, and the lack of proper drainage shown by the reeds and standing water so often seen not far from the line of railway, all betokening to a Scotch eye somewhat indifferent farming. The memory of what we had seen then, perhaps helped to increase our admiration of the cleanly kept soil and the large fields that we now gazed upon, in which a plough had ample room to turn, and in which as little as possible space was taken up with fences, that are so often a harbour for weeds.

But we found there was a dark side to this attractive picture, for a good woman whom we met with on the road, told us of the depopulation going on in Durisdeer, as is the case in so many other country parishes. The large farm we looked at embraced what was once eleven farms, and in the beginning of the century, there were eleven homesteads with their families where now there was only one and the two ploughmen. The use of machinery had lessened the demand for manual labour, and the country population now felt itself compelled to go to the cities in search of employment. We thought, too, of the increasing number of small congregations in the country, and of how every year these congregations are becoming smaller, and of how these congregations must yet be supported, for their members need the gospel to be preached to them; and the homes of these members are really nurseries for the supply of fresh plants yet to be trees of righteousness in our great cities.

The Enterkin Pass runs through the Lowthers, the lofty range of hills that we have seen as we entered the Pass of Durisdeer. The late Rev. Dr Andrew A. Bonar, of Glasgow, had been with us at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper. He was a many-sided man,—a scholar, a pastor, a theologian, an expositor, a student of Church history, and an antiquarian all in one. It was hard to say in which of these spheres he was most noted, but in each and all of them his attainments were remarkable. Ask him as to the meaning of a passage of Holy Scripture, and he would talk about it as if it had been the theme of his study for years. Ask him about the meaning of a Scottish or northern English word, and he would explain it as if he had Jamieson's Dictionary by heart. We were not, therefore, surprised to find that he had a knowledge even to minuteness of our Scottish Church history, and especially of Covenanting times; and that, like all earnest students of the past, he had a strong desire to visit the scenes of events famous in the story of our country. Enterkin is one of those scenes, and it was easy to arrange that we should visit it together.

It was on the last Tuesday of July, 1880, that we started. We took the morning train from the south that arrives at Elvanfoot station, on the Caledonian Railway, shortly after nine o'clock. A train from the north came in a minute or two after our arrival. The mail-gig for Leadhills waited their arrival. The morning had been lowering as we left our home in the south, and we heard the rain ominously pattering on the windows of the carriage as we came near Elvanfoot. The mail-gig has not too much accommodation for passengers, but the dull morning had kept back other travellers, so that there was ample room for us. The driver recognised Dr Bonar. He had heard him preach at Leadhills, he had read some of his books, and expressed his delight to have such company upon his machine, so that we found we had fallen in with an admiring friend.

Instead of turning off to the south, as we did when on the way to Durisdeer, we took the road which runs due west. As we went on the road gradually rose. The Elvan Water was always to the south of us, and at no great distance from the road. Indeed, it was the valley of the Elvan that we were now ascending. The hills upon each side were part of the Lowther range, and were the grass-covered, treeless hills so common in the south of Scotland. At the railway station we had seen piles of bars of lead that had come down from the mines, and, as we got on our way, old lead-mines were pointed out to us. After we had gone some two miles the road gradually turned to the south-west. In about a mile farther the hills came nearer each other, and the road took the name of the Hass — the same word evidently as the German "Hals." Broadlaw rose upon the right to 1683 feet, while upon the left was Glen Ea's Hill, 1793 feet in height. The Scotch Hass is usually a defile of no great length, and it was so here, for we were soon out of it and into a valley of some breadth. Here the road turned northward, and speedily we arrived at the village of Leadhills, a somewhat straggling village, made up mainly of one street, nearly three-quarters of a mile in length. Perhaps its chief peculiarity is its height above the sea. The Ordnance Map gives it as between 1300 and 1400 feet.

After a short stay under the hospitable roof of our driver, he offered to drive us a mile and a half farther, and to become our guide until we reached the top of the Pass. We accepted his offer, and we found ourselves much the better of his guidance. As we left Leadhills the road still rose, although it was now in a somewhat broad valley. At the end of the mile and a half our driver sent back his conveyance and became our guide. He led us for nearly half a mile in a westerly direction through the moor, by a path that we could scarcely have found but for him. As we turned off we had a view of Wanlockhead, at no great distance on our right. It seemed about half the size of Leadhills. It is said to be the most highly-situated village in the Lowlands, although from where we stood it did not seem higher than Leadhills.

After our half-mile's walk we joined a track running south at a point where the shires of Dumfries and Lanark touch each other. This track we followed until we reached the watershed, at a height of fully 1700 feet above the sea. Here our guide left us, for any difficulty in finding out the road was now at an end. At the watershed the vale of the Enterkin opened up before us away to the south, and a grand sight it was. The Steygail rose up steep and precipitous on the one side, and another gigantic hill, the Thirlstane, rose upon the other; and how high they were it was hard to say apart from the map, for the tops of both were lost in the misty clouds that hung overhead, and were persistently dropping rain upon us as we pushed onwards. Down between these hills lay the Enterkin Glen, deep and dark, and so narrow that there seemed room for nothing at its bottom but the burn that dashed down it.

Our path lay upon the right-hand side of the Glen. It was not by any means an inviting path to look at. The hillside upon which it ran seemed steep to an unusual degree in the south of Scotland. An alpenstock with its sharp point would have been of service, but we had nothing save an umbrella, and we needed it to shelter us from the rain, which kept pitilessly falling. For three long weary miles from the spot where our guide left us, the path went down and down until we reached the edge of the Enterkin Burn, at a spot where the Ordnance Map told us we were to cross.

For the first quarter of a mile there was a narrow footpath, but gradually it disappeared, and we had to pick our way as best we could over the loose shingle upon the steep hillside. Grass there was none for a large part of our route. The farther we got down the hill, it seemed to get steeper; and the noise of the burn beneath, as it rushed along over its rocky bed in the ravine, very audibly told us that if we lost our footing and slipped, and then rolled down, there would be poor entertainment for us when we reached the bottom. We easily believed the tales we afterwards heard of travellers through the Pass becoming so overpowered by their surroundings, and so giddy by looking at the ravine below, and by picking their steps among the moving shingle, that they had to lie down for a short time in order to recover themselves.

Dr Bonar told us that the path we were now with difficulty pursuing over the loose gravel and stones, that gave way as we planted our feet upon them, was like the roads in Palestine. Once they had traversed the country and connected its villages and towns together, but the rain and the storm in time had washed them away. The misrule of the country had prevented their repair, and now they no longer existed. It was just so here, save that it was not misrule that had brought this path to its present condition. The Enterkin Pass, up to the second quarter of the century, had been a road along which a horse and cart could go. Indeed, we met a man on our journey who told us he had taken a horse and cart down the Pass, but the road had now almost disappeared. The road through the neighbouring Dalveen Pass, made a few years ago after the most approved modern manner, has taken away the necessity for its continued existence.

We had been descending the side of the Pass for nearly a mile and a half, until we came to a spot where a small burn comes in, and where, from the noise of the water, there seemed to be a waterfall below. Here the rock on our side projected forward, and this was the spot we had come to see, where the Covenanters, led by James Harkness of Locherben, rescued their brethren whom a small party of soldiers were taking as prisoners to Edinburgh.

It was a wild-looking spot, that made us shudder as, with our treacherous hold upon the loose shingle, we tried to gaze down upon its depths. But our stay was only for a moment, lest we should lose our foothold—our safety, as in so many other things, lay in progress,—and so we pushed onwards until lower down, and not far from the level of the burn, we could look back and up the Glen with the feeling that we were out of danger. At once it was seen what folly it was of the leader of the soldiers ever to go carelessly up such a Pass, and how skilfully the Covenanters had chosen the very spot in the whole defile where a few daring spirits could most easily master any number of troops coming up the narrow ledge that then formed the road. But it must be remembered that we are really seeing the road to-day in a far worse state than it was in the close of the seventeenth century. It was then a road, though narrow, but to-day it is almost a misnomer to call it a footpath.

The story of the rescue of the captive Covenanters has been told by a great master in the art of narration. Until we had gone down the Pass we were under the uncomfortable suspicion that

Defoe, in his "Memoirs of the Church of Scotland" and in his "Travels in Scotland," might in some of the details have drawn upon his imagination; but as we gazed up the weird-like defile, and saw its steep sides and the precipitous track down which the Enterkin Burn had cut its way, we saw in a moment that he had been here oftener than once, as he says, and that his description of the place is correct in all its details to the very letter. It has the verisimilitude of absolute truth. Dr John Brown, in his delightful paper "The Enterkin," in his "Horæ Subsecivæ," justly says that his account of the affair and of its wild scene is not unworthy of Robinson Crusoe, and is unexaggerated in local description.

The rescue so graphically described by Defoe is not the only rescue that was made by the Covenanters. Dr Simpson, in his "Traditions of the Covenanters," chapter xv., in his account of Luke Fraser of Glenmead, tells of how he and six others escaped from confinement in Edinburgh. When they were brought captive to Edinburgh the jails were all filled, and a neighbouring house had to be made use of as a temporary prison, and the seven were lodged in its garret rooms. The wife of one of the prisoners had accompanied him to Edinburgh, and had seen where he had been imprisoned. With her eye she calculated the height of the building, and then went home and bought a coil of rope. This coil she put into the heart of a quantity of curds, which she quickly made into the shape of an ordinary-sized cheese. This cheese she took to Edinburgh, and found the means of conveying it into her husband's hands. He lost no time in cutting into the soft cheese, when, to the astonishment of himself and his companions, it was found to contain a coil of rope in its centre. They took the hint, and saw in the rope the means of deliverance. They at once set about making a hole in the roof of the garret. When all was ready they fixed the rope securely, and each went down in safety until the last, the weightiest of the seven, with whom it gave way. His companions caught him and broke his fall, but he was so hurt that he was unable to walk, and had to be carried to a friendly cottage outside Edinburgh.

The six others travelled by night, and made several narrow escapes from detection, until they reached Lesmahagow, where they found kind friends, who supplied them with arms for self-defence. They were soon on the road home, and had taken the eastern side of the Lowther Hills till they came near the height that overlooks the Pass of Enterkin, and were getting into the Pass at the spot where Harkness and his associates had rescued the prisoners in 1684, when they saw a small company of soldiers coming up the path with two prisoners. They at once determined upon rescue. Fraser, from the higher ground, called upon the commander of the dragoons to set the prisoners free, and added that he and his companions were the very persons that he a few days ago led captive to Edinburgh, that they had escaped from prison, and were prepared to dispute the passage with him unless the two were set at liberty. The commander, surprised at this sudden announcement, and seeing that the countrymen were armed and equal to his followers in numbers, and posted most advantageously, and the path so narrow and the hill so steep, was disposed to deliver up the prisoners, but resolved first to propose conditions. Fraser, however, would hear of none, and declared that if the prisoners were not immediately given up he and his friends would at once set about their rescue. The soldier felt he had no other course but to yield, and the two were set at liberty.

Although we were not out of the Pass—for we had still four good miles to traverse before we reached Carronbridge station—it was with safer footing than upon the sloping hillside of the Enterkin. For about a mile of the way we skirted a section of what is called in the Ordnance Map the "Deil's Dyke" or "Celtic Dyke," and, in Lochmaben district, the "Murthat Dyke." According to Skene, as it is found in Lochmaben district, it was erected in the early part of the fifth century, to protect from the inroads of the northern tribes the Romanised inhabitants who dwelt upon the shores of the Solway Firth. The Dyke can be traced from Loch Ryan to Britton Wall, in the parish of Annan, and ran into the Solway nearly opposite Bowness, in Cumberland, where the great Wall of Adrian began. According to Joseph Train, the correspondent of Sir Walter Scott, the Dyke is invariably eight feet broad at the base, with a fosse on the north or inland side, and seemingly built of blocks of common moorstone. As it recedes from the stony district it is built of an admixture of stones and earth, or wholly of earth, as at Hightae Flow. Since Mr Train's time the Dyke at Hightae, in the parish of Lochmaben, has been largely laid bare and broken into, and is seen to be made up of regular layers of sand and small stones, that of late years have furnished a species of quarry with which to mend the roads in its neighbourhood. The breadth of the base, too, is four or five times greater than in the stony district in Wigtownshire and the Stewartry.

CHAPTER XXXVII

DUMFRIES AND TINWALD

> Exile from home, I still am nigh to God,
> And death but leads me to His blest abode;
> They only reap who faint not in the furrow,
> They shall return with joy who sow in sorrow.
>
> —JAMES DODDS.

THE neighbourhood of Dumfries has much about it that is beautiful. The pastoral hills in the distance, the winding waters of the Nith, the richly-wooded character of the landscape, and the villas that peep out every here and there from among the trees, combine to make it pleasant to the eye, and not unworthy of the title its citizens love to give it, "The Queen of the South." Dumfries itself, with its large wool-mills upon the banks of the Nith, and the crowds that flock to it on its weekly markets, has quite the air of prosperity. It is a place of some antiquity; its earliest charter is from Robert III., and is dated 28th April 1395; but time has spared little of its ancient buildings.

Perhaps its oldest relic of the past is the bridge of Devorgilla, the wife of John Baliol. She died in 1289. This venerable-looking structure had originally nine arches, but three have been removed to give more room on the street now formed on the Dumfries side of the Nith. The six arches that remain are each somewhat different the one from the other, and are evidently the product of a time when builders were students of nature, and regarded its boundless variety as more worthy of imitation, than the dull uniformity so characteristic of many public buildings in the age in which we live. Dumfries has had ample justice done to it by its local historians. The most recent of these—the late Mr Wm. M'Dowall, for many years editor of the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*—has perhaps been the most diligent of them all. In a volume entitled "History of the Burgh of Dumfries" (Edinburgh, 1867), of upwards of nine hundred pages, he has not left a stone unturned in order to illustrate its history and condition from early times to our own day. In a smaller volume, "Memorials of St Michael's, the Old Parish Churchyard of Dumfries" (Edinburgh, 1876), he has chronicled, so far as known, the story of many of the inmates of this venerable resting-place of the dead. It was this churchyard, with Mr M'Dowall's book as our guide, to which we now directed our steps. It lies to the south-east of the town. It is crowded with monuments of all shapes and sizes, but as a whole their inscriptions, with one or two marked exceptions, are somewhat prosaic and commonplace for a district that has had its poets of no mean fame.

ST MICHAEL'S CHURCH, DUMFRIES

The gravestones we were in search of are near the centre of the churchyard. They lie close to a prominent granite obelisk erected in 1837 to commemorate the martyrs whose mortal remains rest under the stones. Two of the stones are on the north side of this obelisk. When we visited the stones in 1870 they lay level with the ground, and were much worn away, and parts had been chipped off. In 1873 a sum of money was raised, very much through the exertions of Mr Wm. M'Dowall, and they were repaired, or rather renewed, in their present form. All their old features have been carefully retained, with the addition that, with a view to their better preservation, they were raised on supports about two feet up from the ground.

The larger of the two stones is about six feet long by two feet four inches broad. The lettering of the inscription is deeply cut in the manner of Old Mortality, and in letters of about two inches in length. The inscription is:

THIS AND THE NEIGHBOURING TOMBSTONE
WERE RE-ERECTED

HERE LYES WILLIAM
GRIERSON PENTLAND
MARTYR FOR HIS
ADHERING TO THE
WORD OF GOD AND
APPEARING FOR CHRI
STS KINGLIE GOVERME
NT IN HIS HOUSE AND
THE COVENANTED WO
RK OF REFORMATION: A
GAINST PERJURY: AND
PRELACY EXECUTED—
JAN 2 1667: REV. 12 11.

UNDER THIS STONE LO HERE
DOTH LY
DUST SACRIFICED TO TYRANY
YET PRECIOUS IN IMMENULL
SIGHT S
SINCE MARTYR'D FOR HIS
KINGLIE RIGHT
WHEN HE CONDEMNS
THESE HELLISH DRUGES
BY SUFFRAGE SAINTS
SHALL JUDGE THEIR JUDGES

AND REPAIRED VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTION
IN MARCH 1873.

The smaller stone is about the same length, but is not more than two feet in breadth. The letters are of the same size as those on the other, and are also very deeply cut. The inscription is:

HERE LYES WILLIAM
WELSH, PENTLAND
MARTYR, FOR HIS
ADHERING TO THE
WORD OF GOD AND
APPEARING FOR
CHRISTS KINGLY
GOVERMENT IN HIS
HOUSE AND THE CO
VENANTED WORK
OF REFORMATION
AGAINST PERJURY
AND PRELACIE EXE
CUTE JANR 2
1667 REV 12 11

STAY, PASSENGER, AND READ,
HERE INTERR'D DOTH LY
A WITNESS GAINST POOR
SCOTLANDS PERJURY,
WHOSE HEAD ONCE FIX'D UP
ON THE BRIDGE PORT STOOD
PROCLAIMING VENGEANCE
FOR HIS GUILTLES BLOOD.

The third stone is about twelve paces to the north-west of the obelisk. It is about seven feet in length by two in breadth, and in its lettering and form is similar to the other two. The inscripti is:

HERE LYES JAMES
KIRK A MARTYR,
SHOT DEAD UPON
THE SANDS OF DR
UMFRIES: FOR HIS
ADHERING TO THE
WORD OF GOD CHR
ISTS KINGLY GOVE
RMENT IN HIS HO
USE: AND THE COV
ENANTED WORK OF
REFORMATION AG
AINST TIRRANNIE
PERJURIE: AND PR
ELACIE 1685 REV
12 MAR

BY BLOODY BRUCE AND WRETCHED WRIGHT
I LOST MY LIFE: IN GREAT DESPIGHT
SHOT DEAD, WITHOUT DUE TIME TO TRY,
AND FIT ME FOR ETERNITY,
A WITNESS OF PRELATICK RAGE
AS EVER WAS IN ANIE AGE

Little is known of William Grierson and William Welsh. Both had surrendered themselves as prisoners after the battle of Pentland. With the view of terrifying the west of Scotland from ever attempting a similar rising, they, with other ten, were tried at Ayr, 24th December 1666, and found guilty of treason, and on January 2, 1667, they were executed at Dumfries.

James Kirk, or James Kirko, as he is called in the "Cloud of Witnesses" and in "Wodrow," belonged to the parish of Keir. It would seem that he had not been attending the parish church, and to avoid the Oath of Abjuration disowning the Society's Declaration against Informers, he had left his house, and was in concealment in the parish of Holywood. Here one James Wright professed great kindness to him, and directed him to a hiding-place not far from his house. Captain Bruce, with a party of dragoons, speedily came and seized Kirk in his hiding-place. Bruce offered him the Abjuration Oath, but he "modestly refused" to take it, "as what he took to be inconsistent with his solemn oaths to God." He was now ordered to prepare for death, when he sang the well-known verses of Psalm cxvi.:

"I'll of salvation take the cup,
  On God's name will I call:
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
  Before His people all.
Dear in God's sight is His saints' death.
  Thy servant, Lord, am I;
Thy servant sure, Thine handmaid's son:
  My bands Thou didst untie;"

and read a portion of Scripture and prayed. The dragoons pressed him to tell them the haunts of his fellow-wanderers and his life would be spared; but he replied he dare not redeem his life at so dear a rate.

After this they seem to have taken him to Dumfries, and kept him prisoner there for a night. Next morning he was brought out to the Sands. There does not seem to have been even the form of trial. Bruce put a few questions to him, but he declined to answer them. He then ordered him to be immediately shot. He begged that his life should be spared for another day. "No, no," was Bruce's answer, "no more time; the devil a peace you can now get made up." Kirk calmly replied, "Sir, you mistake it; you cannot mar my peace with God." Bruce now got into a rage, and cried to the soldiers, "Dogs, make ready, for the devil a peace shall he get more!"

"Some gentlewomen" here interceded for his life, but it was in vain. He was all but instantly shot, without a moment for prayer. The "Cloud of Witnesses" records that Dalziel of Binn's second son was one of those that shot him, although he had not been ordered to do so.

Tinwald lies between Amisfield and Locharbriggs station on the Lockerbie and Dumfries branch of the Caledonian Railway. We chose the Amisfield station. The road to Tinwald church goes nearly south from thence. Amisfield Town, as it is called—a hamlet made up of a row of a score or so of cottages—we passed after a quarter of a mile's walk from the railway. The road gradually rose as we went on, until, after a mile's walk, it had risen, according to the Ordnance Map, from 93 feet above the level of the sea at the station to 200 feet at Tinwald parish church. We had now a fine view of the country stretching out before us. It was the dale of the Nith, and, as our visit was in June, its fields were clothed in loveliness, and in the distance were the well-called "bonnie hills of Galloway."

Tinwald church has the appearance of a building of last century. It is long, low in the ceiling, and narrow. Its bell, the beadle told us, is dated 1701. The stone we were in search of we found about the centre of the northern part of the churchyard. An obelisk, erected in 1844, stands at its side. The obelisk has an inscription telling of John Corbet, but at the same time giving equal prominence to the persons who erected it. The old stone is about five feet and a half in length and three in breadth. It was lying flat upon the ground, with the soil rising up around it, and the moss had largely spread over its face and filled up the lettering. The work of decipherment was a tedious and difficult one. Indeed, it took the gravedigger, who became quite enthusiastic in the matter, and ourselves fully an hour to make out the inscription. Some of the letters had been nearly altogether effaced by the ravages of time. We resolved that something should be done for the re-lettering and preservation of the stone. An application to the parish minister, the late Rev. James Vallance, for the use of the church to preach a sermon in order to raise a collection to repair the monument, at once brought back the response that the church was at our service on the day named at twelve o'clock noon. It did not suit us to come at twelve, for we had service of our own at home, but it was arranged that it should be at five o'clock.

On Sabbath, July 11th, 1880, we preached to a congregation made up of the Christian denominations in the district, and that filled the parish church to overflowing, on the great principles for which the Reformers and martyrs contended. There were £2, 3s. of a collection. Another pound was added from the balance of a collection in the hands of the Free Presbytery of Dumfries, made after a sermon preached by the late Rev. Wm. Milroy of Penpont, on a similar theme, July 1, 1880, a day on which many services commemorative of the Scottish Reformers and martyrs were held throughout Scotland. The money thus contributed was applied to deepening the letters and cleaning and repairing the stone.

When we again visited the churchyard in December 1881, we found that the stone had been thoroughly put to rights, that the once shallow and fading letters had been cut deeply, after the manner of Old Mortality, that it had been set upon stone supports, some twelve inches from the ground, that the whole had received a coating of oil, so as the better to withstand the changes of the weather, and that the deepened letters had been painted black. It was plain that the workpeople concerned in the matter—the stonecutter, the gravedigger, and the painter—had worked with a will, and made the money go as far as it could go. It was now easy to read the inscription.

We have mentioned these details, as they have no doubt been often paralleled all over the south of Scotland when it was found that the martyr's grave needed repair; and they make it plain that, however the Societies or the followers of Macmillan may have felt it their duty, two centuries ago, to care for the gravestones of the martyrs, all evangelical churches in Scotland now regard it as their heritage to walk in their steps, and to see that the resting-places of the men who secured to us our liberties at the price of their blood, shall be duly respected and honoured. But it is time now to read the inscription itself. It is:

HERE.LYES.THE.CORPS.OF.JOHN
CORBET.WHO.DIED.THE.17TH.OF
MARCH.1706.AND.OF.HIS.AGE
63.YEARS.WHO.WAS.TAKEN
IN.THE.YEAR.1684.BY.A.PARTI
OF.CLAVERHOUS.HIS.TROUPE
AND.WAS.BANISHED.BY.THE
WICKED.COUNSELL.OF.SCOTLAND
TO.EAST.JARSEY.1685.AND
RETURNED.THE.YEAR.1687

LET . THIS . STON . SPEAK . WHEN . SPEECH . IS . FROM
ME.GONE
HOW.GOD.ME.LEDD.WHEN.I.WAS.FAR.FROM.HOME
BANISHT.I.WAS.FOR.COVENANTED.CAUSE
AND.NON.COMPLYANCE.WITH.THEIR.WICKED.LAUES
GOD.WHOM.I.SERVED.MADE.ME.FIRM.TO.STAN
BROUGHT.BACK.AGAIN.UNTO.MY.NATIVE.LAND
MY.SOBER.WALK.IN.EACH.PLACE.OF.ABOAD
MADE.ME.BELOVED.OF.ALL.THAT.LOVED.GOD
GAINST.ALL.ASSAULTS.FROM.FIRST.UNTO.THE.LA
ASISTED.ME.I.GOT.NOT.A.WRONG.CAST [ST
HIS.PRECIOUS.TRUTH.FRAGRANT.THOU.WAS.TO
FROM.FIRST.TO.LAST.AS.I.LIVD.SOE.I.DY [ME
ONCE.MORE.IL.LIVE.AND.NEVER.DY.AGAIN
AND.SING.HIS.PRAISE.IN.A.TRIUMPHANT.ST
[RAIN

According to the inscription, John Corbet was taken "in the year 1684 by a parti of Claverhous his troupe." His name first occurs in the Books of Council under date February 16, 1685. "The committee about the prisoners" are recommended, February 11, to meet and report the case of those in the prisons of Edinburgh and Canongate. On February 16 they report: "Some take the test and are set free." A "Mr William M'Millan desires time to deliberate about the prerogative, having no scruple about the allegiance, but stands at his Majesty's supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs," is "continued." Two others are "remitted to the Justices." But there are twelve, and John Corbet is the eleventh on the list, who "refuse the oath, and are to be sent to the plantations." Six months afterwards he must still have been a prisoner, for, under August 17th, he and twenty-two others are described as "now prisoners in the Tolbooth of Leith." He and a hundred more, whose names are given in Wodrow—and among them are twenty-eight women—are "to be delivered to Mr George Scott, of Pitlochie, Fifeshire, and by him transferred to his Majesty's plantations in East New Jersey in the ship lying in the road of Leith now bounding thither."

An account of this disastrous voyage has been given in a previous chapter, pp. 225, 226. Having arrived at New Jersey, it was proposed, before landing the prisoners, to exact from them what, by a misnomer, was called "a voluntary declaration" of four years' service. But the prisoners would not listen to such a proposal, and so they had all to be landed, as they were, without conditions. On landing they seem to have been left to shift for themselves, and to have suffered hardships, until, as before stated, they got "a little way up the country," to a town not named, "where there was a minister settled." Here the people showed them no small kindness, and gratuitously supported them for the winter.

In the following spring Johnstone, the son-in-law of Pitlochie, on the strength of the gift of his father-in-law, claimed the prisoners as his property, and had them all cited before a court of the province. The governor referred the matter to the jury. A jury made up of the followers of William Penn and Robert Barclay were likely to be of a different type from the craven-hearted and obsequious jurymen that in Scotland did the bidding of tyrants. It is not surprising, therefore, that they found that the accused had not of their own accord come to the ship, had not bargained with Pitlochie for money or service, and therefore, according to the laws of the country, they were free to go where they chose.

Nothing further seems now to be known of John Corbet after this decision, save that, according to the tombstone, he returned to his native land. Judging, however, from the narrative of his fellow-sufferer, John Mathieson, of Closeburn, he must have had his difficulties ere he found his way back to Tinwald. The tombstone bears no date, but from the style of lettering it looks like the work of the first quarter of last century. William Wilson, schoolmaster in the parish of Douglas, to whom reference has already been made, and author of several Non-Hearer pamphlets, had some connection with Tinwald. He was fond of writing a species of doggerel rhyme, so that the inscription is very likely to have been his work.

From the tombstone of John Corbet we turned to survey the churchyard. The stones seemed all to be of the new red sandstone, for which the quarries of the district are famed. It is evidently a stone of a lasting kind, for we noticed a flat gravestone with the date 1616 upon it. On the south side of the churchyard we came on the following inscription, in which the son not very humbly commemorates his own deed as well as his father:

WHO ERE THOU BE THAT DOTH GO BY
KNOW JOHN M'VITIE HERE DOTH LIE
INTERRED UNDERNEATH THIS STONE
BY GAVIN M'VITIE HIS ELDEST SON.

At the west end of the church is a monument to a minister of the parish who had an unusually long ministry. He is described as "Rev. Mr Alexander Robison, pastor of this parish from the year 1697 to the year 1761," that is, a ministry of sixty-four years. He died, Father of the Church of Scotland, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He is said to have been marked by "diligence and zeal in his office and steady moderation in the affairs of the church." This latter clause would imply that he had been a Moderate, and throws light upon the tradition that he was put in by a company of soldiers. Dr Scott, however, in his "Fasti," tells an opposite story. It is said, he states, that he was so unwilling to submit that he endeavoured to escape from ordination, and was only brought back by the constraint and remonstrance of some of his senior brethren.

A few feet west from this monument is that to "The Rev. Mr John Courtas of the cong$^{n.}$ of Ref. Presb. Dissenters of Quarrel wood, who died on the 31st day of Jan., 1796, in the 72 year of his age, and 40th of his ministry."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

IRONGRAY—COMMUNION STONES

And I would sing their solemn Eucharist,
Their day of jubilee and joy on earth;
Held at life's hazard, midst the lonely waste,—
The sacred Songs of Zion which arose
Up to the throne, with consecrated mirth;—
Their prayers and aspirations, till the close
Of that eventful day;—if Heaven its aid bestows.
—DAVID VEDDER.

IRONGRAY is about five miles to the north-west of Dumfries. We left Dumfries and crossed the Nith by the New Bridge to Maxwelltown. The first street we came to on the right, almost immediately after we had crossed the river, was College Street, so named from Lincluden College, to which the street or road leads. College Street has little attractive about it. It is narrow, and when its poor-looking houses cease, dead stone walls on either side take their place, as if the inhabitants behind were afraid to show their ways and manners to an outside world. A walk of about a mile brings us to the bridge that crosses over the railway to Stranraer, and we leave dykes behind us, and are fairly into the country, and the ruins of Lincluden College come into view.

Lincluden is beautifully situated on a tongue of land formed by a bend of the Cluden at its junction with the Nith. What was once the chancel is nearly all that remains. Pennant gives a picture of it in 1775. It was then roofed in, but has for many years past been roofless, and the stone-work of the windows has all but disappeared. The frame alone remains. On the north wall of the chancel is the spot where the body of Lady Margaret, daughter of Robert III., and Countess of Douglas, was interred. But the tomb has been broken into, and its architectural character has long ago disappeared. A recumbent statue of the Princess was placed over the tomb. When Pennant, in his tour in Scotland in 1769, visited the College, the statue was still in existence, though mutilated; and so little respect was then paid to the deceased Princess, that he says he saw "her bones" lying "scattered about in an indecent manner by some wretches who broke open the repository in search of treasure." The inscription over the tomb has recently been deepened, but it might have been made deeper still.

In keeping, however, with the neglect into which the whole building has fallen for many a day, visitors, eager to give their little-heard-of and ephemeral existences a local connection with something likely to be more enduring than themselves, have carved their names all over the wall above the tomb. Happily this state of matters is at an end. Some twelve or thirteen years ago Captain Maxwell, the proprietor, caused the floor of the building to be cleaned out, and to be railed in. An iron gate has been put at its entrance, and visitors can now only see the tomb from the outside through the grating.

The abbey stands on a kind of plateau raised above the banks of the river, and the view from it is well worth the trouble of the walk, independent of the attractions of the ruin itself. Close by the building is what Pennant describes as "a great artificial mound with a spiral walk to the top, which is hollowed, and has a turf seat to command the beautiful views." In recent years this mound has been planted with fir trees, but the view is not less worthy of the epithet "beautiful" than it was in Pennant's time. The late Mr William M'Dowall published in 1886 a sumptuous quarto volume, entitled, "Chronicles of Lincluden as an Abbey and as a College." The volume is finely illustrated with engravings of Lincluden and its surroundings, and is full of information about its theme.

From Lincluden we retraced our steps, passing by Lincluden House, and gained the road which leads to Irongray churchyard. The road, especially in its latter half, keeps close to the Cluden Water. About half-way the road forks. The western takes direct to the churchyard, but the eastern fork goes past a circle of stones, called in the district "The Twelve Apostles," that are worthy the attention of visitors. After we had seen the twelve venerable stones, we went back two or three hundred yards and got on to the western fork of the road, which soon brought us to the parish church of Irongray. It is a modern structure. The one object of interest in its churchyard is the gravestone erected by Sir Walter Scott over the mortal remains of Helen Walker, the prototype of one of the finest of the novelist's creations—Jeannie Deans. The stone is easily found, near the north gable of the church.

The graves we were in search of were not in the churchyard. We had five minutes' walk before we came to them in a field about a hundred yards off the road, at the east end of what looks like a long tumulus planted over with trees. The graves were enclosed in 1832, when a new gravestone was put alongside the old one, and the inscription transferred to it. The inscription is:

HERE LYES EDWARD GO
RDON AND ALEXANDER
M'CUBINE MARTYRES
HANGED WITHOUT
LAW BY LAGG AND CAP.
BRUCE FOR ADHEREING
TO THE WORD OF GOD
CHRIST'S KINGLY GOVER
MENT IN HIS HOUSE
AND THE COVENANTED
WORK OF REFORMATION
AGAINST TYRANNY
PERJURY AND PRELACY
REV xii. 12 MAR 3 1685

AS LAGG AND BLOODIE
BRUCE COMMAND
WE WERE HUNG UP BY
HELLISH HAND
AND THUS THER FURIO
US RAGE TO STAY
WE DYED NEAR KIRK
OF IRON-GRAY
HERE NOW IN PEACE
SWEET REST WE TAKE
ONCE MURDER'D FOR
RELIGION'S SAKE.

The martyrs' stones have been enclosed within a railing. They lie upon the ground, while behind them, and facing the spectator, is an upright slab of stone with an inscription detailing the circumstances that led to its erection, and the name of the preacher, at the close of whose sermon a collection was made to defray the expenses incurred. Indeed, the inscription says a great deal more about the collection and the sermon and the preacher, than about the martyrs themselves. As a whole, therefore, it contrasts unfavourably with that on the old stone.

There is a short notice of the two sufferers in the "list of those killed in the fields," in "The Cloud of Witnesses," and Wodrow tells their story with more detail. On February 19th, 1685, Captain Bruce, a captain of dragoons, with a party of soldiers, surprised six "of the suffering wanderers" in the lonely muir of Lochenkit, and shot four of them, as has been told in Chapter XXVII. The other two were Edward Gordon and Alexander M'Cubin or M'Cubbin. Gordon belonged to Galloway, and M'Cubbin was a native of Glencairn. Bruce took them some miles to the south, to the Bridge of Urr, where Grierson of Lagg was busily occupied in pressing the Abjuration Oath upon the country people. On their arrival, Grierson would summon no jury, and swore that all who had taken the oath had sworn these men's doom. Bruce at last succeeded in getting the matter postponed till next day.

Next day, February 20th by the old style, but March 3 according to the new, as on the gravestones, they were taken by Grierson to Irongray, and "hanged upon an oak tree near the Kirk of Irongray, at the foot of which they were buried." When brought beneath the tree, a friend asked M'Cubbin if he had any message to send to his wife; he replied, "I leave her and the two babes upon the Lord and to His promise, 'A Father to the fatherless and a judge of the widows is God in His holy habitation.'" When the hangman asked forgiveness, M'Cubbin answered, "Poor man, I forgive thee and all men. Thou hast a miserable calling upon earth." "Both died," says Wodrow, "in much composure and cheerfulness."

Rev. Mr Burnside of Urr, in 1832, preached a sermon at Hallhill, a farm to the west of the clump of trees, and raised the money needed to enclose the monument. The sermon was afterwards published. At the close of this sermon he gives the traditions of the neighbourhood respecting the sufferers. He says the reason why the martyrs were executed near the Kirk of Irongray was that it might be in sight of Hallhill, at that time occupied by a family of the name of Ferguson, well known for their attachment to the principles of the Covenanted Reformation. The sight of the execution, it was hoped, would awe them into silence, if not into apostasy. But it acted otherwise. A young daughter of the family waited on the martyrs when they were brought to the tree on which they were to be hung, and she tied the handkerchief over their eyes. She was in consequence banished from her native country. She went to Lisbon, where she married a carpenter. They lived to old age. Seventy years after this execution, on the 1st of November 1755, the day of the great earthquake that has been so vividly described by Davy, in "Letters Addressed chiefly to a Young Gentleman upon the Subject of Literature, 1787," when the city was all but entirely destroyed, and from thirty to sixty thousand people lost their lives, she was sitting on a plank by the river side talking to her husband. While thus sitting the sea came up "rising as it were like a mountain." Multitudes of people it took back with it as it retired, to a watery grave, but it carried her on before it and left her high and dry on the land.

The stationmaster at Elvanfoot, on the main line of the Caledonian railway, is a descendant of Alexander M'Cubbin, and bears his name. He still possesses the martyr's Bible. It is in good preservation. It is a small folio, dated "Edinburgh: Printed by Andro Hart, and are to be solde at his Buith, on the North Side of the Gates, a little beneath the Crosse. Anno Dom. 1610." According to Principal John Lee, in his valuable collection of information about books and printing in Scotland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in his "Memorial for the Bible Societies," the Old Testament is the Genevan version, but the New Testament is not; it is from an edition first published in 1576, by Lawrence Tomson, an under secretary to Sir Francis Walsingham. It contains quite a different set of annotations from those in the Genevan version. These annotations are said to be taken from Beza, Joachim Camerarius, and P. L. Villerius, and are generally much longer, but not always more valuable.

The martyr's Bible is interesting as an illustration of how long the Genevan and other versions of the Bible continued to be used in Scotland, after the publication of the Authorised Version in 1611. On reading the first chapter of John, it was impossible not to be struck with the large extent to which the Authorised Version is based on the versions that went before it. It is really less altered from this old Bible of Alexander M'Cubbin, than the Revised Version is from the Authorised.

The Communion Stones of Irongray are, as the crow flies, three miles and a half almost due west from the parish church; but the way to them by the high road cannot be less than five miles, for in such a hilly district road-makers must use the valleys, and wind the road about the hills as best they can. The road runs for two miles due west, then, at a little beyond a farm called Dalquhairn, it runs due south for fully a mile and a half to Barnsoul, then turning north-west for nearly three quarters of a mile until Macnaughton is reached, where the traveller, if driving, must dismount and set out on foot for the Communion Stones, fully a mile to the north-west. This is the best route for the visitor who wishes to visit Irongray and the Communion Stones on the same day, but our plans were different. We had to visit Shawhead, the village of Irongray parish, and to pass the night under the hospitable roof of the Free Church minister.

THE MARTYRS' GRAVE, IRONGRAY

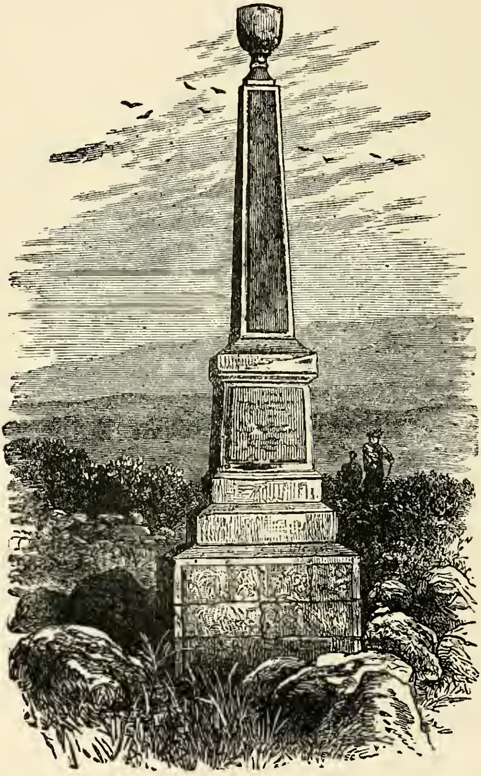
We took the Irongray omnibus that starts from Dumfries in the afternoon, not far from the banks of the Nith. For three miles and a half the road takes a north-west direction. When near the second milestone we passed the white houses of the hamlet of Terregles, and farther on, the long wall of Terregles park, that for nearly a mile lines the road. At a well-wooded residence, called the Grove, the road turns south-west. The Irongray hills, now rugged, now grass-grown, and now wooded, lay to the west; while to the east, rising up from the roadside, was a range of hills largely planted with young trees. This continued for more than a mile, when we got into the undulating pastoral country that forms so much of Kirkcudbrightshire.

After a seven or eight miles' drive, we reached our destination for the night, the Free Church manse. Next morning was bright and gave the promise of a fine forenoon, so early in the day we set out for the Communion Stones. By the Ordnance Map they are two and a half miles away, as the crow flies, to the north-west from the Free Church manse, but the winding road we took could not be less than three and a half miles. We first went due west for half a mile to the village of Shawhead, a little collection of well-whitened houses, with a post-office and a good-sized hall, where, packed with a most attentive audience, we gave a lecture in the evening upon the Covenants and the Covenanting Preachers. As we entered the village we crossed the Auld Water, that, three miles to the north, joins the Cairn Water and forms the Cluden, a large tributary of the Nith.

At Shawhead the road runs for fully a mile in a northerly direction, until we reached a farm town named the Scar. Here we turned due north, and for about a mile we kept gradually ascending, at the same time gaining a better and better view of the surrounding country, until, at the height of eight hundred feet, the monument erected some few years ago came into view. As we drew nearer it was soon seen how admirably fitted the site of the Communion Stones was for a great assemblage. Save on the south side, where it sinks down, the ground rises up until it becomes an amphitheatre that would hold thousands of auditors, while about a mile farther away the hill top is 1286 feet above the level of the sea. On this height, and upon three neighbouring summits, watchers were stationed to give the alarm if the royal troops were seen approaching.

The view lower down from the Communion Stones, although it had not the wide sweep of the heights above, was really fine. It looked away to the undulating and pastoral country to the south. In the foreground were the green pastures of Irongray and Lochrutton, and imbedded among them its loch, the reservoir of water for the citizens of Dumfries; and farther away were the

Screel and the granite hills of Dalbeattie. The view from the hill above was finer still. The country all round about was visible. To the north-west it reached as far almost as to the mountains of Carsphairn, while to the south-west was a high hill that commands a view of the wide-stretching moorlands of Lochenkit. Altogether it was not difficult to see that this was the very place where an outdoor communion, such as Blackader describes, might have been held.



OBELISK AT IRONGRAY

The Communion Stones, which must have been gathered from the surrounding hillsides, are in four rows, and would provide seats for the communicants. Between each two rows there is a stone here and there that may have been supports for a plank or wooden board on which the bread and wine may have been passed along. At the south end there is a pile of stones that would be built up as a table for the bread and wine. From the length of the tables, about a hundred and twenty communicants could sit down to the Lord's Supper each time it was dispensed by the presiding minister. The tradition is that the greater part of the three thousand said to be present communicated. At the south end of the Communion Stones is the monument erected a few years ago. It is a tall granite obelisk, and is appropriately surmounted by a communion cup.

An account of the Communion is given in a volume by Rev. Andrew Crichton, LL.D., at one time editor of the *Edinburgh Observer*, published in 1823, and entitled "Memoirs of Rev. John Blackader." The volume bears to be compiled from two of the Wodrow Manuscripts in the Advocates' Library: "An Account of Mr Blackader's Sufferings," written by his son, and "Memoirs," written by himself when a prisoner in the Bass, where he was imprisoned from April 7, 1681, till his death in December 1685. Crichton has made extracts from these manuscripts, and prefaced them by several lengthy chapters aiming at a history of the period. The extracts are connected together, and supplemented by matter of the same quality as the introductory chapters. Crichton's matter does not rise above commonplace padding. It is very different with the extracts. They are graphically written and full of interest, and make the reader wish that Crichton, instead of a few extracts, had given the Memoir entire.

John Welch, the outed minister of Irongray, at the desire of the people, had made the arrangements for the communion. Blackader, outed minister of Troqueer, was invited to take part. He came from Culross, in Fifeshire, by way of Edinburgh. He left Edinburgh on the Thursday morning, and as he rode by Leadhills to the Enterkin Pass he came upon groups of people, some on horseback and some on foot, going to the communion. A company of eighty horse, "whereof many were respectable gentlemen from Clydesdale, and well appointed with regular officers, and all reasonably well accoutered," marched down the Enterkin Pass in good order a little before him. Blackader stayed at Caitloch, in Glencairn, on Friday night, and next morning he and his company marched to the cross of Meiklewood, said to be "a high place" in Nithsdale, about seven miles from Dumfries. Meiklewood commands a view of the whole country around, and so could not be taken by surprise.

When Blackader reached the place, he found a large assembly collected. He opened the service with a sermon on 1 Cor. xi. 24, "Do this in remembrance of Me." "His two chief points were that the ceremony was not left arbitrary to the Church, but was under a peremptory command from Christ Himself. This remembrance was to be renewed from time to time as seasons would permit; and their divine Master's command was still in force, though men had inhibited and discharged them. Secondly, the end of the institution, why it ought to be frequently celebrated or administered, and what was especially to be commemorated."

This is young Blackader's account of the sermon: "There is nothing treasonous in it, nothing but what might be profitably preached at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper at any time, and in any part of the world, and yet it was for preaching such salutary doctrine that Blackader, and men like him, were outlawed and a large price set upon their heads." What followed after this introductory sermon is best told in Blackader's own words:

"Mr Welch preached in the afternoon, and intimated the communion to take place next day on a hillside in Irongray, about four miles distant, as it was judged convenient and more safe to shift their ground. He durst not mention the name of the place particularly, lest enemies might get notice and be before them; but none failed to discover it.

"On Sabbath morning early the congregation sat down on the Whitehill in Irongray, about three [seven] miles above Dumfries. The meeting was very numerous, greater than at East Nisbet, [there] being more gentlemen and strangers from far and near. Mr Arnot, late minister of Tongland, lectured in the morning, and Mr Welch preached the action sermon which was his ordinar. The rest of the ministers exhorted and took their turn at the table service. The whole was closed in the evening without disturbance. It was a cloudy and gloomy day, the sky lowering and often threatening showers; but the heavy clouds did not break but retained their moisture, as it were to accommodate the work. For ere the people got to their houses and quarters there fell a great rain which that night waxed the waters, and most of them had to pass through both the Cairn and the Cluden.

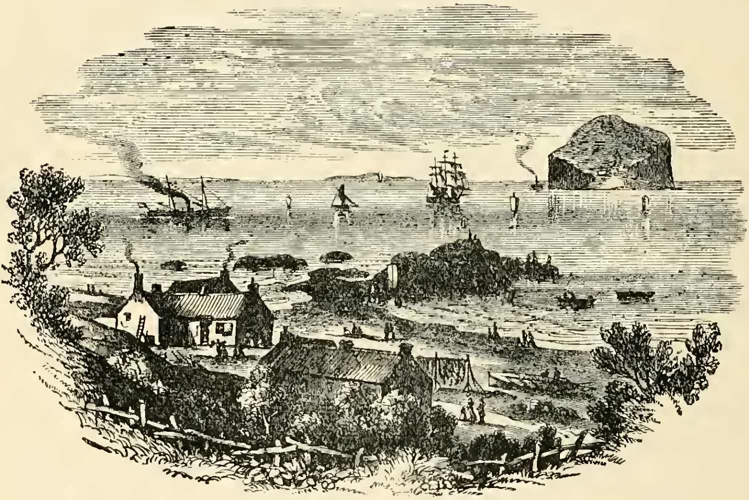
"The Earl of Nithsdale, a papist, and Sir Robert Dalzell of Glenae, a great enemy to these meetings, had some of their ill-set domestics there, who waited on and heard till the time of the afternoon sermon, and then slipt away. At the time of dismissing there arose a cry and alarm that the dragoons were approaching, whereupon the Clydesdale men instantly took to horse and formed. The gentlemen of Galloway and Nithsdale took no posture of defence at first, as they did not intend it until they saw imminent danger. But seeing the motions of the Clydesdale men they thought it necessary to do the like. Gordon, the laird of Earlston, who had been a captain in the former wars, now drew up a large troop of Galloway horse. Another gentleman of Nithsdale, who had also been a captain of horse, mustered up a troop of cavalry from the holms of Kirkmahoe and about the Nith. Four or five companies of foot with their officers were ready equipped for action; and all this was done in the twinkling of an eye, for the people were willing and resolute. Videttes and single horsemen were despatched to various quarters to keep a good lookout. The report brought in was that they had only heard a rumour of them being in the country, but could not inform themselves if any were near at hand, or any stir in that immediate neighbourhood.

"After remaining in that defensive posture for three hours, the body of the people dispersed to their quarters, each accompanied by a guard of foot and horse. In houses, barns, and empty places most of them got accommodated in a sort of way within a mile or two's distance. They had mostly provided themselves both for board and lodging, and the ministers were hospitably received at houses. The night was rainy, but watches were kept notwithstanding. As a point of prudence, no intimation was given where the Monday's meeting was to be kept; this was not generally known except to the ministers.

"The tent was next day erected on another hillside near the head of the parish, three or four miles from the place of the Sabbath meeting. The people seemed nothing diminished in numbers on account of the alarm or the unpropitious state of the weather. The horse and foot, as usual, drew round about the congregation, the horse being outermost. Mr Blackader closed this day from Heb. xiii. 1, 'Let brotherly love continue'; and notwithstanding the alarm he continued preaching up and down in that country."

Blackader has given in his "Memoirs" equally graphic accounts of a communion, in Teviotdale, where he also had with him Welch of Irongray. Both Blackader and Welch seem to have been specially fitted for such outdoor services. John Howie, in his "Collection of Lectures and Sermons," has printed two sermons by Welch and two sermons by Blackader on Isaiah liii. 11, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." The four sermons, though only from the notes of hearers, are excellent, and if spoken with a good voice they must have been attractive in a high degree. They are full in their statement of doctrine, and both preachers are earnest and even impassioned in their pleading with men to be reconciled to God. Welch, when outed from Irongray, published "Fifty and Two Directions" "to his Parish of Irongray." Our copy is a small quarto of forty pages, and bears to have been "Reprinted in the year 1712." These Directions justify, even more than the sermons in Howie's Collection do, Wodrow's brief description of him, "That diligent, fervent, successful, and unwearied preacher, Mr John Welch."

[The Rev. John Blackader was one of the most zealous and popular of the Conventicle preachers. Like not a few of the ministers of the early Scottish Church, he was connected with a family of distinction, being the representative of the Blackaders of Tullialan, and was, in his later years, entitled to the rank of knight-baronet. He was educated at Glasgow University, of which his uncle, Rev. Dr Strang, was Principal. He was ordained minister of the parish of Troqueer, in Kirkcudbrightshire, in 1652, and continued there till expelled under the notorious act of 1662. Henceforth he exercised his ministry in houses and fields as opportunity offered, and, in spite of dangers and hardships, continued in this hazardous service for nearly twenty years. He took a chief part in some of the great communions held in the fields during that period. He belonged to the more moderate section of the Presbyterians; he disapproved of the Indulgences, but was not clear as to the propriety of armed opposition to tyranny; he was not present at any of the encounters of the Covenanters with the royal forces; and did not accept the



THE BASS ROCK

position taken up by Cameron in the Sanquhar Declaration. He spent a short time in Holland in 1680, and was at length arrested in his own house in Edinburgh, in 1681, and was sentenced to imprisonment on the Bass. His health failing, efforts were made to obtain his release; this was at length granted, but ere it could be carried out, he died on his rocky prison in 1685. He was buried in North Berwick churchyard, where a large flat stone, resting on short pillars, marks his resting-place. It bears the following inscription:

Here lies the body of Mr John Blackader, minister of the Gospel at Troqueer in Galloway, who died on the Bass after five years imprisonment, Anno Dom 1685, and of his age sixty-three years.

A long metrical inscription follows, of which the following lines form part:

Blest John, for Jesus' sake, in Patmos bound,
His prison, Bethel, Patmos Pisgah found;
So the bless'd John, on yonder rock confined,
His body suffer'd, but no chains could bind
His heaven-aspiring soul; while day by day,
As from Mount Pisgah's top, he did survey
The promised land.
Death broke his fetters off, then swift he fled
From sin and sorrow; and by angels led,
Enter'd the mansions of eternal joy;—
Blest soul, thy warfare's done, praise, love, enjoy.

Quite recently a mural brass tablet has been placed in Troqueer parish church in memory of this worthy and faithful servant of Christ. It bears the following inscription:

To the glory of God and in memory of
THE REVEREND JOHN BLACKADER
Born 1615.
Ordained minister of the parish of Troqueer 1653.
Extruded 1662. Outlawed for preaching in the fields 1674.
Imprisoned on the Bass Rock 1681.
Died after cruel confinement 1685.
"Faithful unto death."
Erected A.D. 1902.

—ED.]

Blackader had a family of seven children. The eldest son, Dr Blackader, and his second son suffered much during the years of persecution. Both were imprisoned several times. Crichton has given an interesting account from manuscript sources of their sufferings. His fifth son, John, joined the Cameronian regiment in 1689 as a cadet. He served with the regiment in the renowned campaigns of Marlborough, and retired from it in 1711, after he had been for some time its Lieutenant-Colonel. He died in 1729, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. In 1806 a 12mo volume of 317 pages was published in Edinburgh, entitled "Select Passages from the Diary and Letters of the late John Blackader, Esq., formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the 26th or Cameronian Regiment of foot, and afterwards Deputy Governor of Stirling Castle. Written chiefly during the most interesting scenes and engagements of the War in Flanders and Germany conducted by John, Duke of Marlborough, now first published from his own MSS." Prefixed to the volume is an advertisement of five pages by John Newton, the associate of Cowper in the Olney Hymns, and rector of St Mary Woolnoth, London, from 1779 to 1807. The volume is creditable to the piety of Colonel Blackader, although, as in the case of his father, it is to be wished that the editor had given from the manuscript a little less of reflections and a little more of narrative. Blackader was manifestly of the school of William Cleland, the first colonel of the Cameronian regiment, a brave and daring soldier, yet a man that feared God.

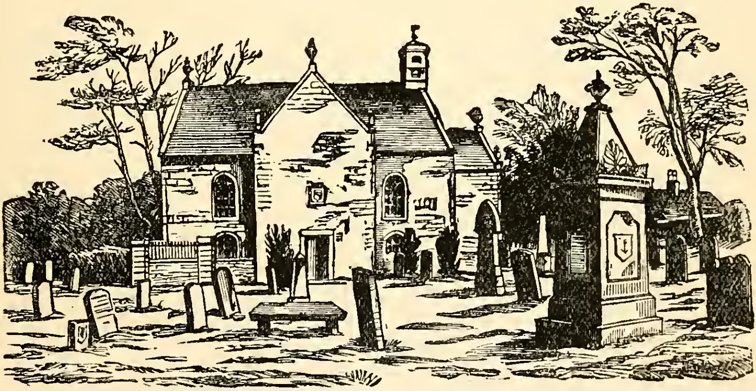
We came back from the Communion Stones very much by the same road as that by which we went, save that we called at the Scar farmhouse. The house is an old one. Its walls have the appearance of the lower part of a border keep. Attached to the house is the usual appendage to a farm, a milk-house. In the Ordnance Map it is marked "Scar Gaol," and gaol or dungeon it must at one time have been. Its interior is exactly like one of the two cells in Lockerbie tower, only, from its cold damp walls and earthen floor, it has much more of gloom and even terror about it. The walls are at least three feet in thickness, the roof is all of stone and arched, and the solitary window small and high up from the floor. It was pleasant, however, to see that its days as a prison for evildoers were over, and that the district had so much improved in character that the only use it now had as a gaol was for the detention of large platters of milk until they were ready to be transferred to the churn.

CHAPTER XXXIX

KIRKMICHAEL

Peace to their memory! let no impious breath
Soil their fair fame, or triumph o'er their death;
Let Scotia's grateful sons their teardrops shed,
Where low they lie in honour's gory bed.
—GIBSON'S "COVENANTERS' TOMBSTONES."

THE parish of Kirkmichael lies to the north-west of Straiton, and in its churchyard there is a monument to the memory of a martyr named Gilbert M'Adam. In 1682 he was taken prisoner for non-attendance on the services of the curate, and carried to Dumfries. He was released on his father-in-law becoming security to the amount of four hundred pounds for his appearance when required. But Gilbert failed to appear when summoned, and the money was forfeited. Shortly after, he was again seized, taken to Glasgow, and, refusing to take the oath of allegiance, he was banished to the plantations. His father advanced money to purchase his freedom, and he returned to Scotland in 1685. He was captured a third time when attending a prayer-meeting near the House of Kirkmichael, by Sir Alexander Kennedy of Culzean and the Laird



KIRKMICHAEL CHURCH

of Ballochmyle, and, attempting to escape, he was shot without trial. The names of his captors, which were inserted in the inscription on his tombstone, having been erased by some unknown hand, they were re-inserted by "Old Mortality." Wodrow says that his death occurred in June 1685. The inscription is as follows:—

On the one side:

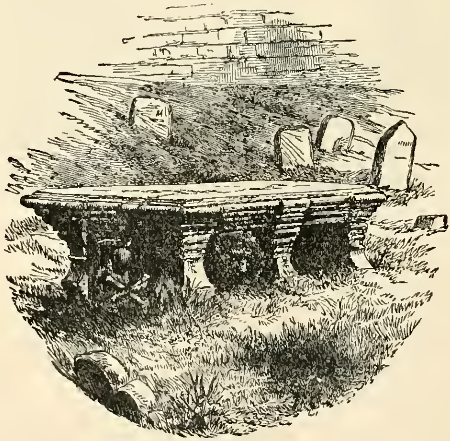
Here lyes GILBERT M'ADAM
Who was shot in this parish by
The Laird of Colzean and Ballochmyl
for his adherance to the Word of God
And Scotland's Covenanted Work
of Reformation, 1685.

On the other side:

MEMENTO MORI.
This stone belongs to
GILBERT M'ADAM who lies here
Son to William M'Adam and
Bessie Follertoun.

In 1829 a handsome monument was erected by public subscription, and the old stone is indented in the side of it; it bears the following inscription:

Erected, A.D. 1829
By a public subscription of a few
well-disposed people, as a Testimony
of their adherence to those truths, and
approbation of that cause in which this
martyr suffered.



BLACKADER'S TOMB

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